

№24 JUNE-JULY

The **KILROYS**

America's Funniest Family!

10¢

LOVE
SEAT---
PHOOEY!!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FASCINATING NOVELTIES! SEND TODAY!

AMAZING! SENSATIONAL! FUN!

Hello!
I'm **SANDY!**
I drink I wet I sleep
and you can
**WAVE MY
HAIR!**

I have
**RUBBER
WONDERSKIN!**

**TERRIFIC
VALUE!**

only
3.98

complete

SEND NO MONEY

(C.O.D. you pay postage.
Remit with order, we pay postage.)

**RUSH YOUR
ORDER TODAY!**

NEW!



AMAZING!

**FREE
HAIR
WAVE
KIT!**

**SENSATIONAL DRINK
AND WET DOLL** in
washable rubber **WON-
DERSKIN** with life-like
hair and realistic hair-wave
kit complete with... plastic
curlers... rubber waving
bands... waving end
papers, plastic comb and...
bottle of doll hair lotion.
ADORABLE SANDY, 11
inches tall, has sparkling
blue eyes that open
and close — she
drinks from her
bottle with rubber
nipple (included)
and then wets her
diaper. You can bathe her
— move her cuddly arms,
legs and head — make her
stand, walk and sleep.

**YOU DON'T HAVE TO
READ MUSIC!
NO PRACTICING OR
EXERCISE NEEDED!**

**TUNE-
KING!**



**SWING
ACCORDIAN**

PLAY ALL THE POPULAR SONGS—



only
2.98

Complete With
FREE
Instruction Book.

- Authentic Piano Keyboard
- Lifetime Vinylite Bellows

- Carefully-Tuned Brass Reeds
- All-Plastic Construction

Simple to play, great fun to use, the **TUNE-KING** Swing Accordion will make every boy & girl or adults the life of every party. This all-plastic accordion plays the full scale and chords with a beautifully sweet tone. The ivory-colored, authentic piano-accordion keyboard simplifies playing—and makes your friends think you're an accomplished artist. Streamlined plastic case has the rich appearance of a fine instrument. To "top it off", plastic handle-neck and thumb straps assure gentle touch, non-slip playing. **FREE:** An instruction book that simplifies accordion playing in a few short hours. A song sheet with popular favorites and old-time get-together songs. **SEND NO MONEY!** Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

GLORIOUS **BLONDIE** WONDER DOLL WITH "RUBBER SKIN"



- 13 Inches High
- Lifelike Appearance
- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes

Here she is now, that **CUDDLY, HUG-
GABLE, love-me baby Gorgeous Blondie**.
She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body
is of **REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN**.
Every little mother will want Blondie for
her carriage. She's got Blondie curls aplenty,
and they're thick and long just like real
hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in ribbons
at night and tucked her in bed and watch her
long lashes sleepily close those big blue eyes.
She rests soundly till her next day of
fun. Every child will have the time of
her life giving her body a bath and
powdering her soft, baby **RUBBER
WONDERSKIN**. She comes dressed in bright
BIRTHDAY PARTY dress, cute panties,
shoes and stockings. Wonderful, beautiful,
amazing dolly is yours for this unbelievably
low price. **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with
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**EVERYBODY LOVES ME...
WON'T YOU?**

**IMAGINE \$2.98
ONLY** complete



PUNCHO
THE FIGHTING CLOWN

Hey kids! Here's real fun, lots of
action, real sport with **PUNCHO**—
colorful, lively, animated punch-
ing bag. Knock it down, it always
comes back at you for more! An
ideal talking dummy—wrestling
partner—sparring partner. Punched
against a wall it becomes a rapid
punching bag. Perfect as an exer-
ciser and trainer, indoors or out.
Made of extra heavy long lasting
vinylite, over 32 inches
tall, with metal valve for
easy inflation. **SEND NO
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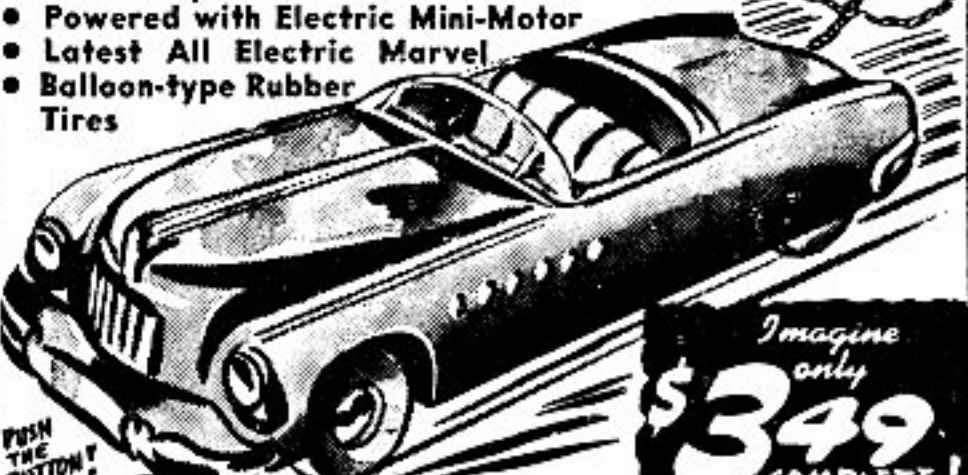
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**RUSH YOUR
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FAST PUSH-BUTTON POWER CAR!

**ALL ELECTRIC REMOTE
1951 AUTO SENSATION!**

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- Powered with Electric Mini-Motor
- Latest All Electric Marvel
- Balloon-type Rubber Tires



**IT
STARTS!
REVERSES!
STOPS!
STEERS!**

Imagine
only
\$3.49
COMPLETE!

The greatest new electrical toy since the electric trains.
REMOTE CAR is a thrillingly realistic scale model, made of
colorful shining plastic. It runs and steers by remote control
— no wind-up or friction motor, but an **ALL-ELECTRIC PRECIS-
SION-MADE MOTOR**, powered by 2 long lasting flashlight
batteries. Push the magic reostat button, and you really make
things happen. Here's real action to fascinate every child, and
daddy too. **RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY! SEND NO MONEY!**
Remit with order and we pay postage, or C.O.D. plus postage.

**SEND
COUPON!**

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 510A
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

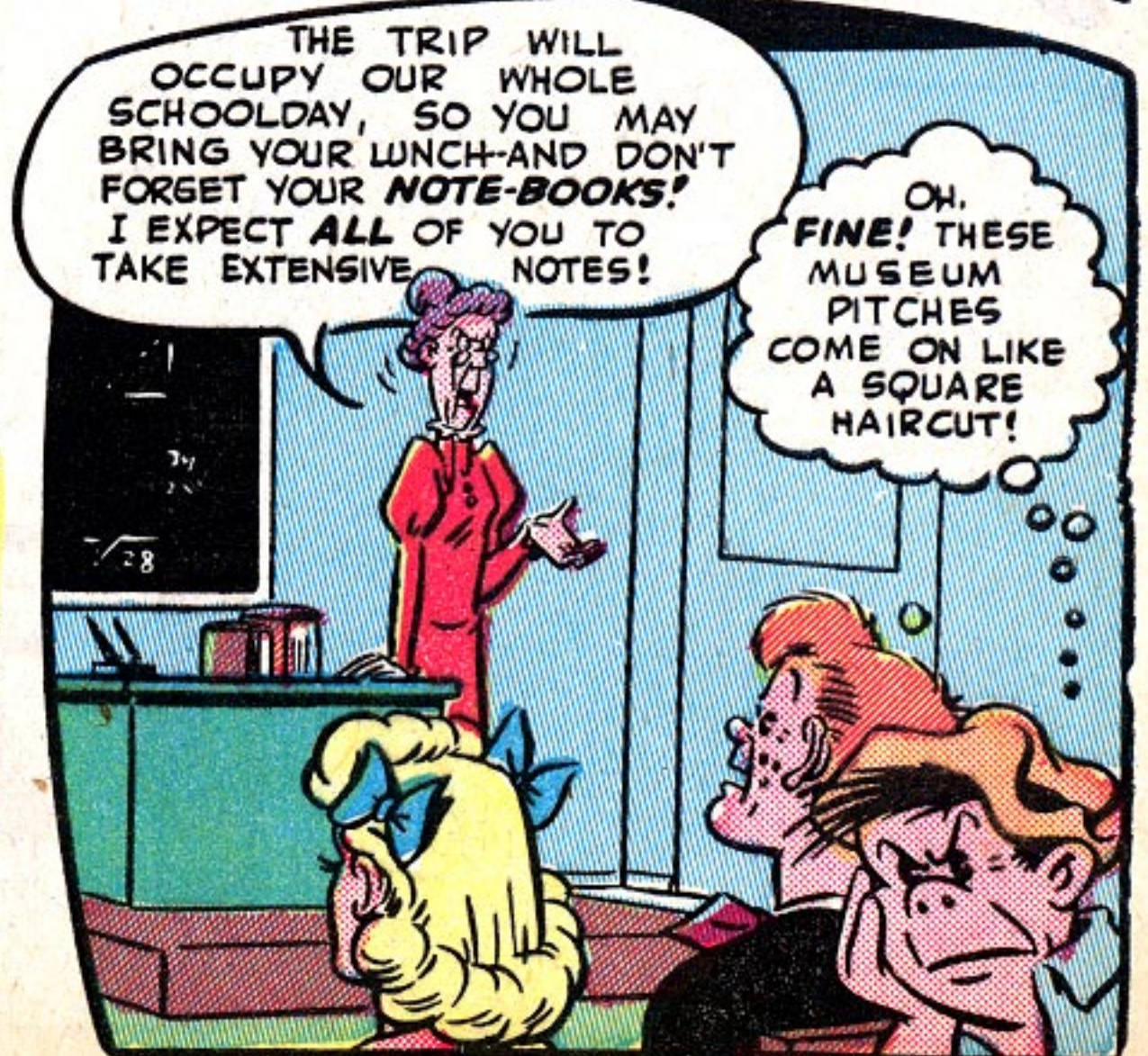
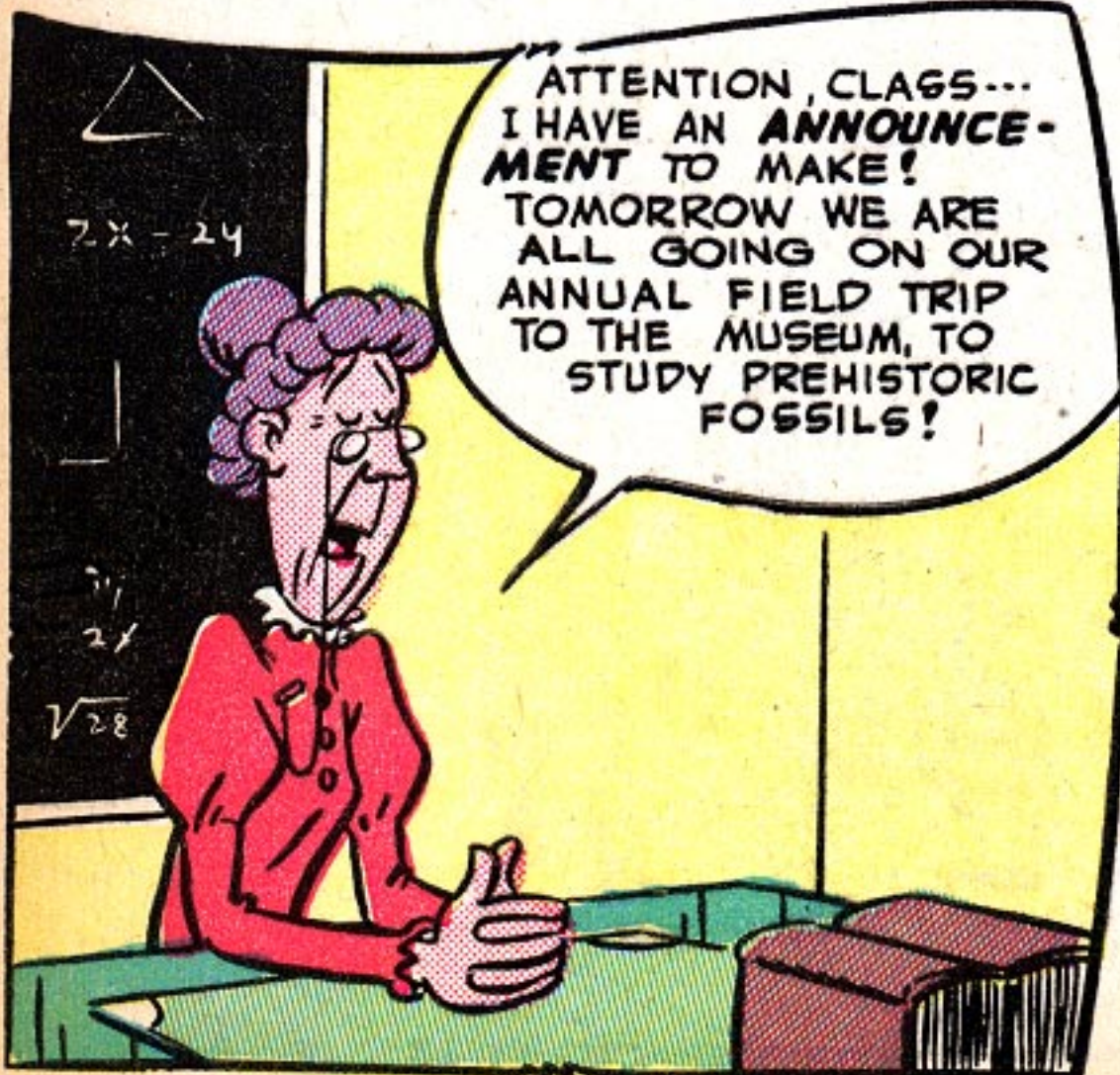
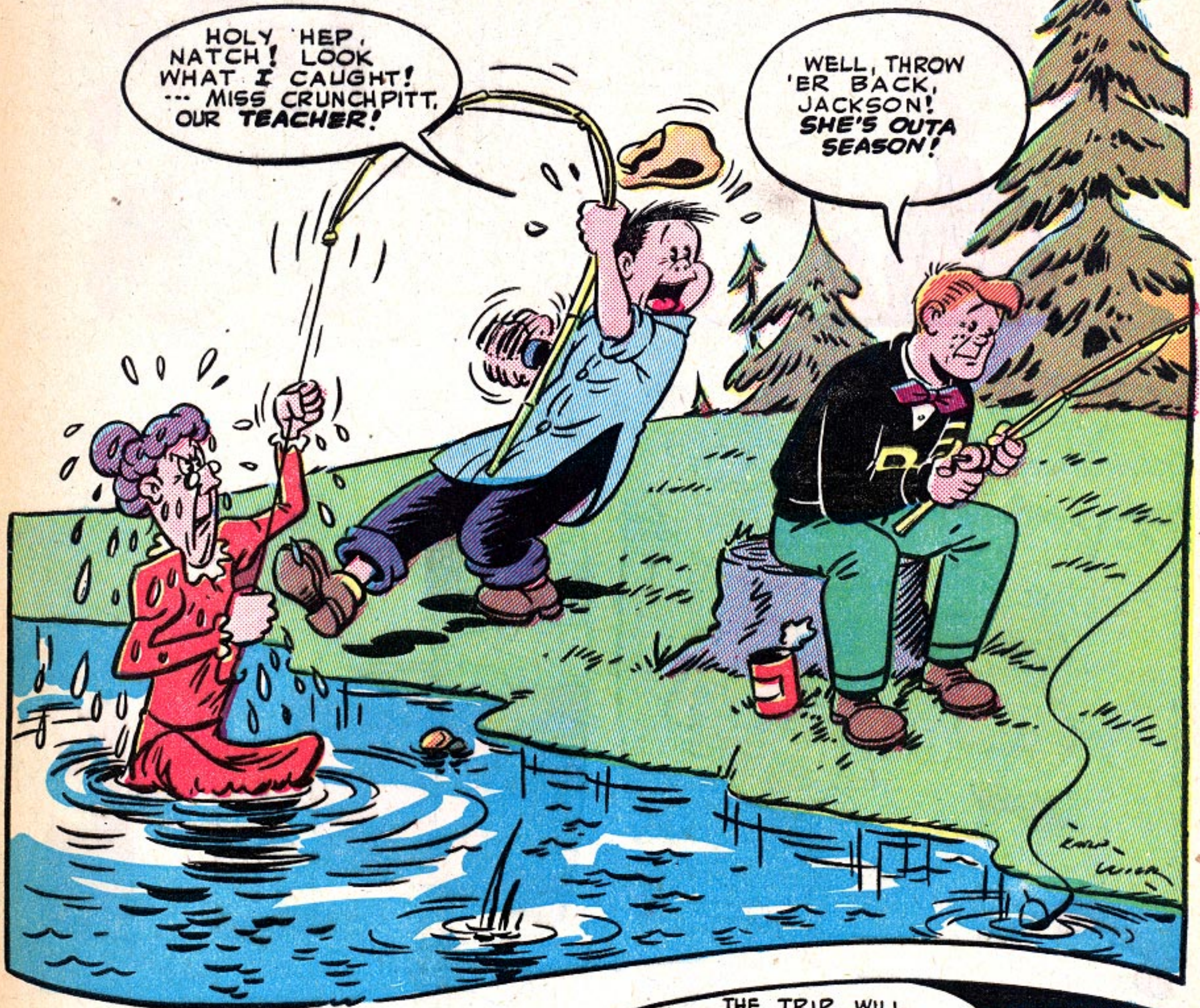
- ☐ Sandy..... 3.98
- ☐ Blondie..... \$2.98
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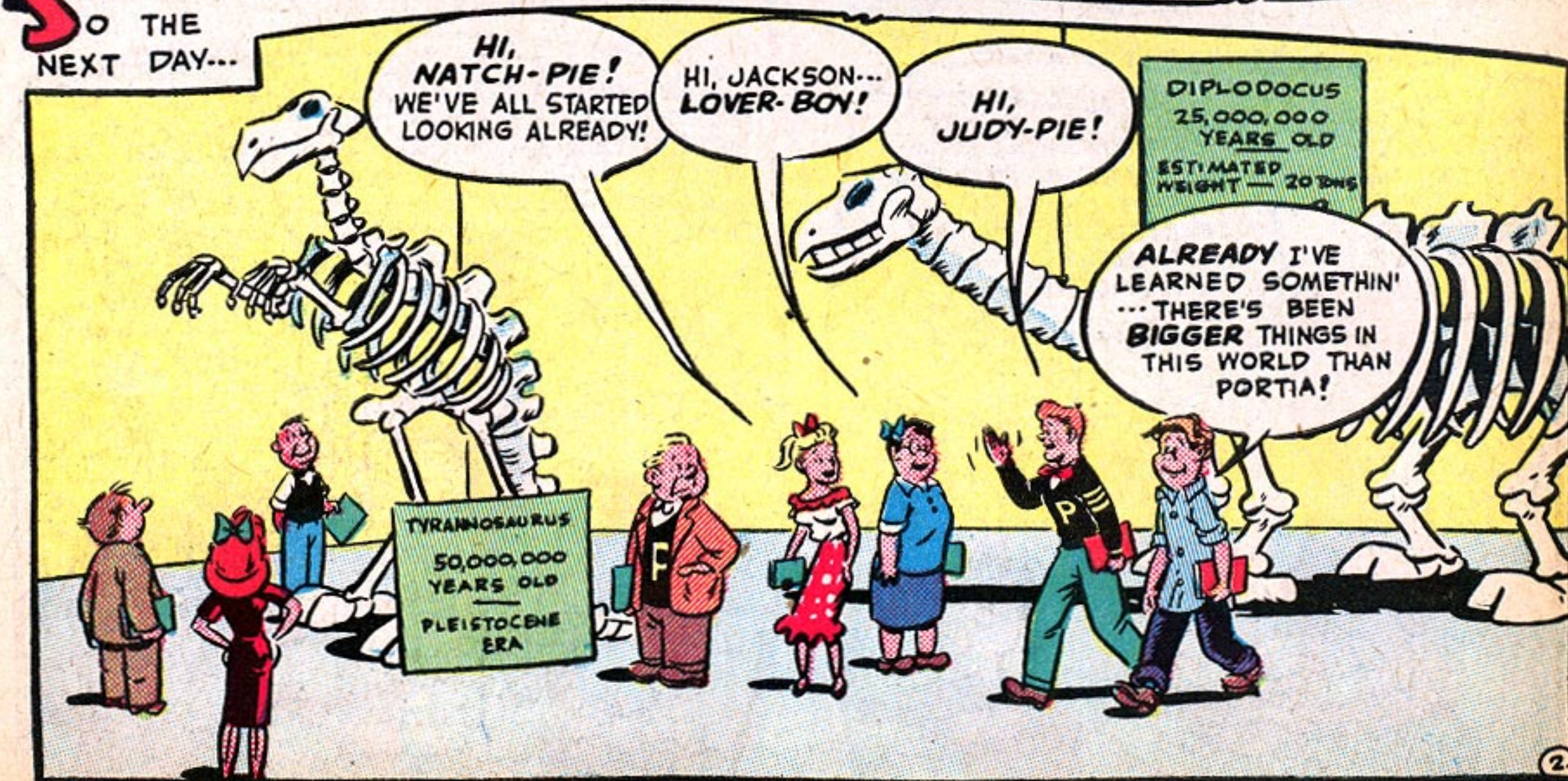
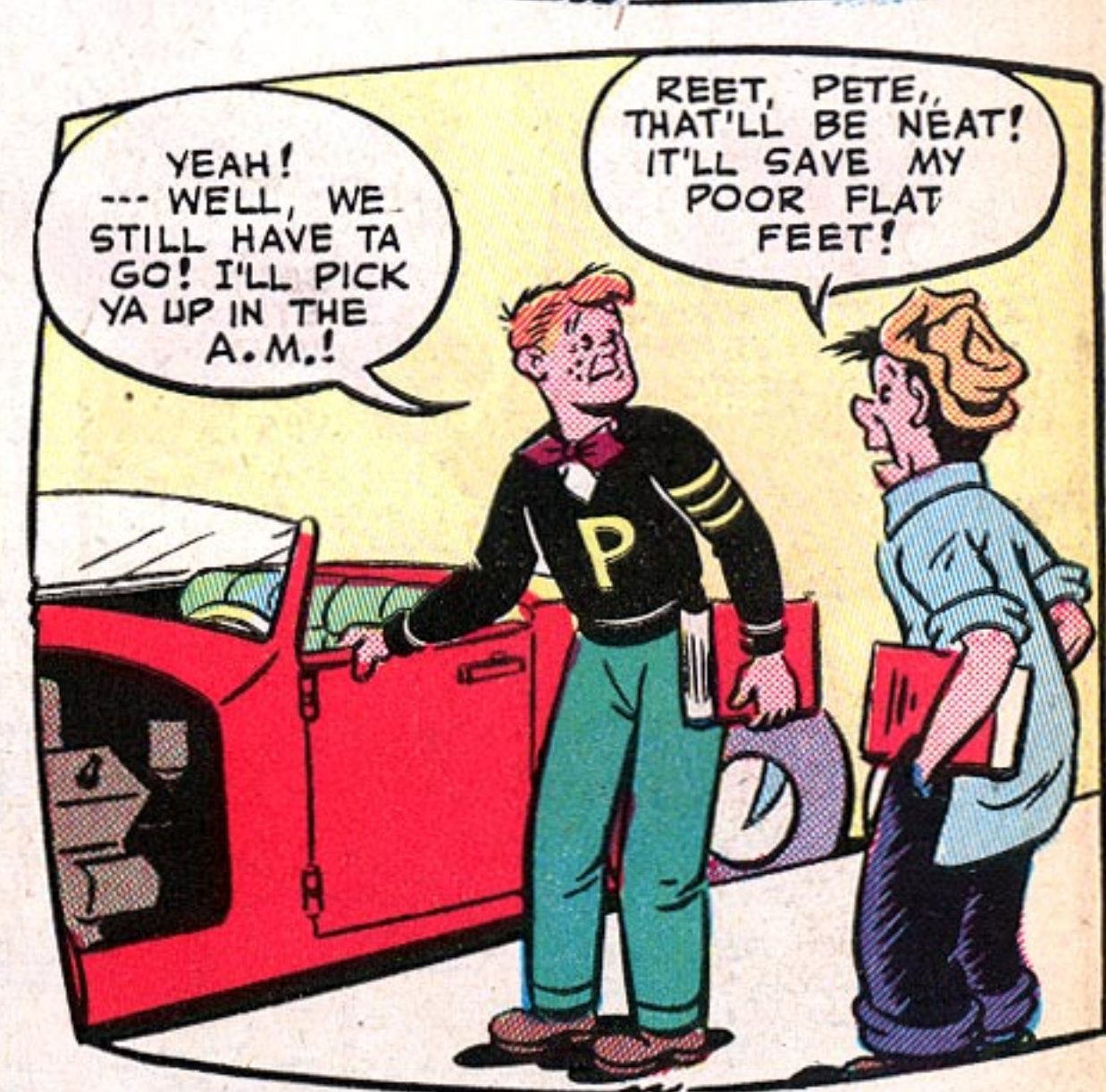
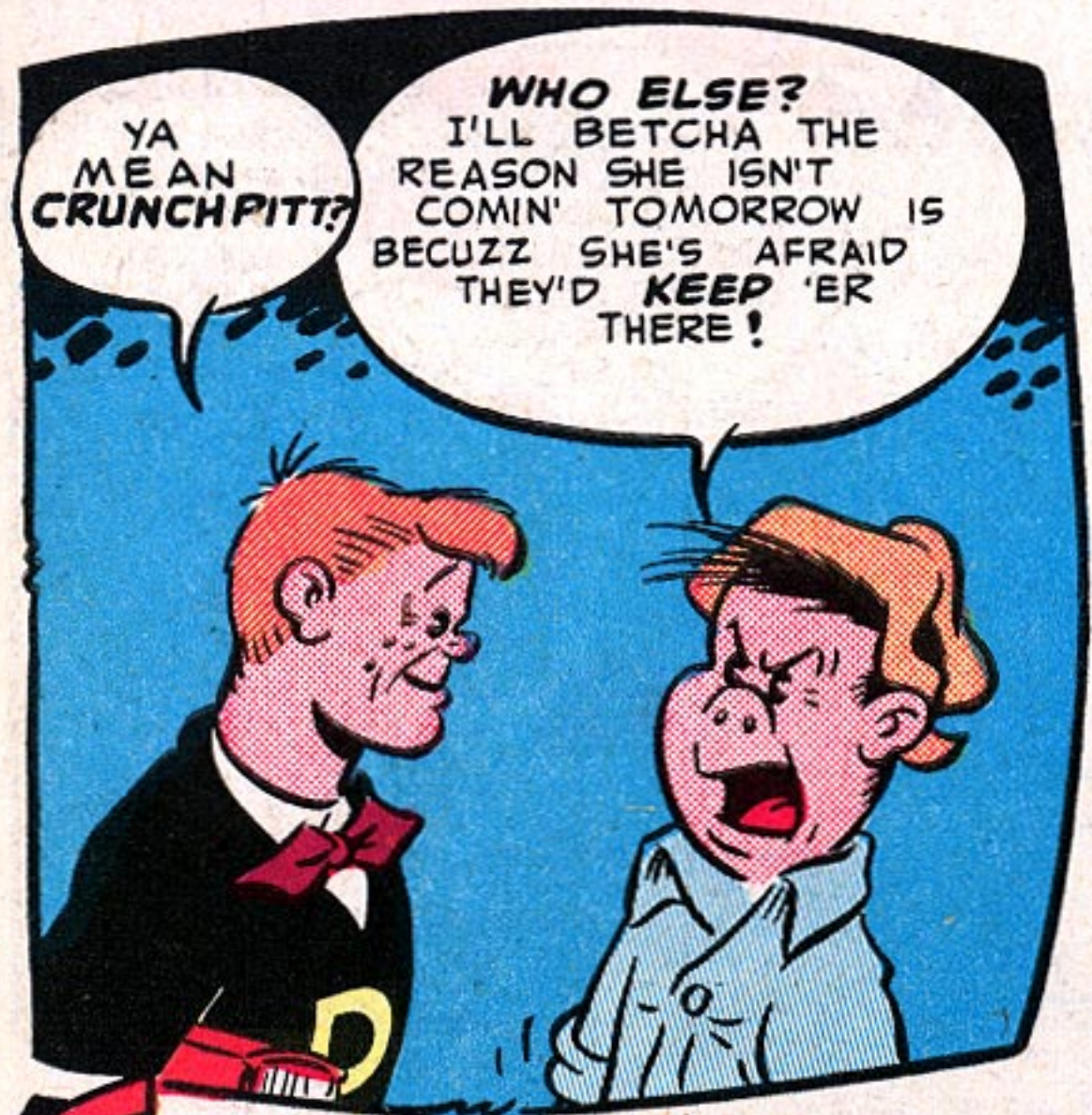
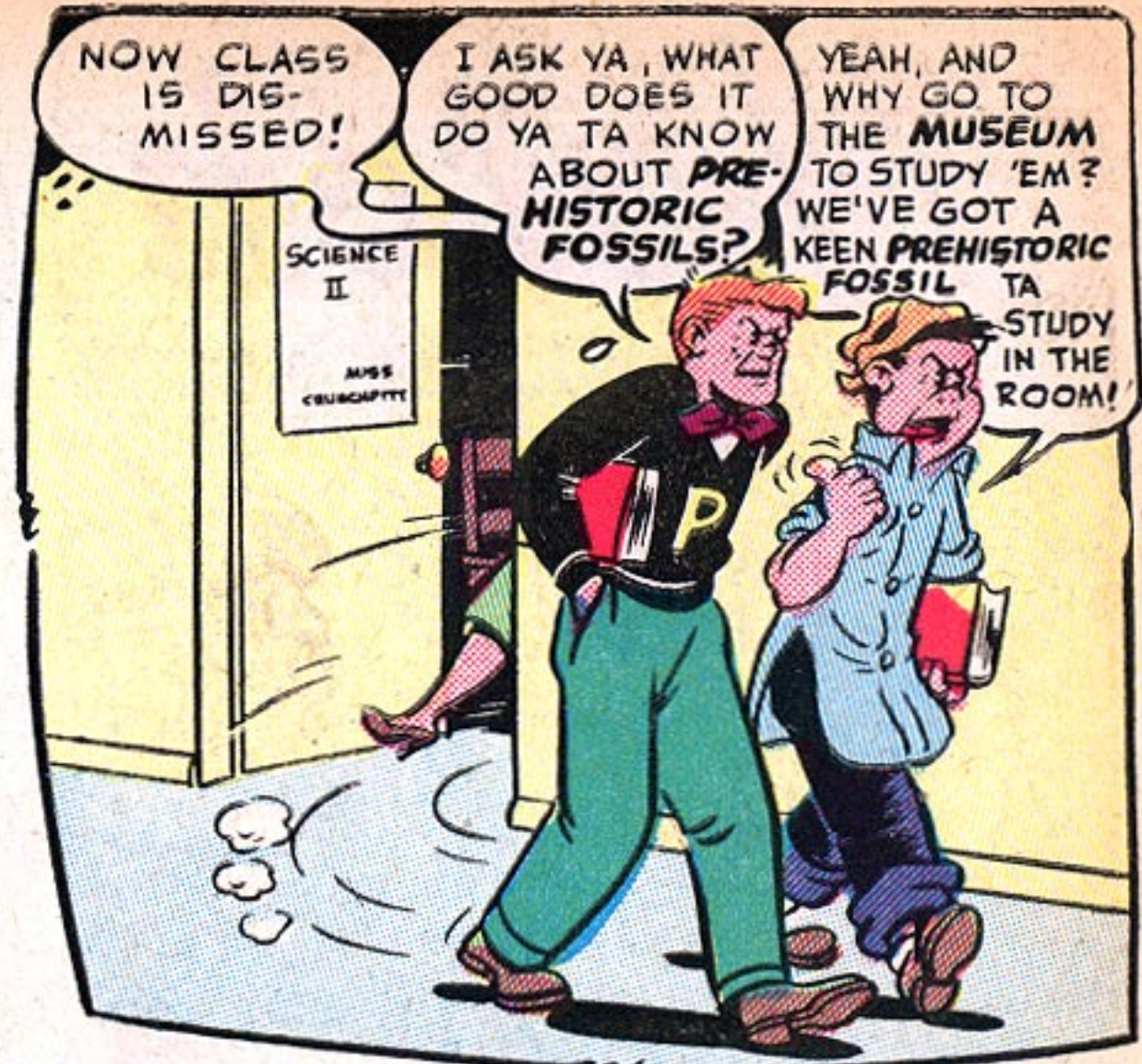
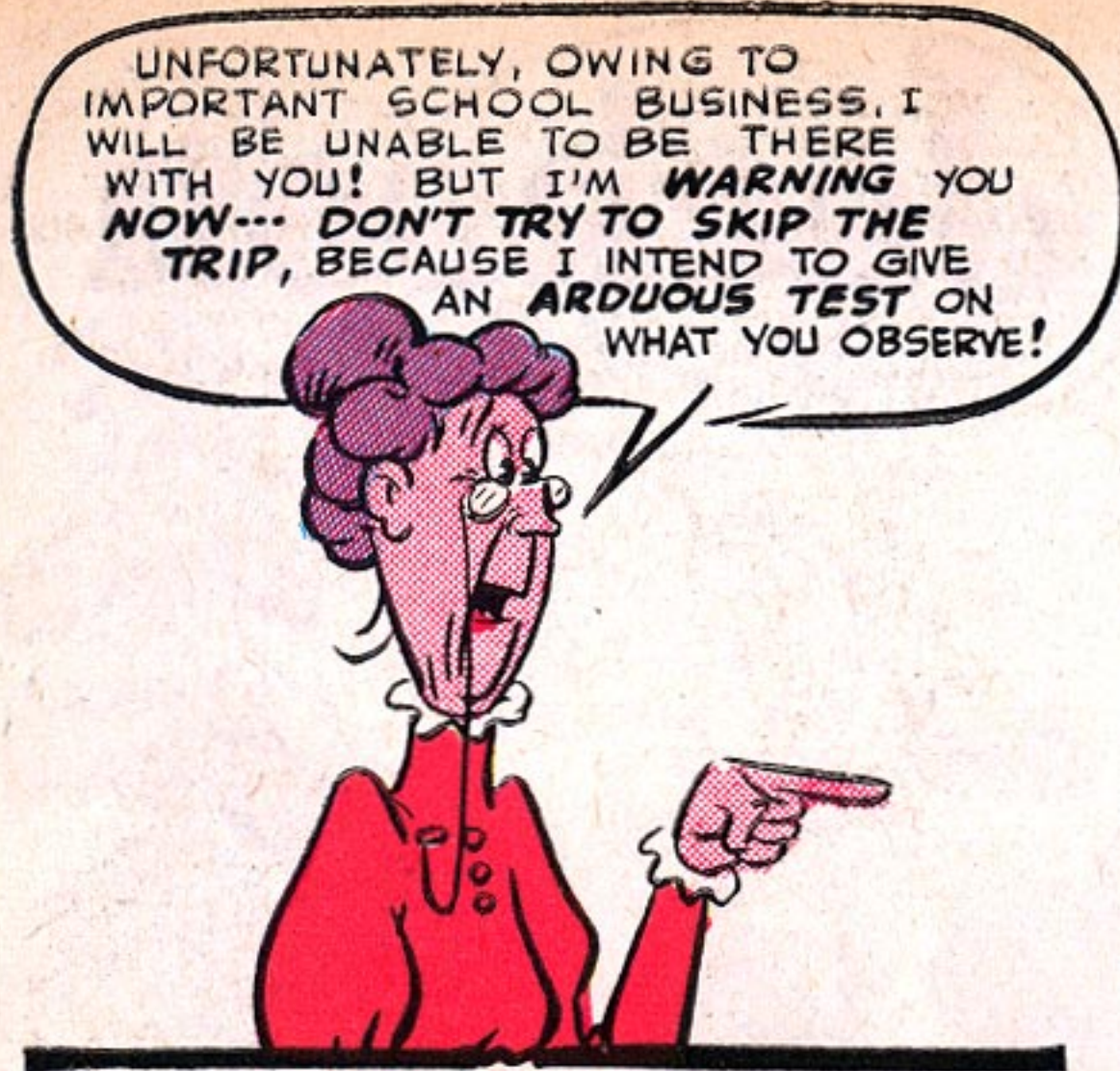
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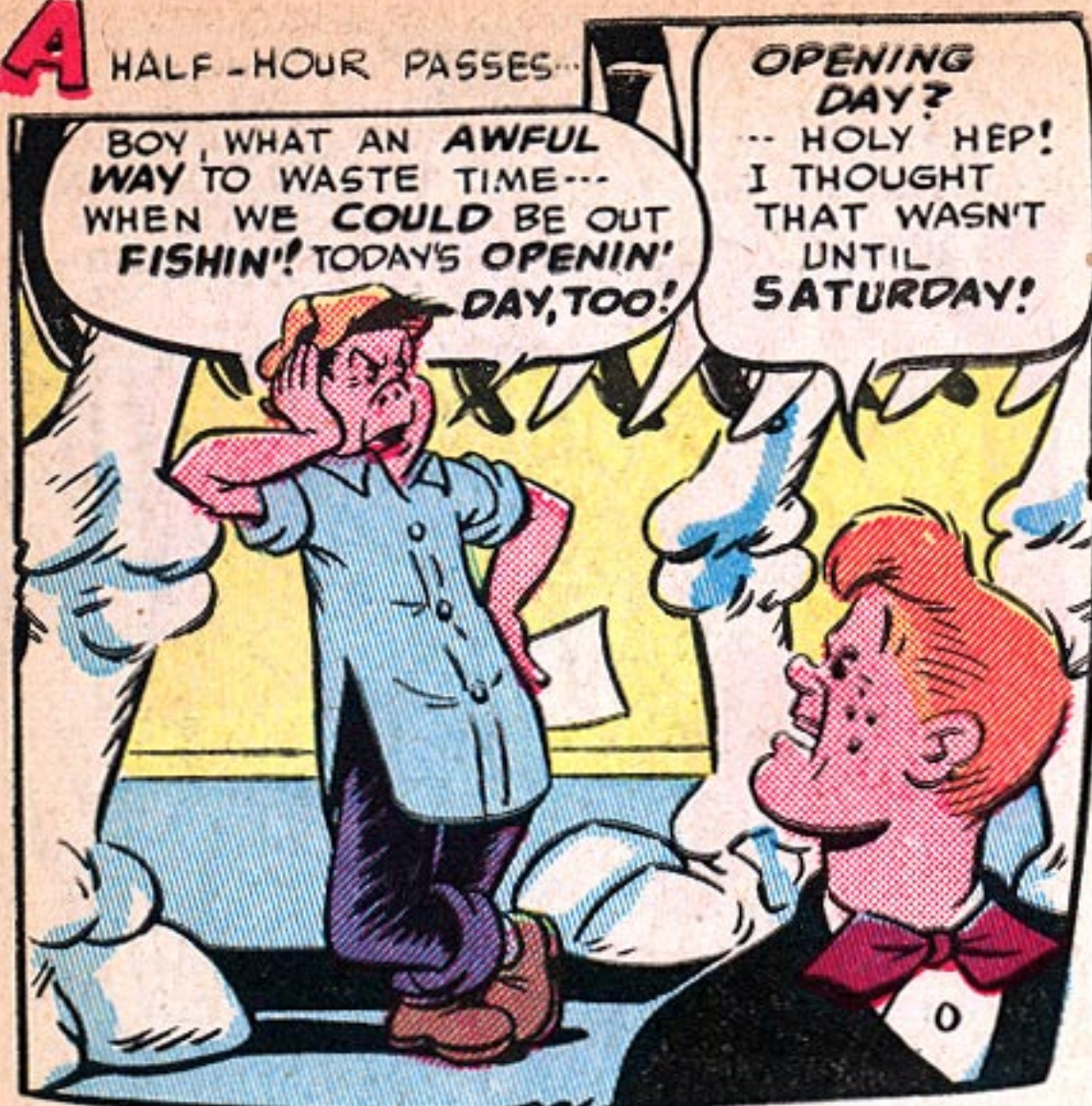
Natch and Jackson

"SOMETHIN'S FISHY!"



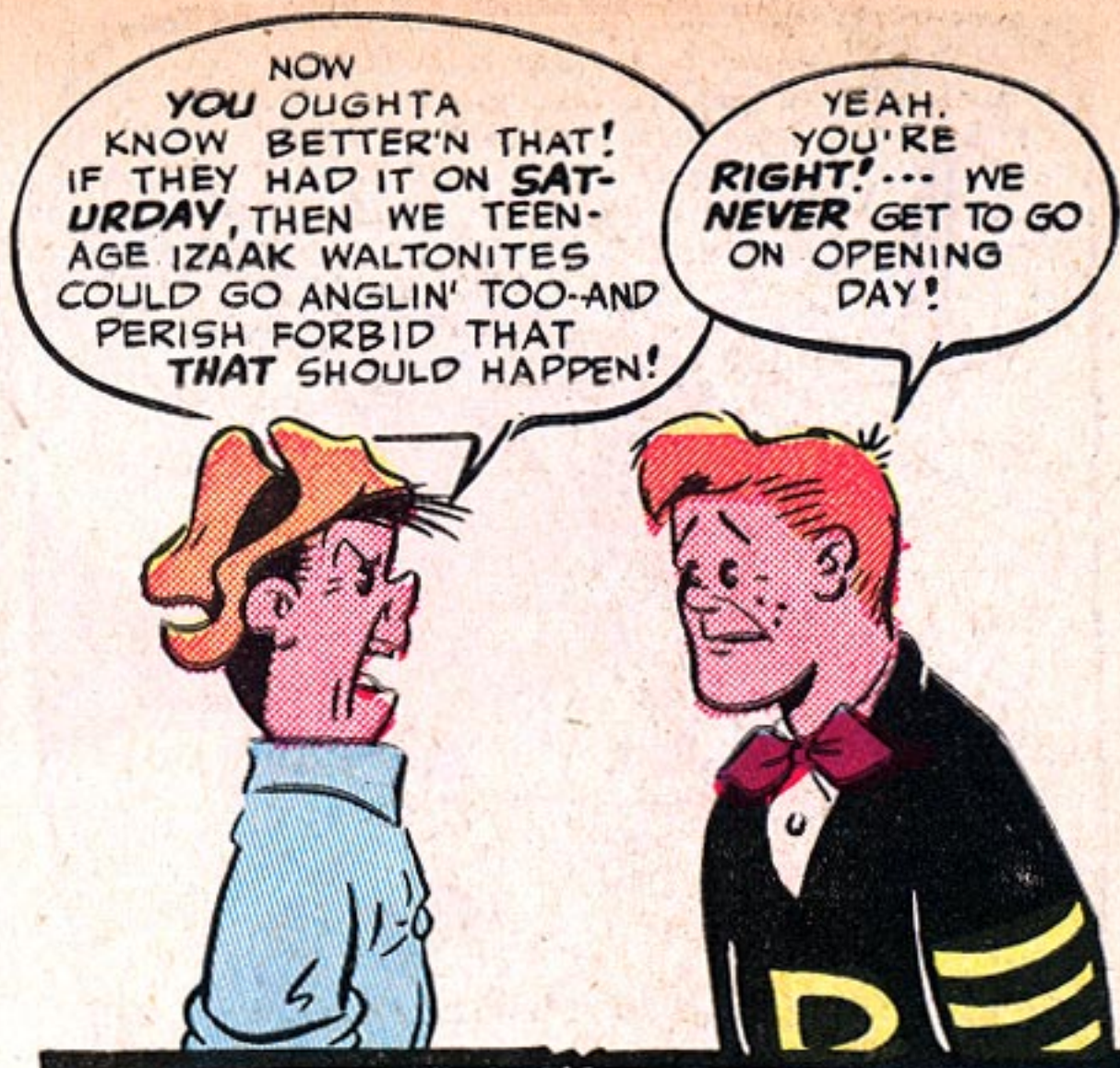


A HALF-HOUR PASSES...



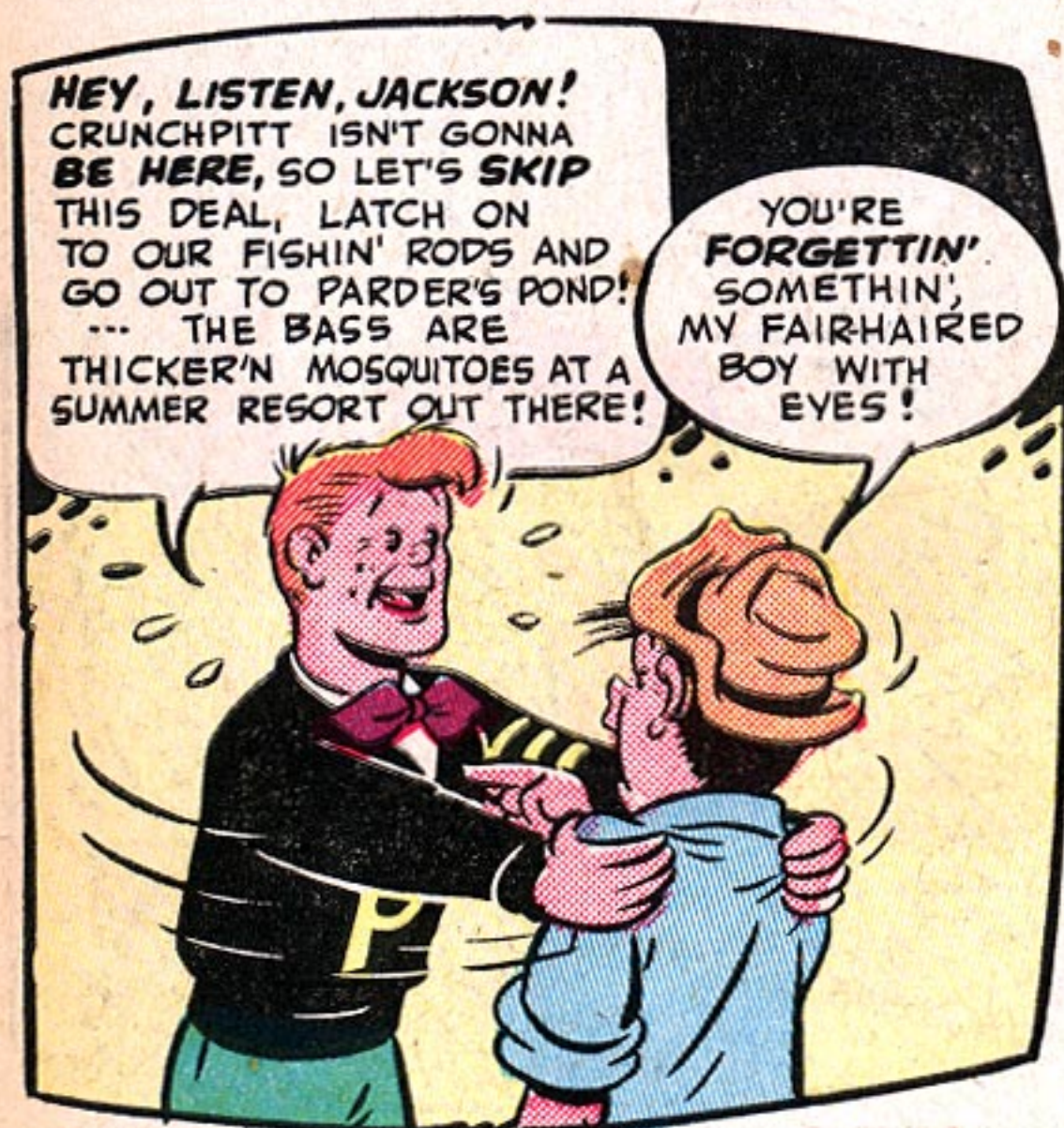
BOY, WHAT AN **AWFUL** WAY TO WASTE TIME... WHEN WE **COULD** BE OUT **FISHIN'**! TODAY'S **OPENIN'** DAY, TOO!

OPENING DAY?
-- HOLY HEP! I THOUGHT THAT WASN'T UNTIL **SATURDAY!**



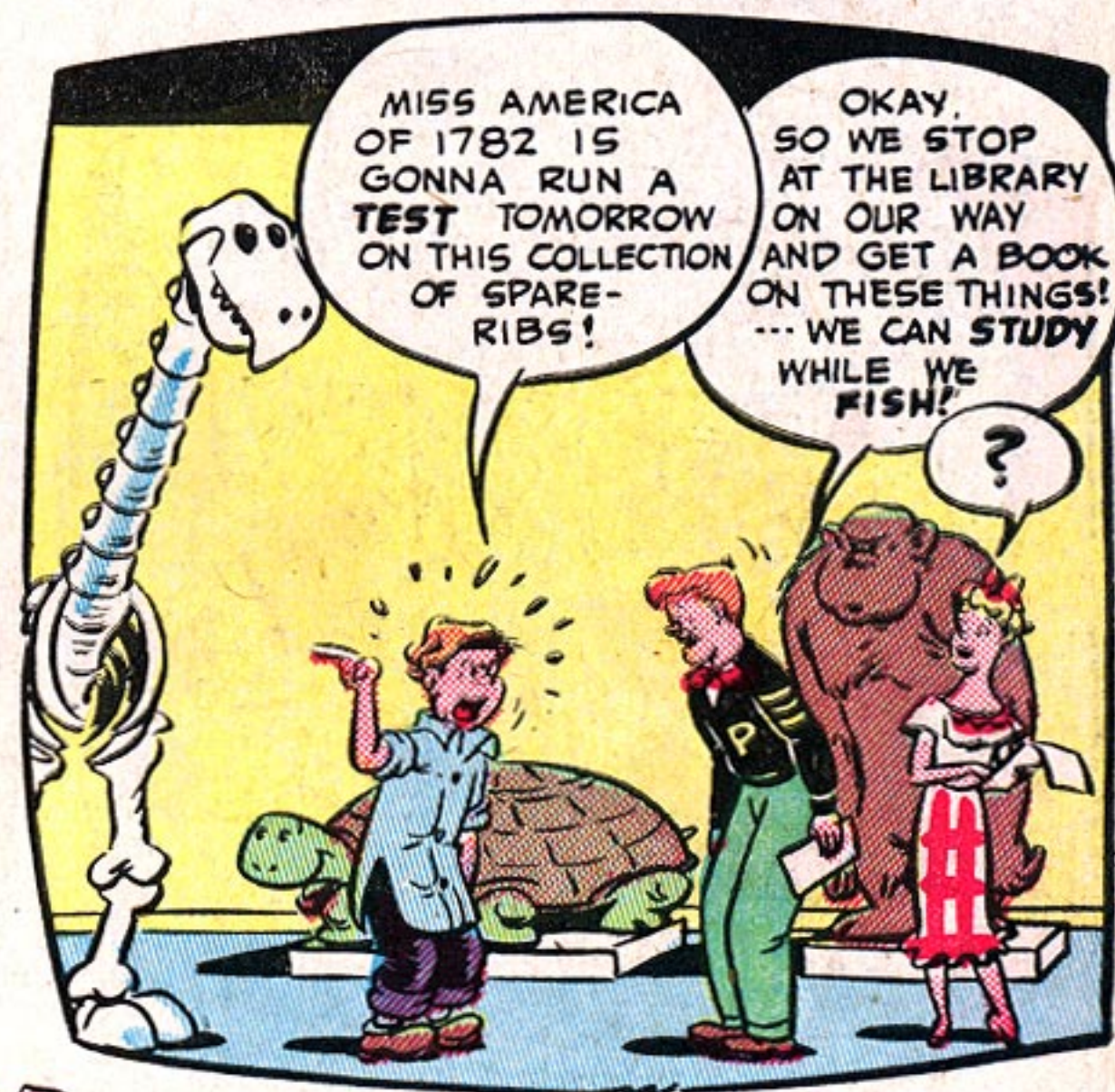
NOW **YOU** OUGHTA KNOW BETTER'N THAT! IF THEY HAD IT ON **SATURDAY**, THEN WE TEEN-AGE IZAAK WALTONITES COULD GO ANGLIN' TOO-AND PERISH FORBID THAT **THAT** SHOULD HAPPEN!

YEAH, **YOU'RE RIGHT!**... WE **NEVER** GET TO GO ON **OPENING DAY!**



HEY, LISTEN, JACKSON! CRUNCHPITT ISN'T GONNA **BE HERE**, SO LET'S **SKIP** THIS DEAL, LATCH ON TO OUR **FISHIN'** RODS AND GO OUT TO **PARDER'S POND!** ... THE **BASS** ARE THICKER'N MOSQUITOES AT A SUMMER RESORT OUT THERE!

YOU'RE FORGETTIN' SOMETHIN', MY FAIRHAIRRED BOY WITH **EYES!**



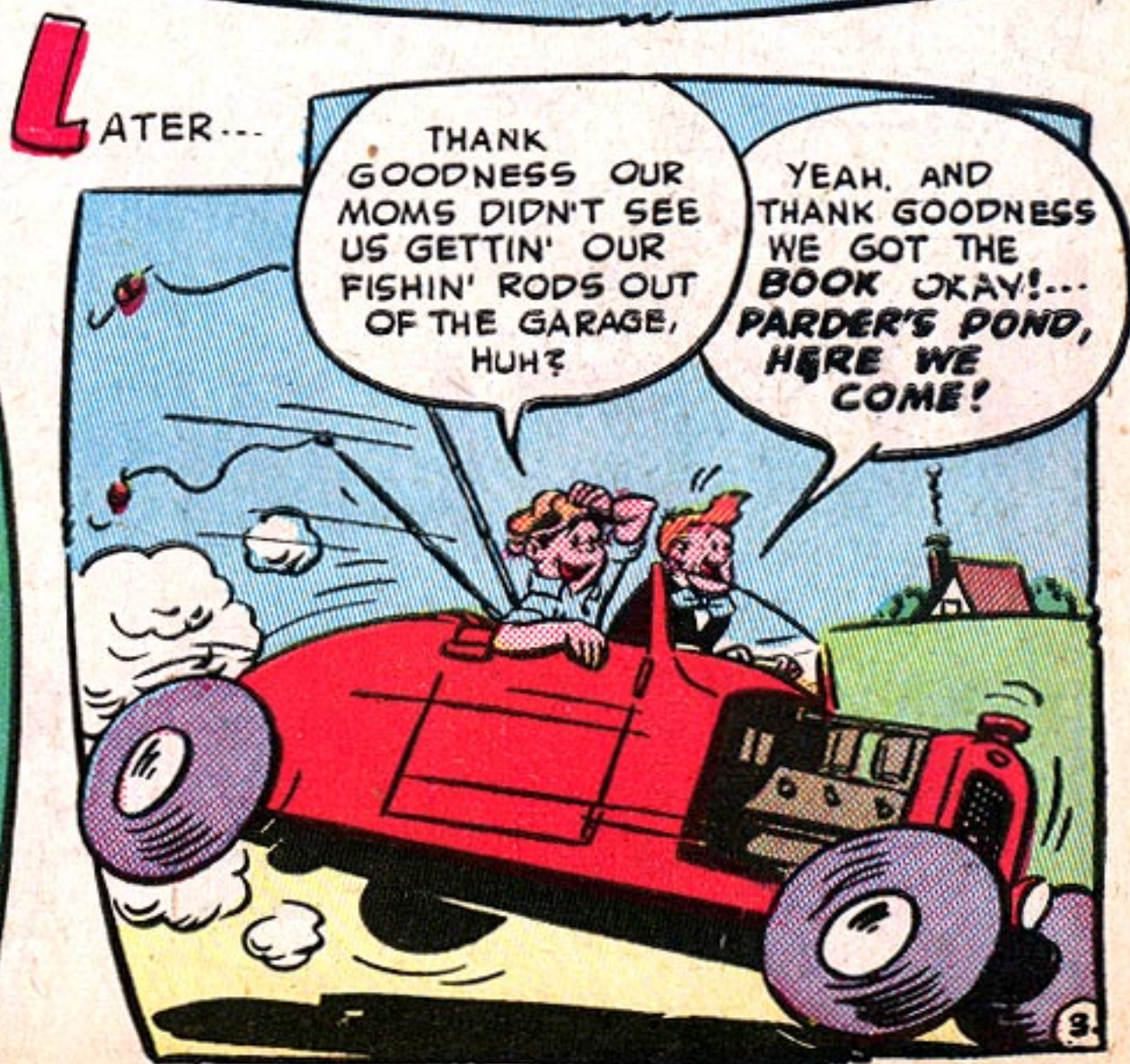
MISS AMERICA OF 1782 IS GONNA RUN A **TEST** TOMORROW ON THIS COLLECTION OF **SPARE-RIBS!**

OKAY, SO WE STOP AT THE **LIBRARY** ON OUR WAY AND GET A **BOOK** ON THESE THINGS! ... WE CAN **STUDY** WHILE WE **FISH!**



YEAH, **SURE!** **SOME-BODY** MUSTA WRITTEN A **BOOK** ON 'EM, OTHERWISE HOW'D THEY KNOW WHERE TO **DIG 'EM UP?**

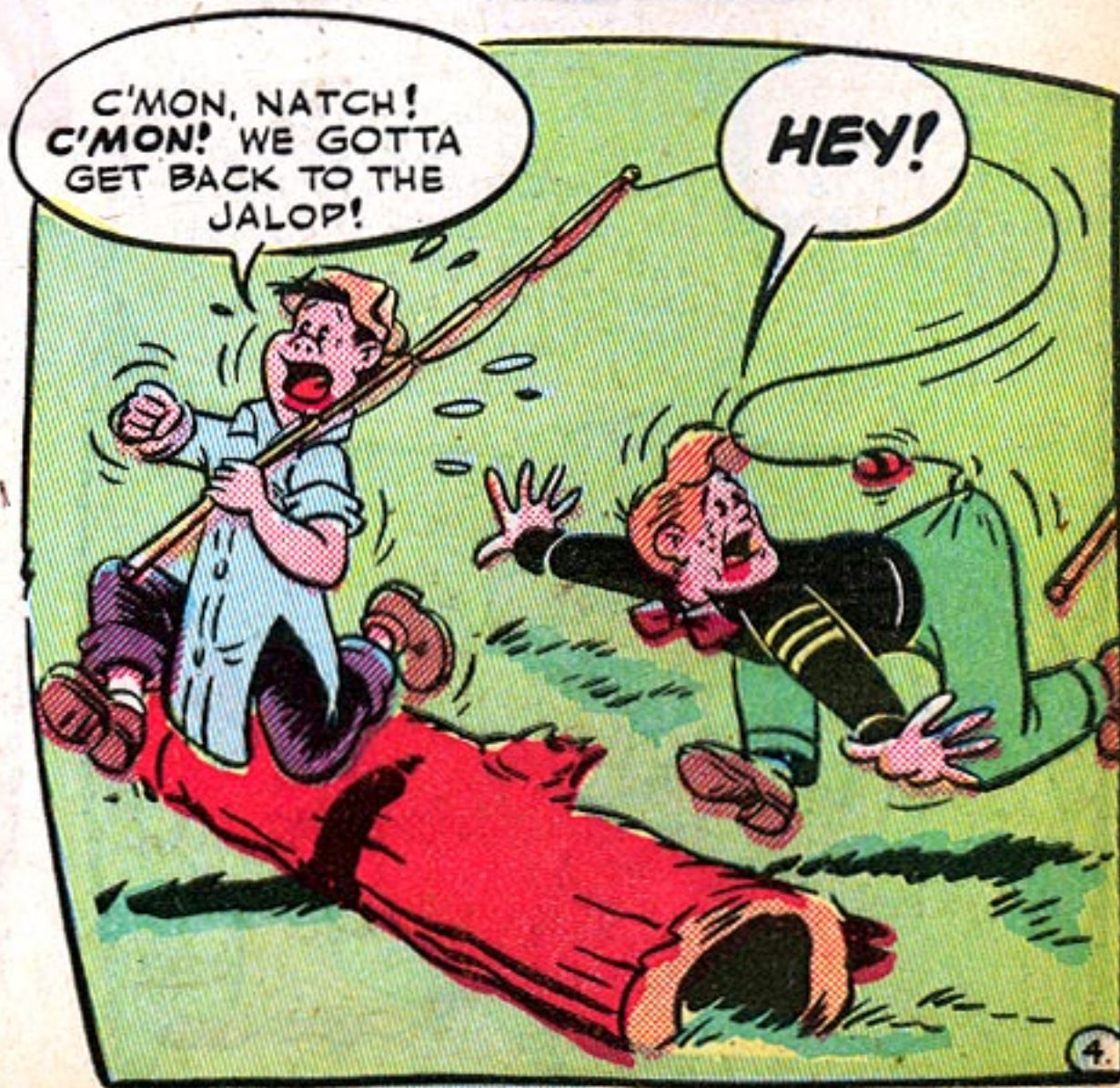
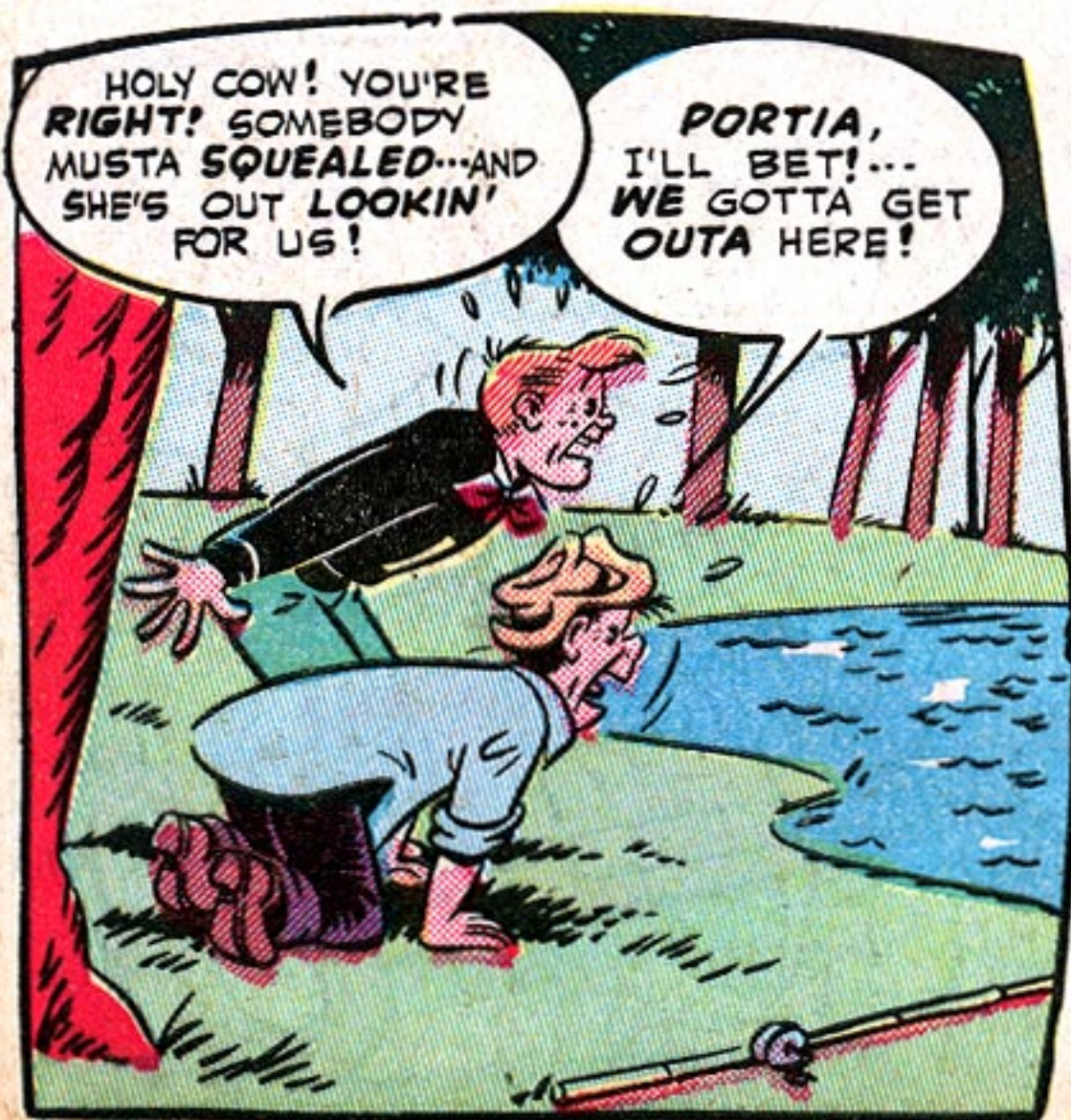
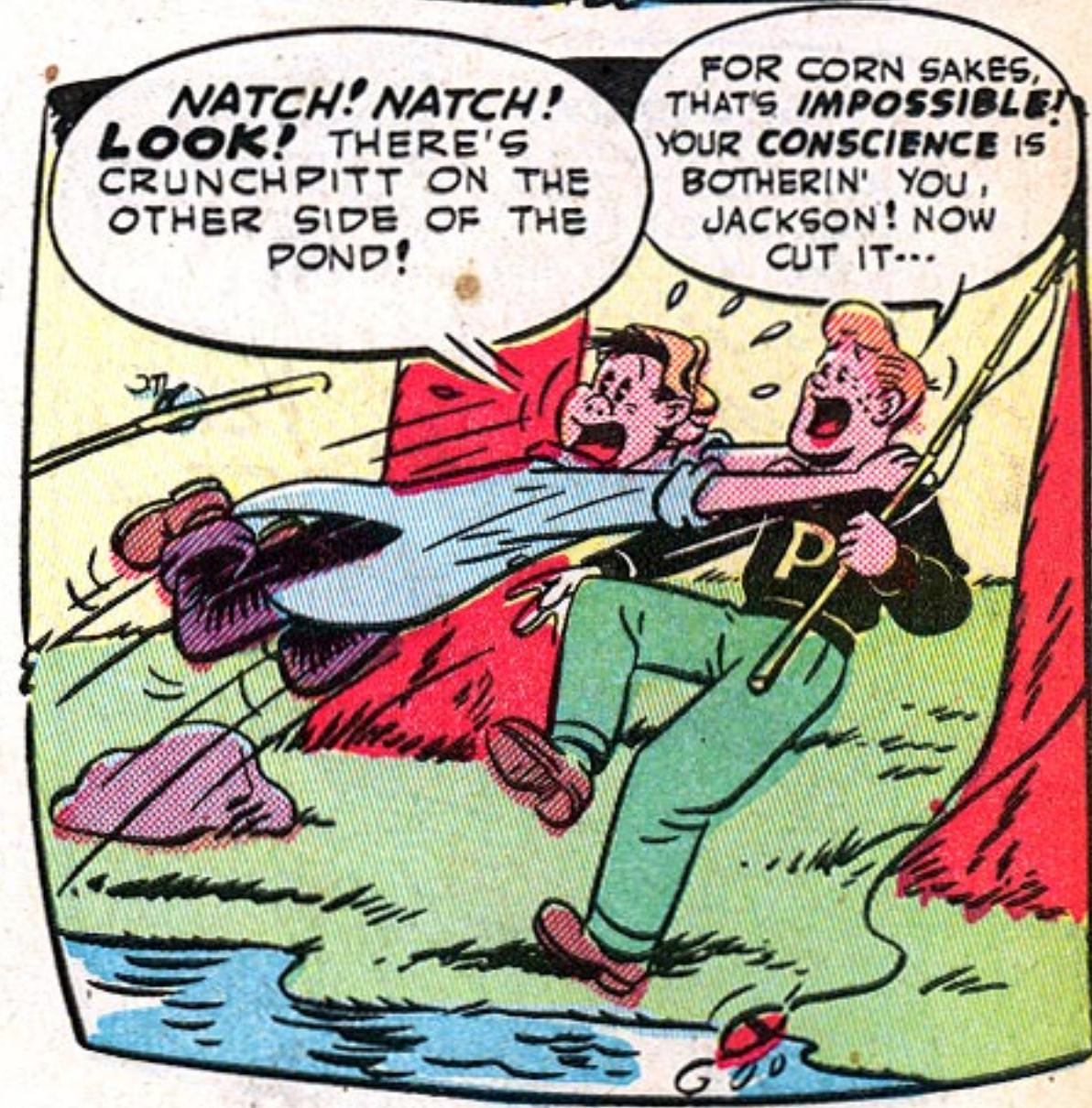
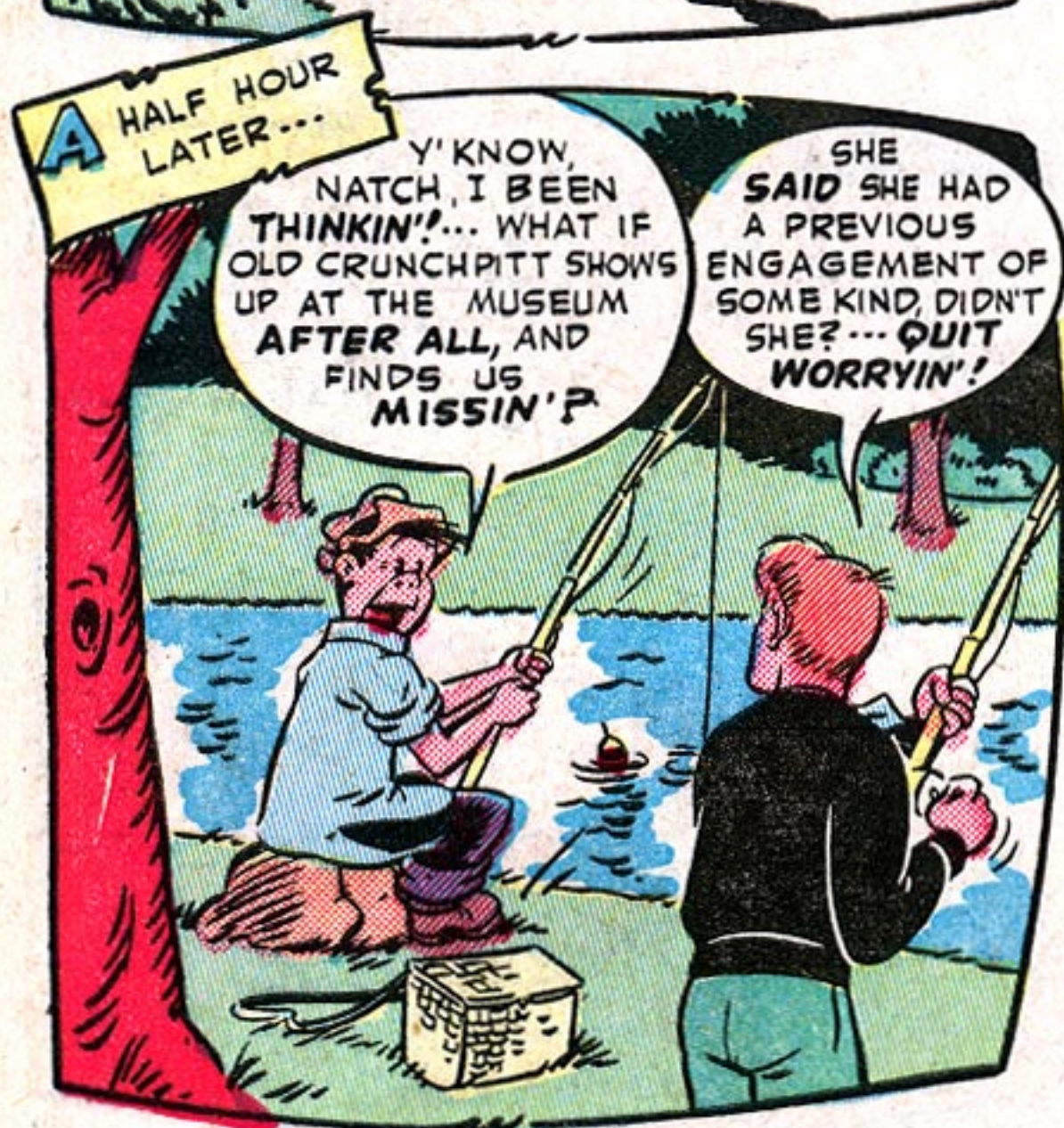
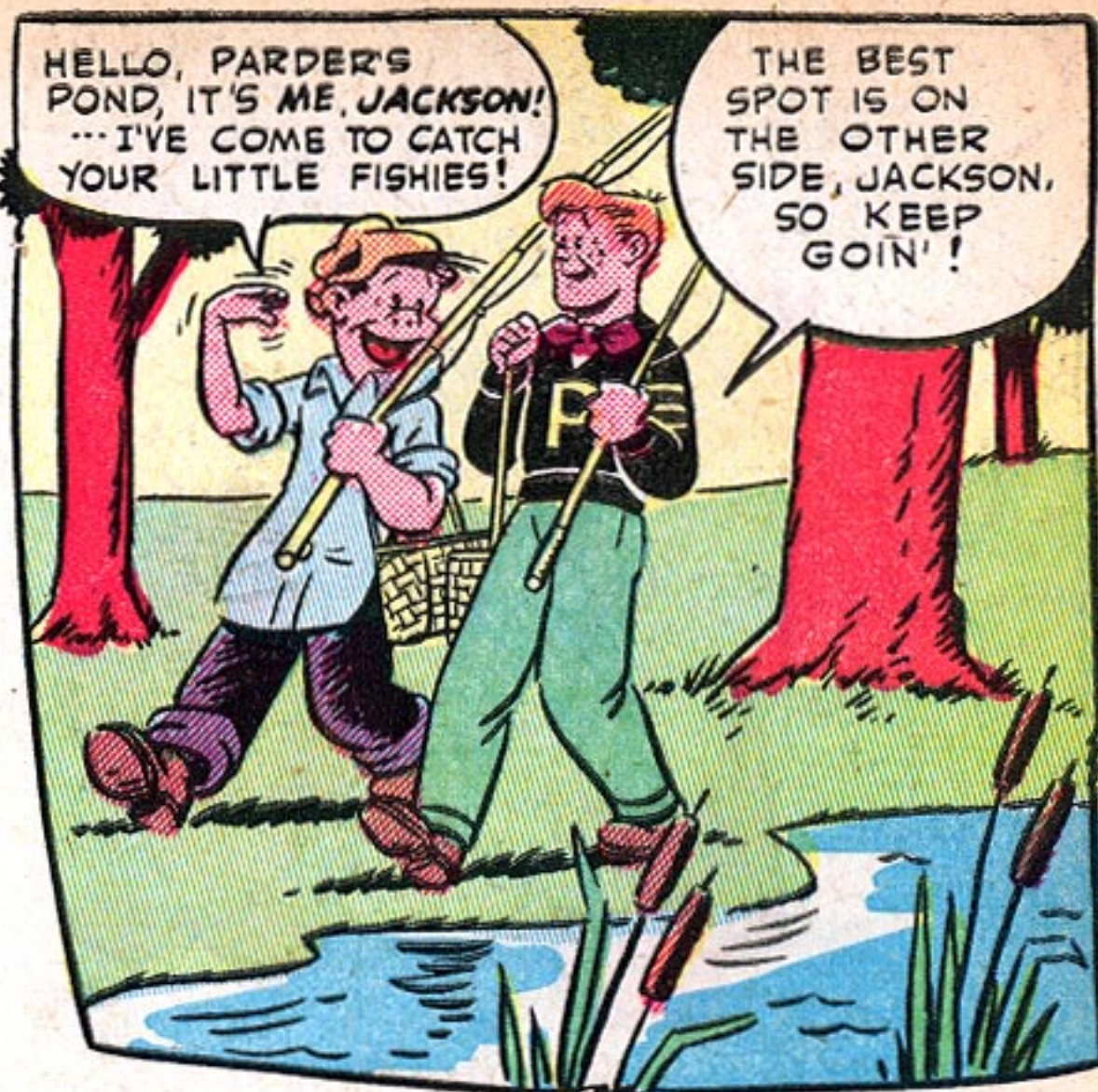
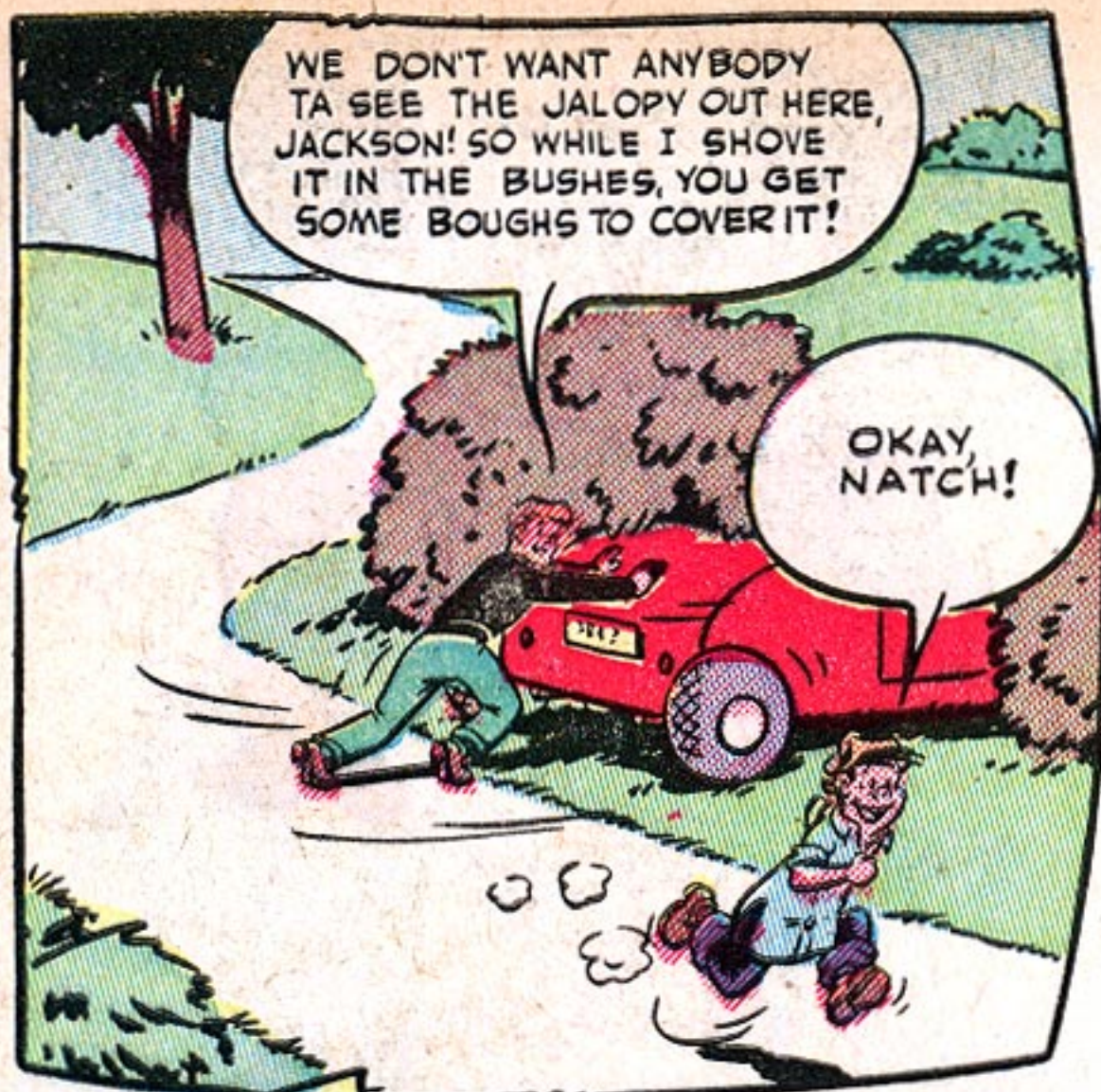
LOOKY, **JUDY-PIE!** JACKSON AND I ARE GONNA **SKIP** THIS DEAL AN' GO **FISHIN'**! SO TELL THE REST OF THE **CHARACTERS** THEY BETTER NOT **SQUEAL** ON US TOMORROW!

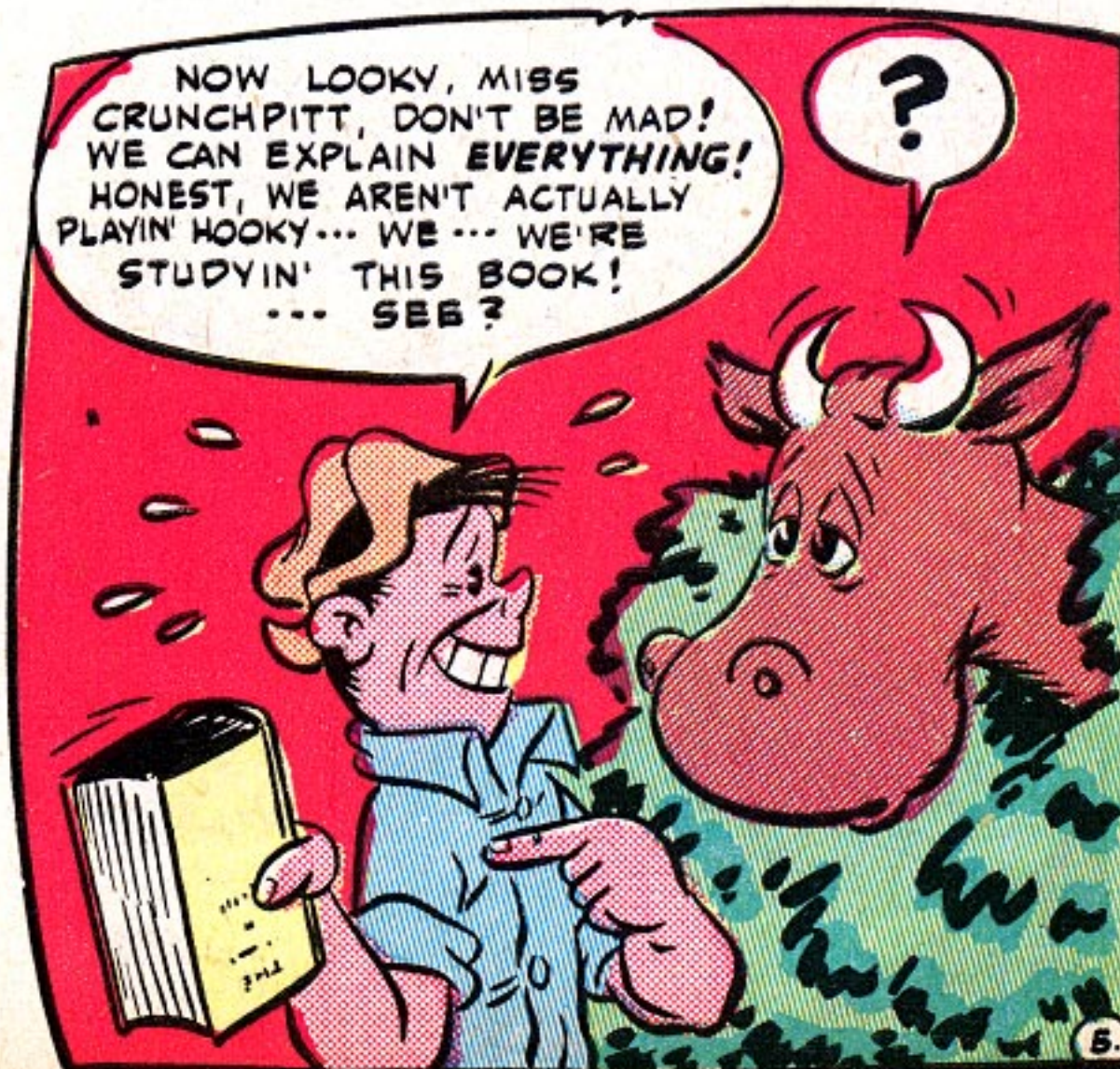
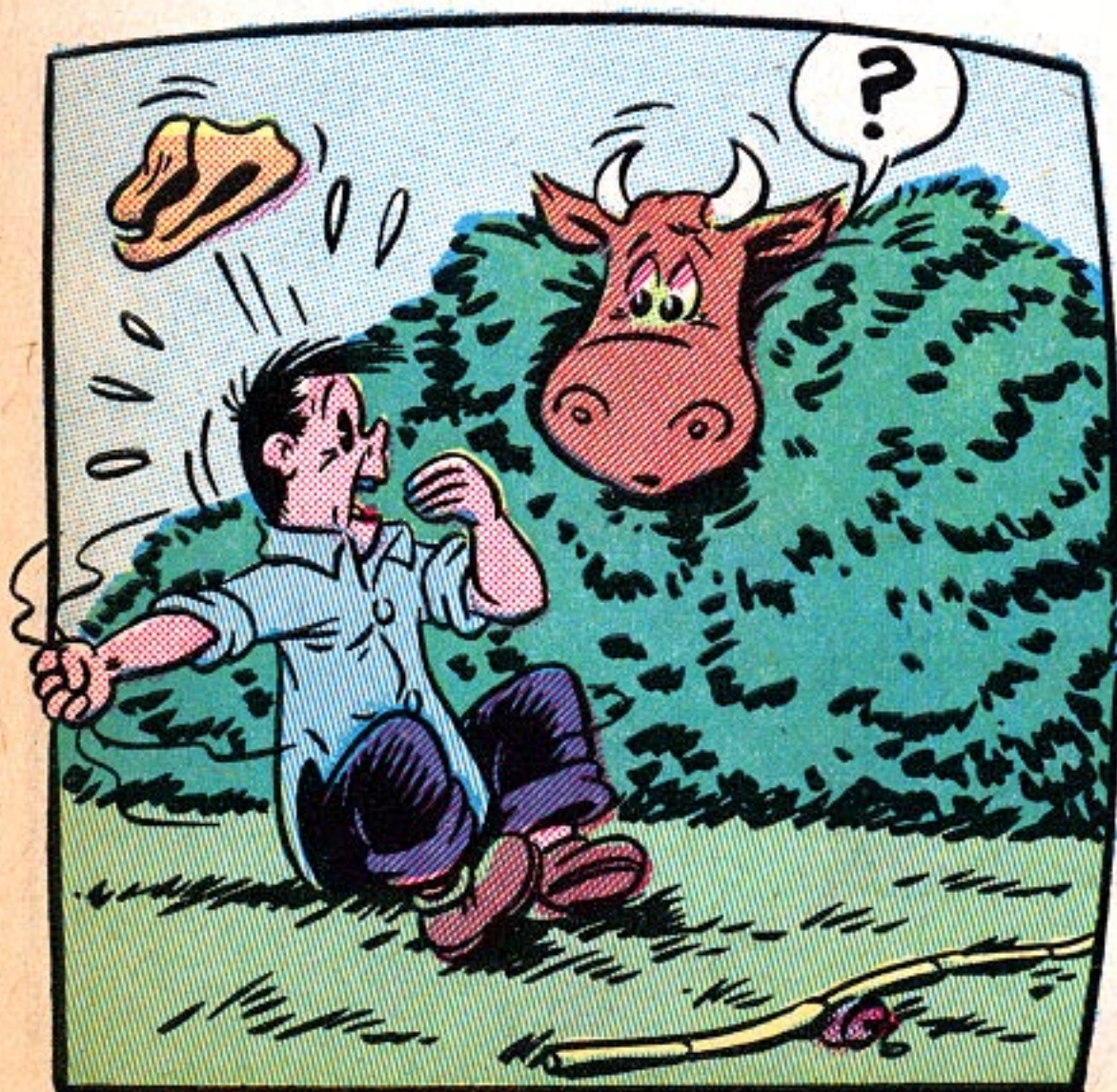
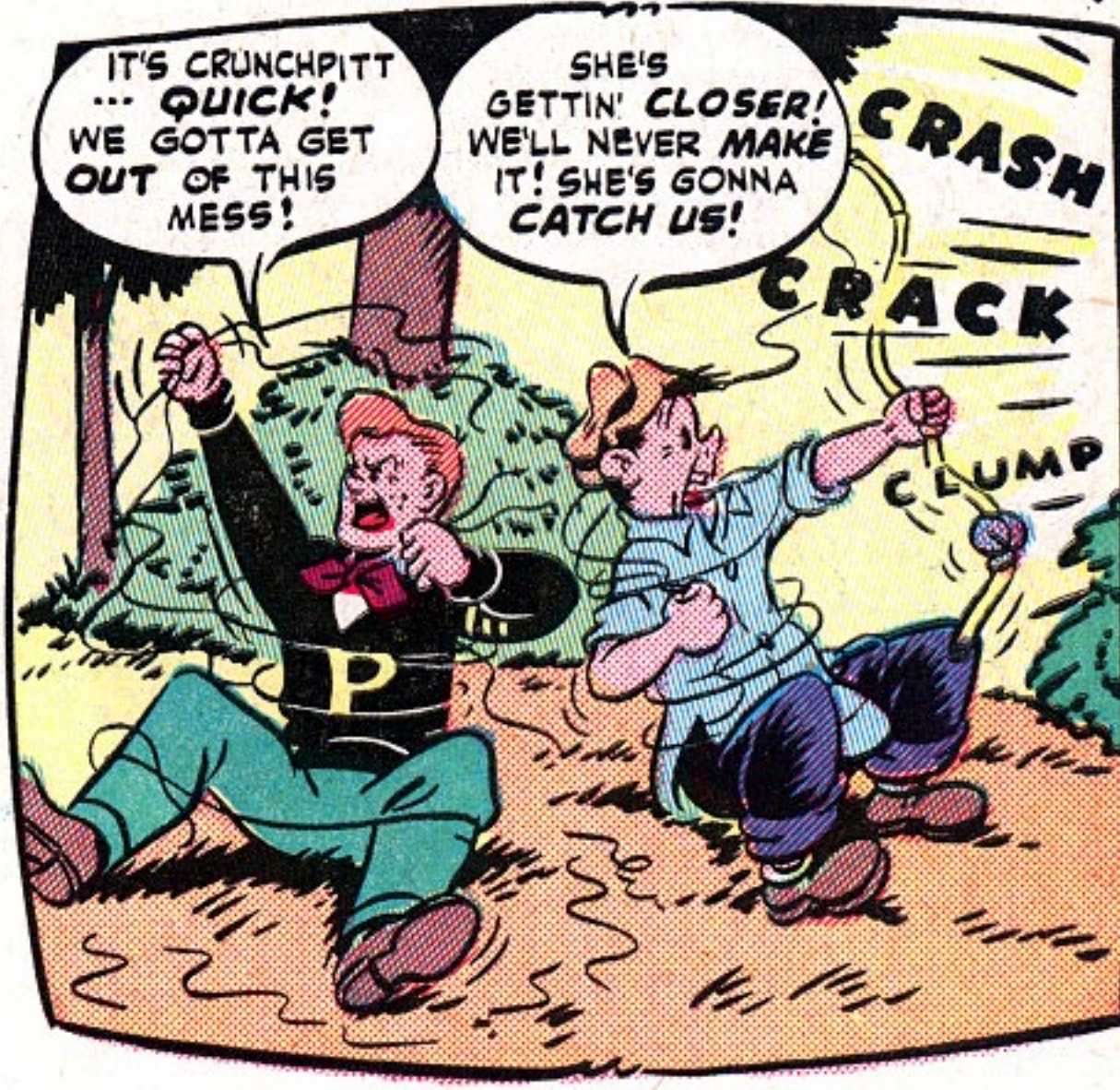
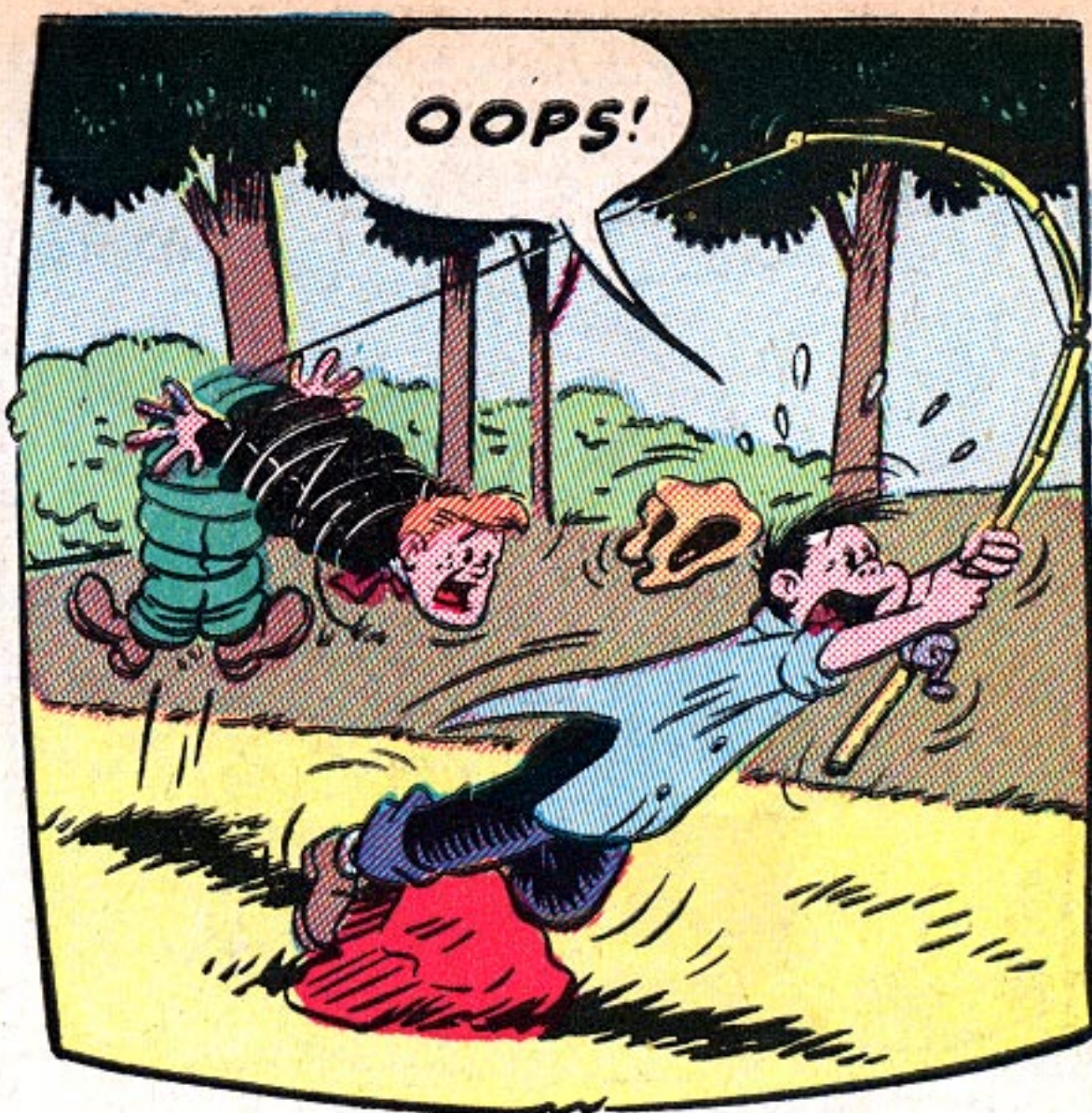


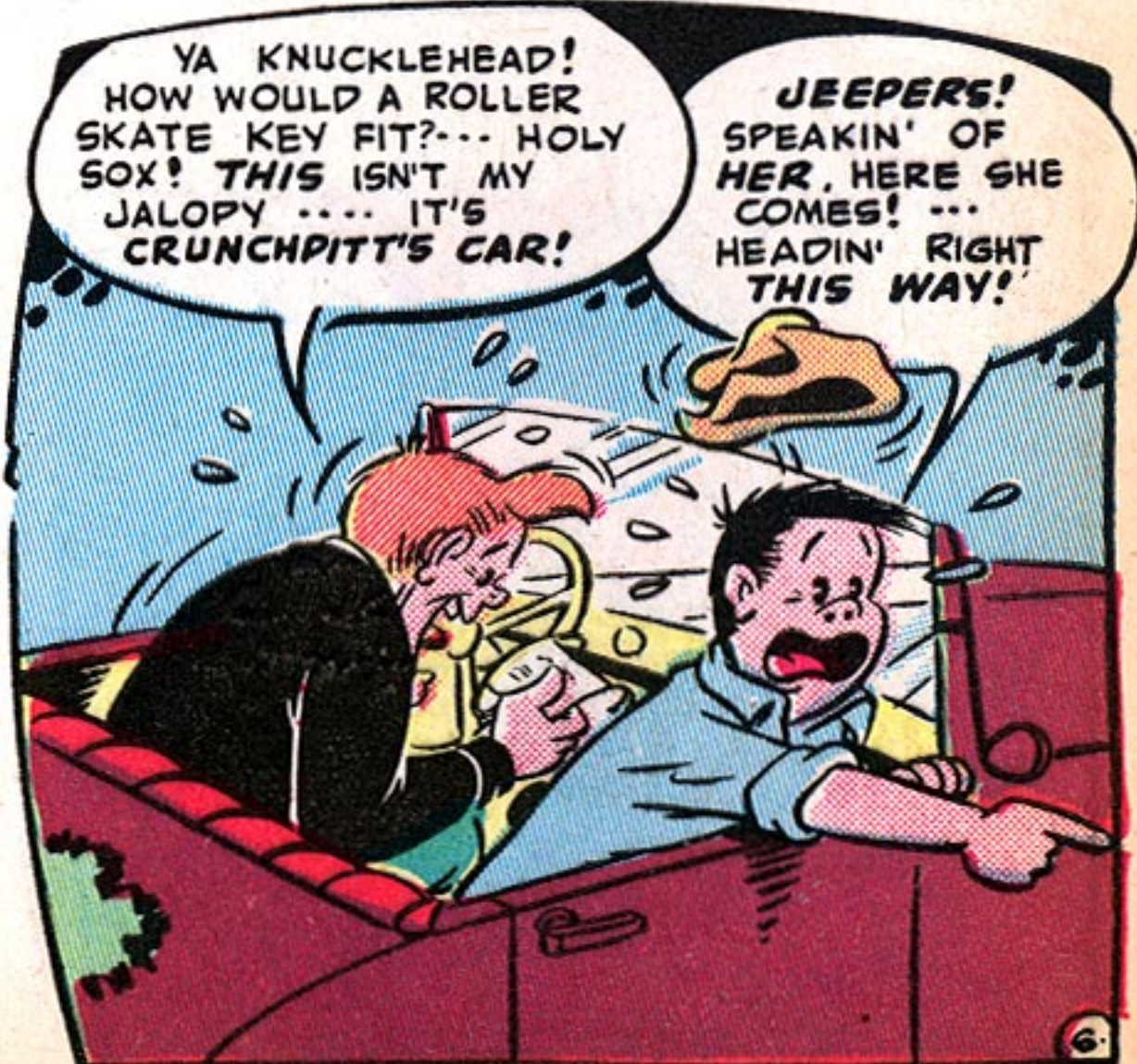
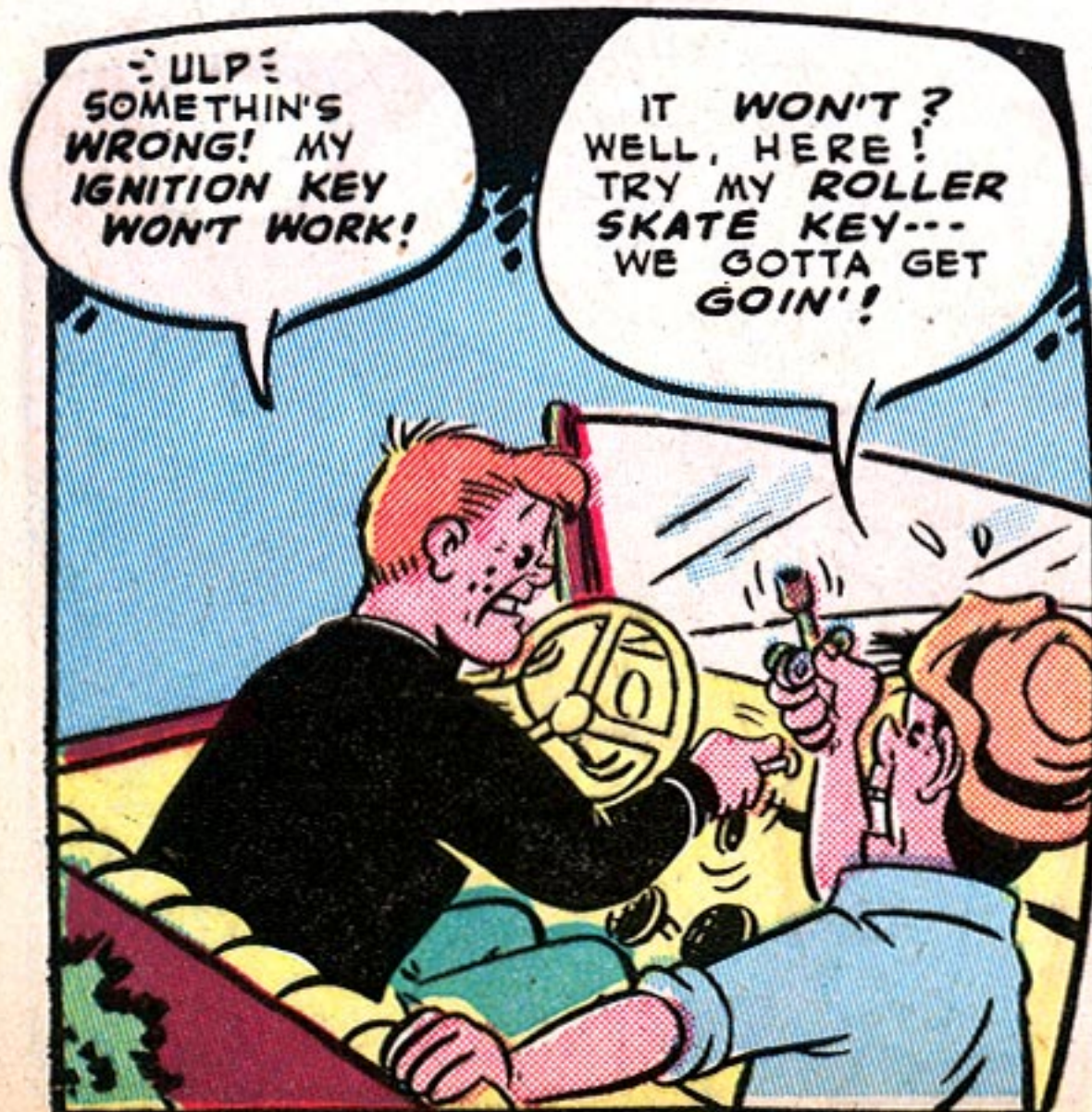
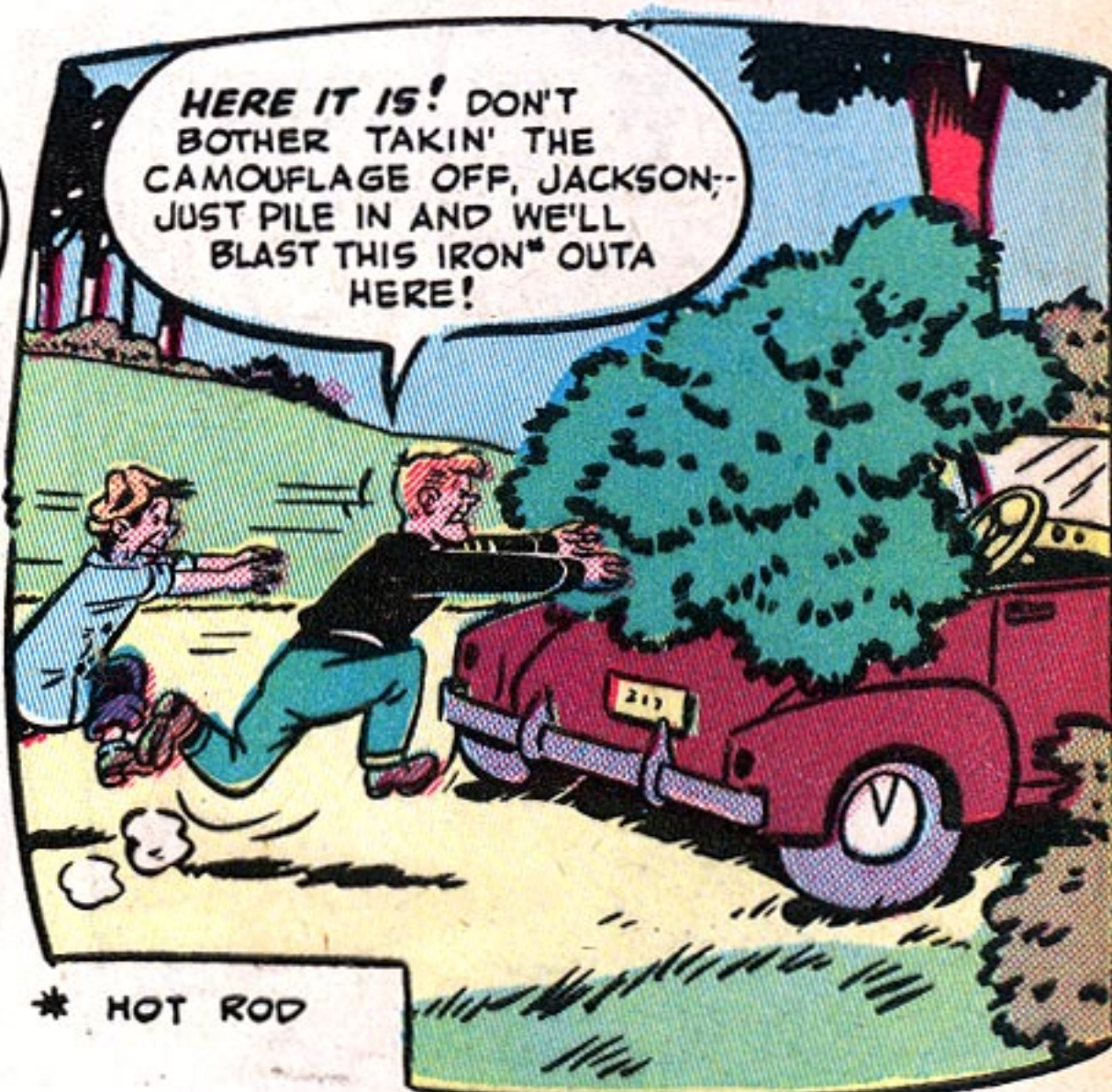
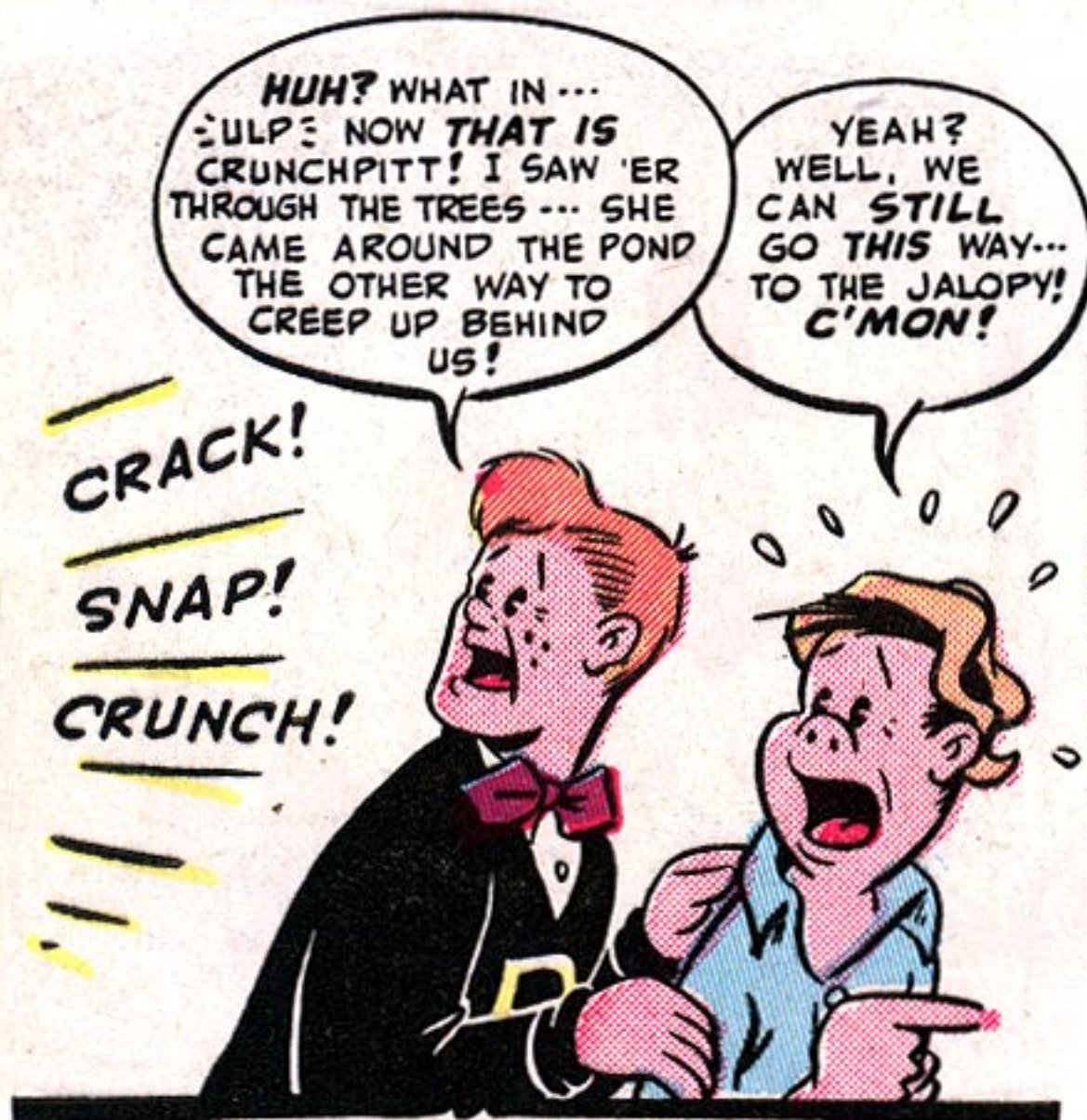
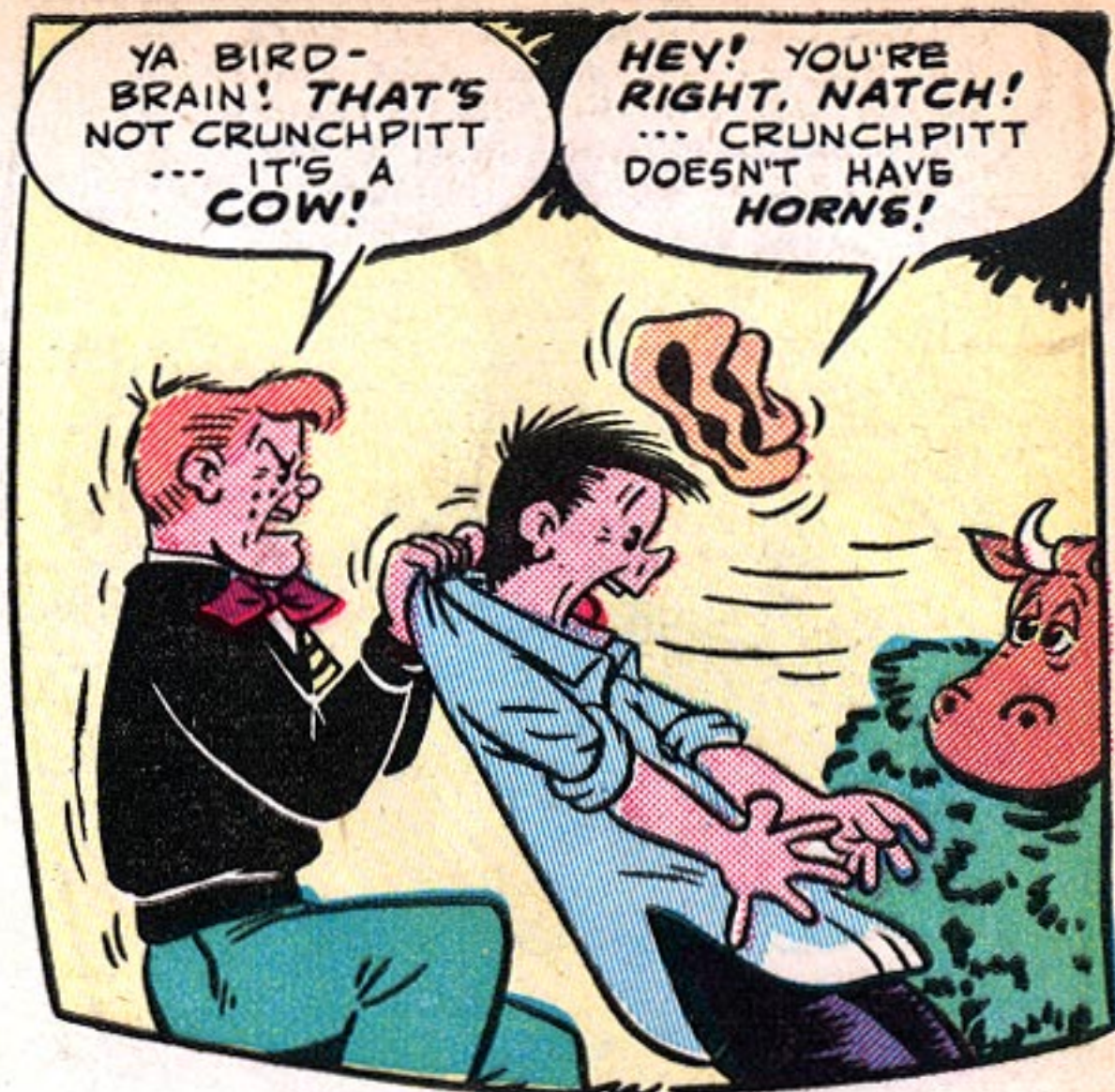
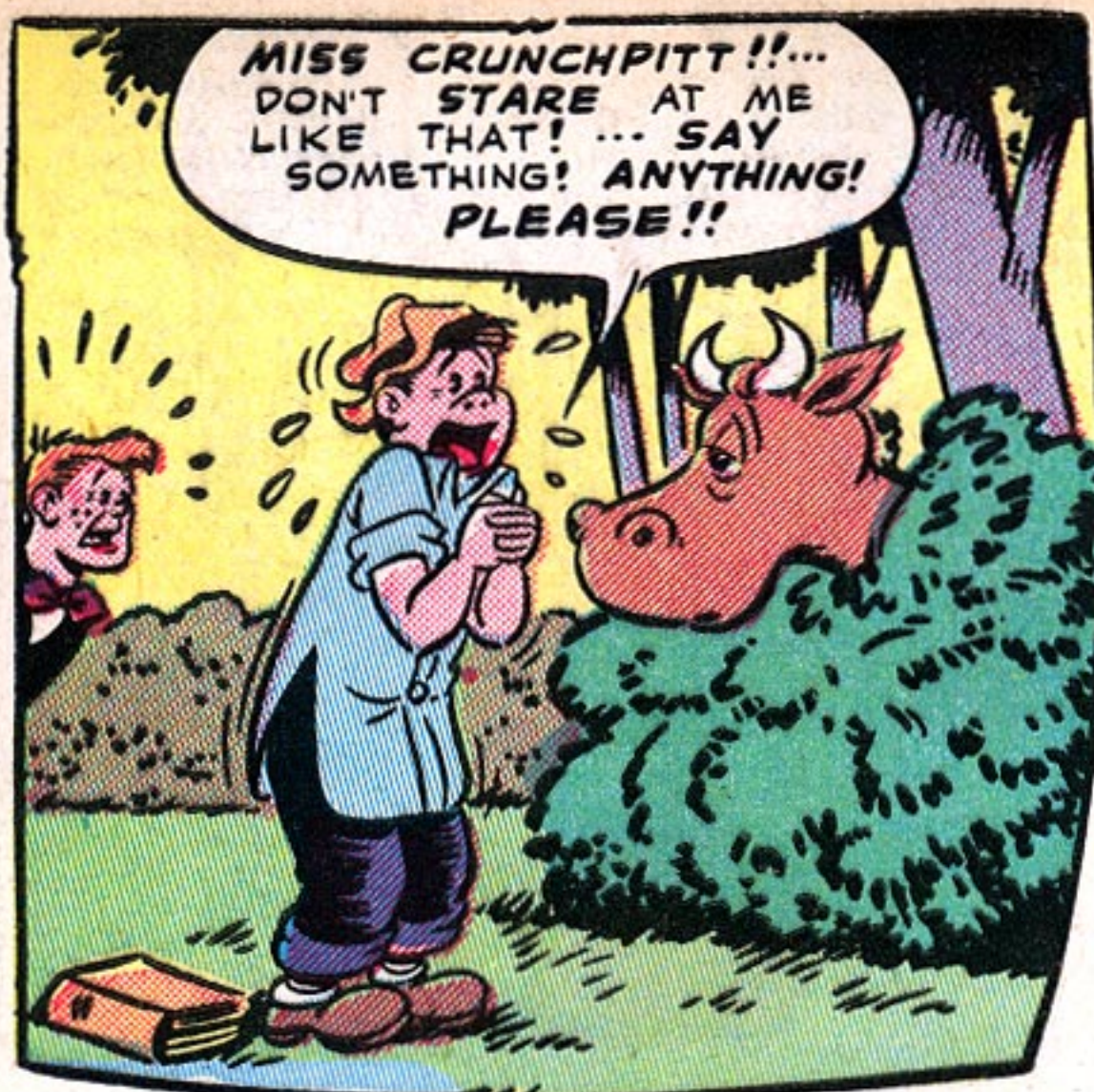
LATER...

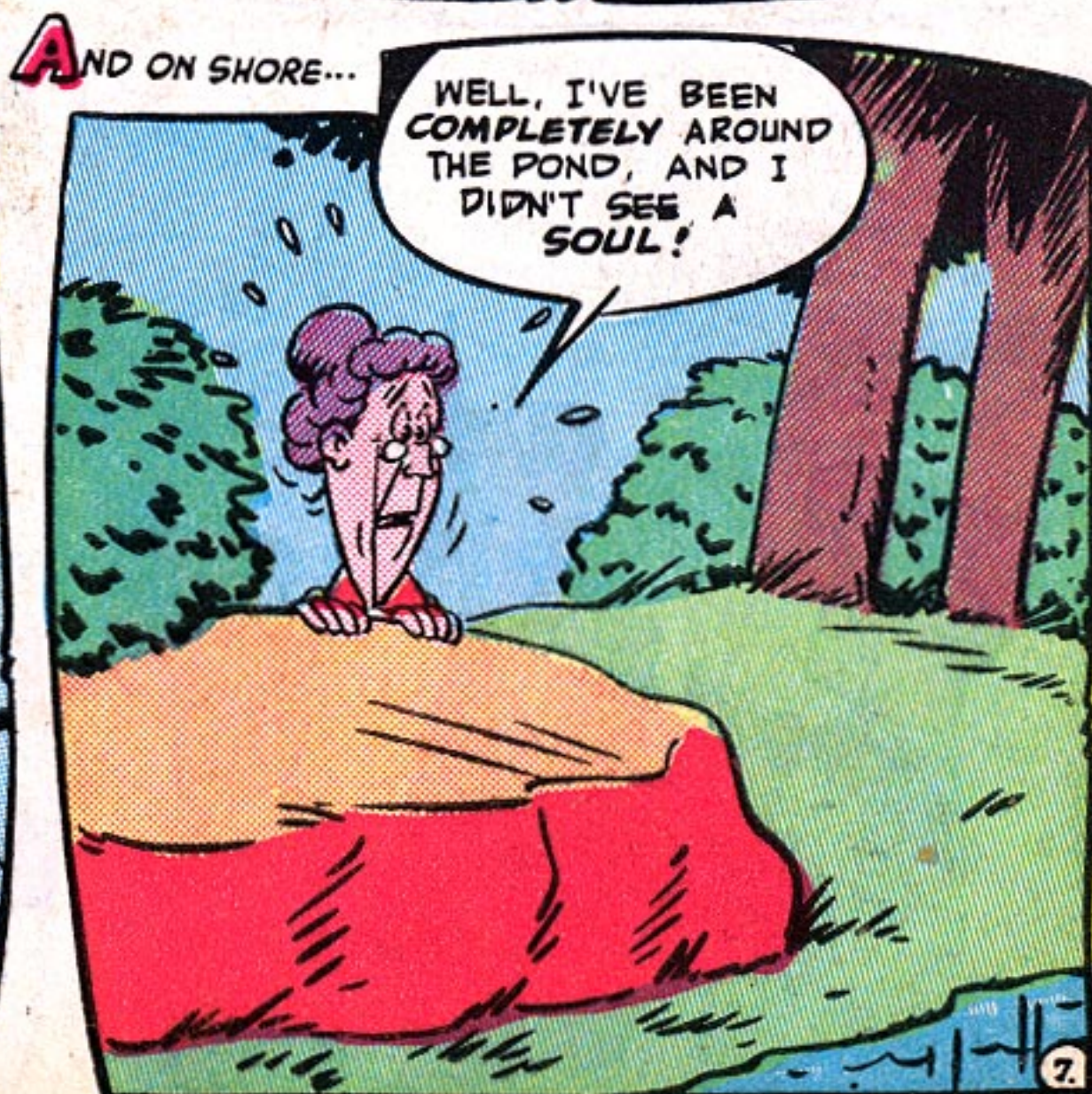
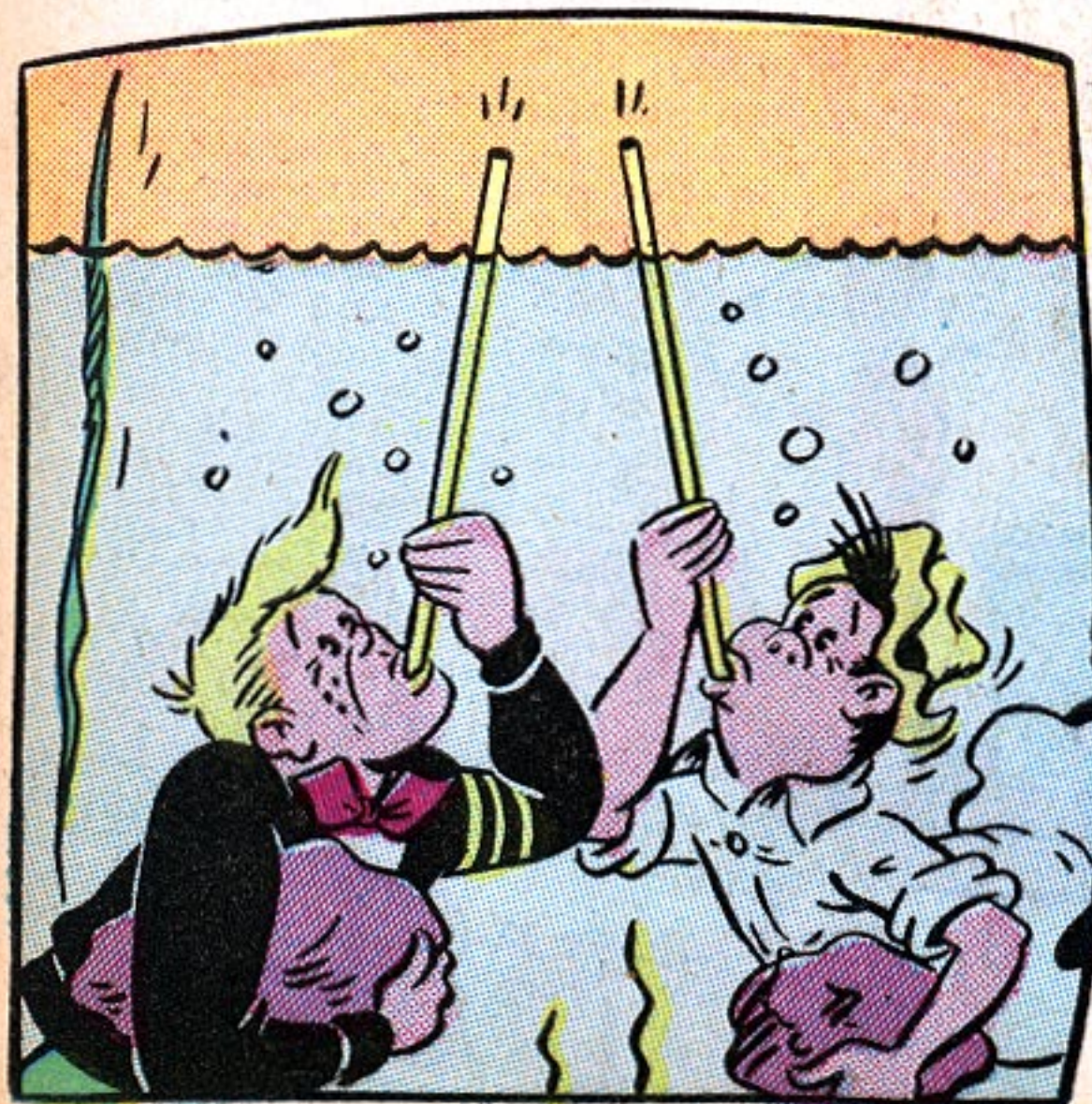
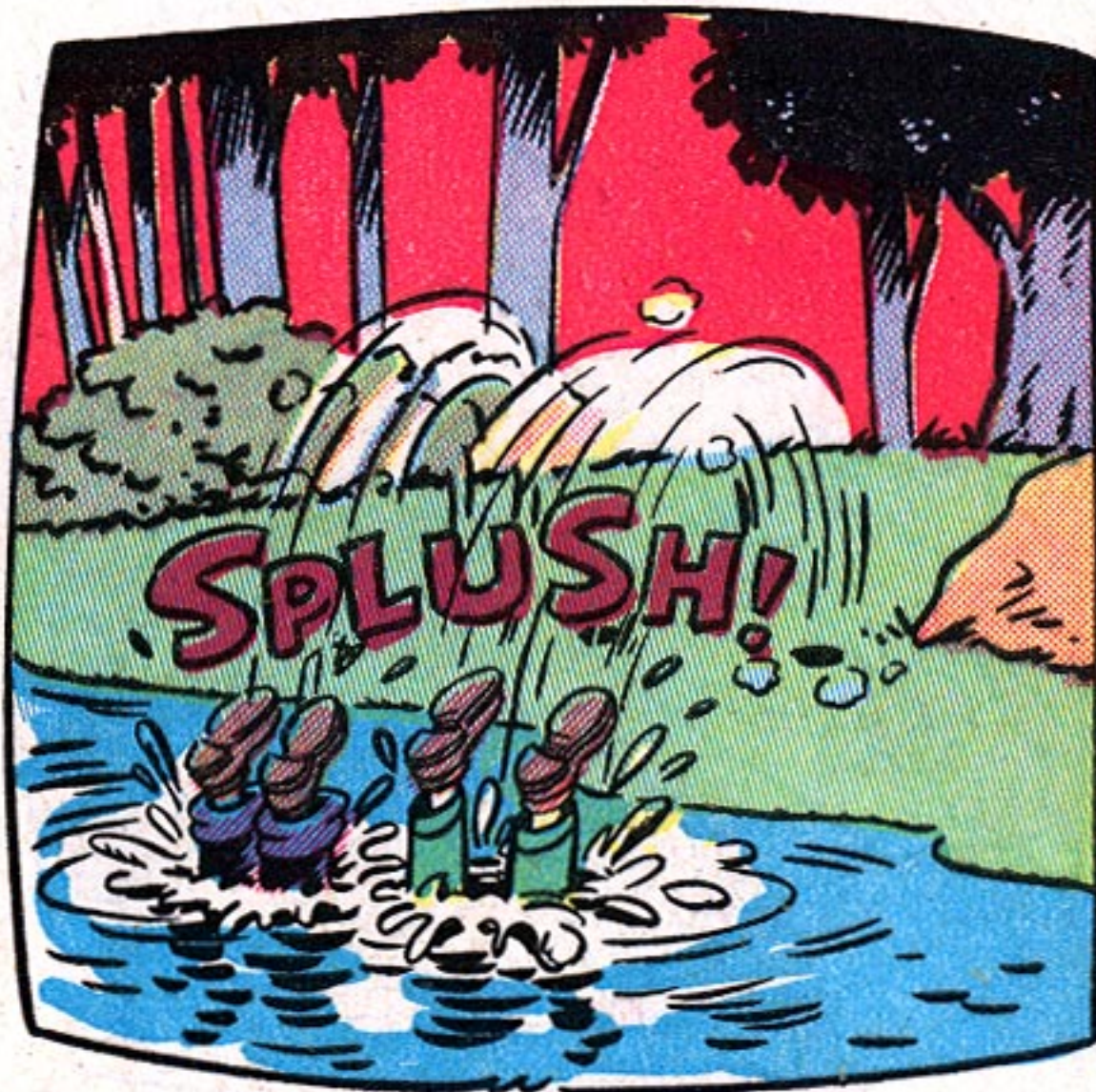
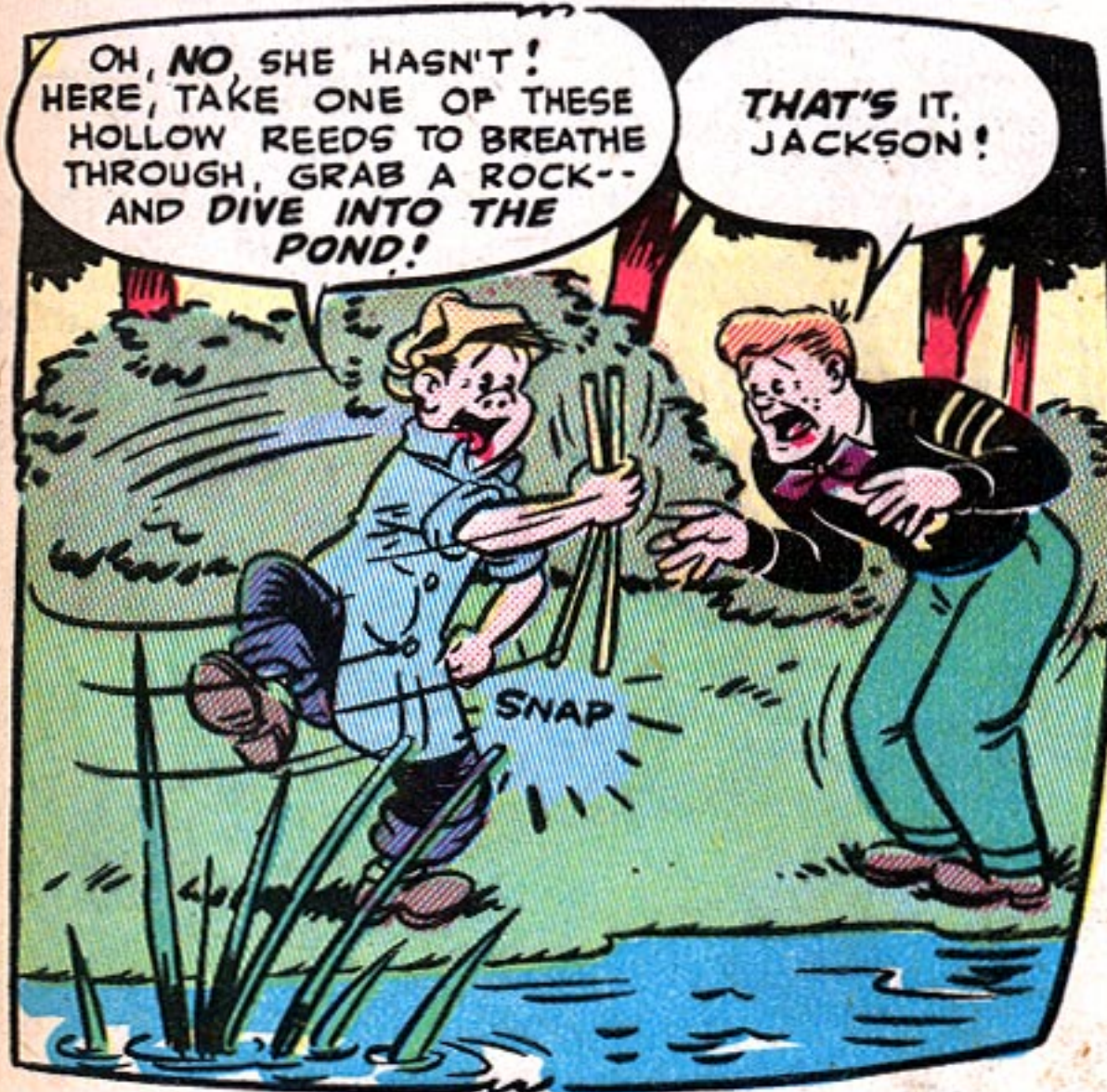
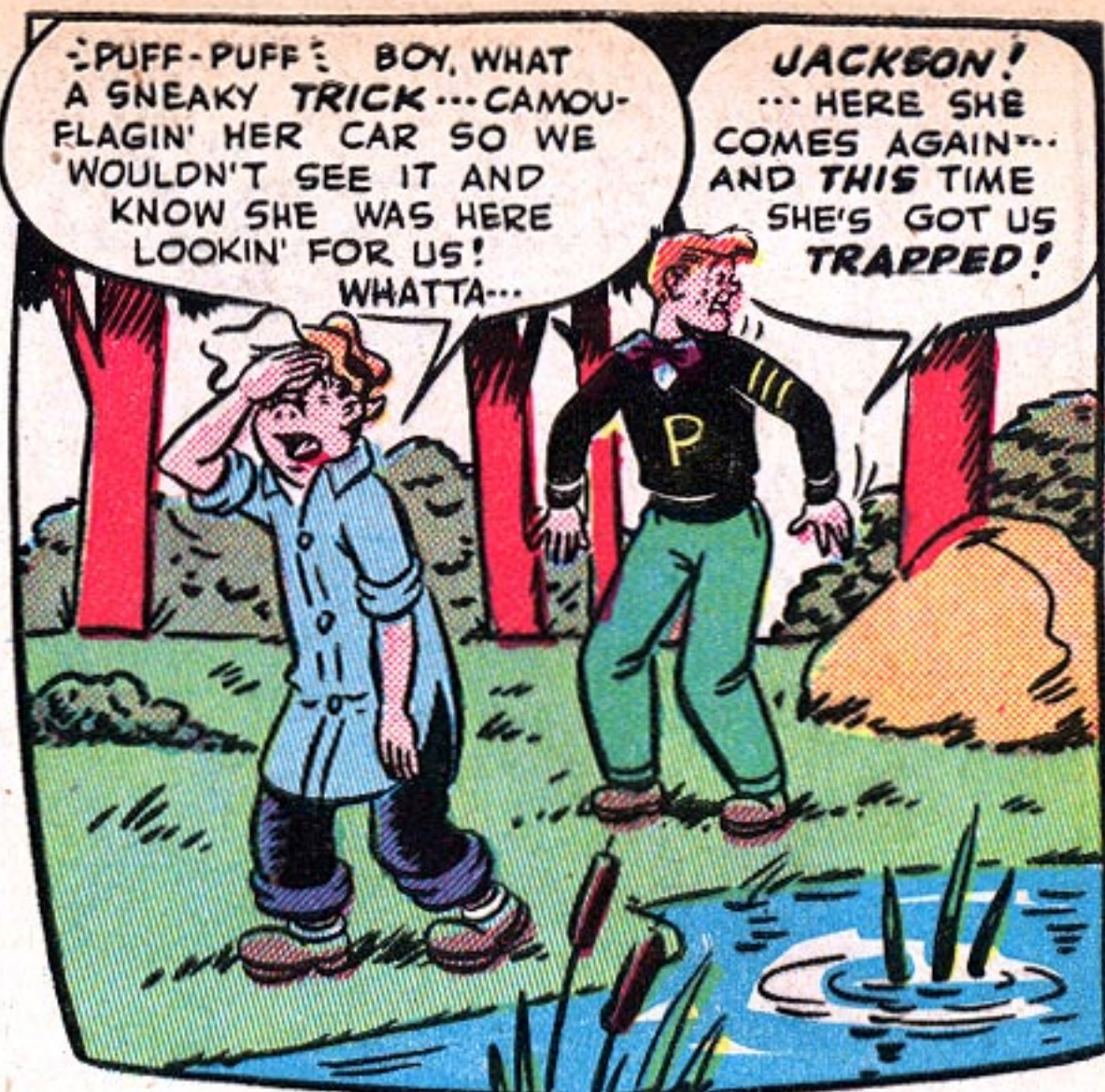
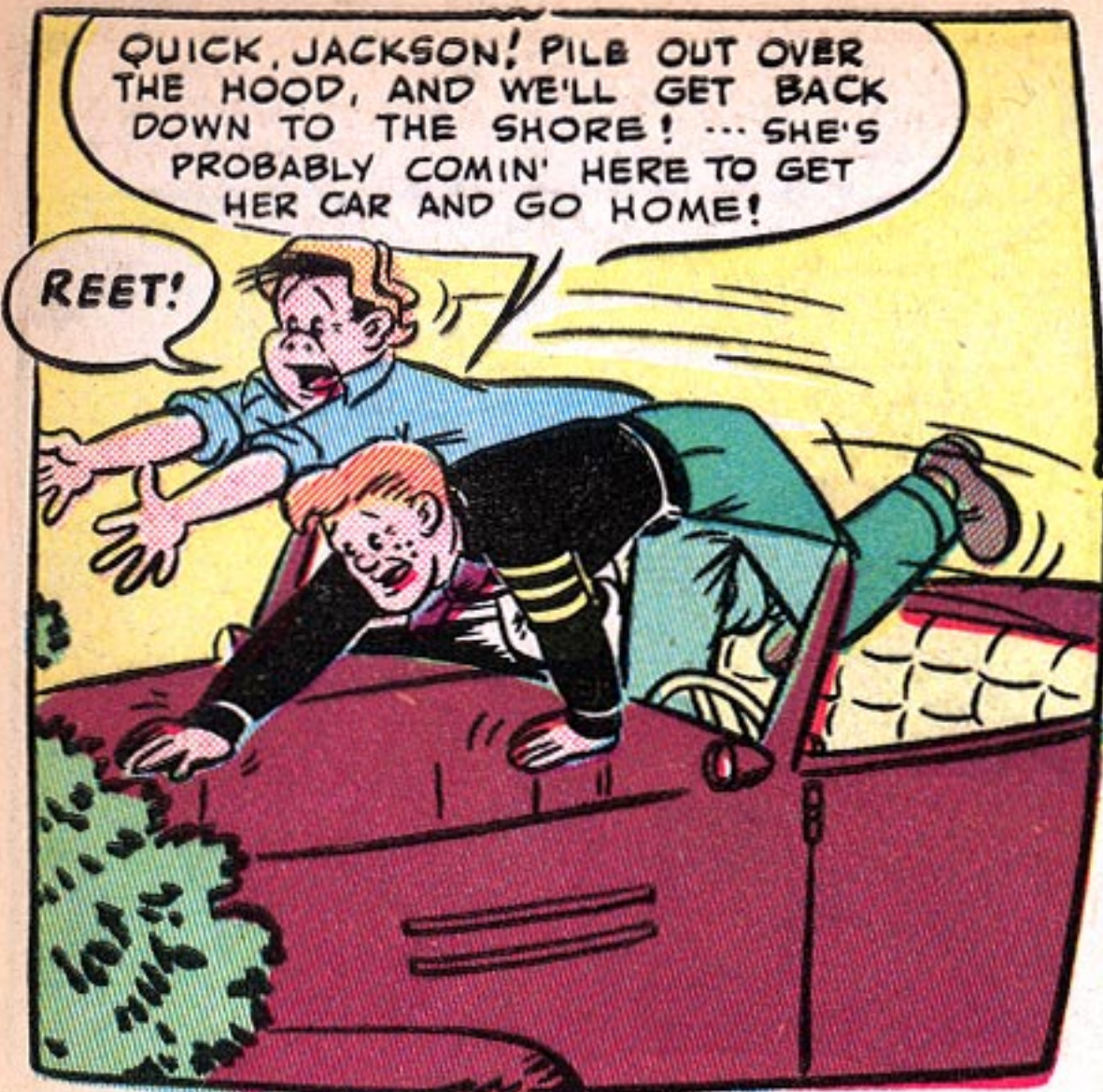
THANK GOODNESS OUR MOMS DIDN'T SEE US GETTIN' OUR **FISHIN'** RODS OUT OF THE GARAGE, HUH?

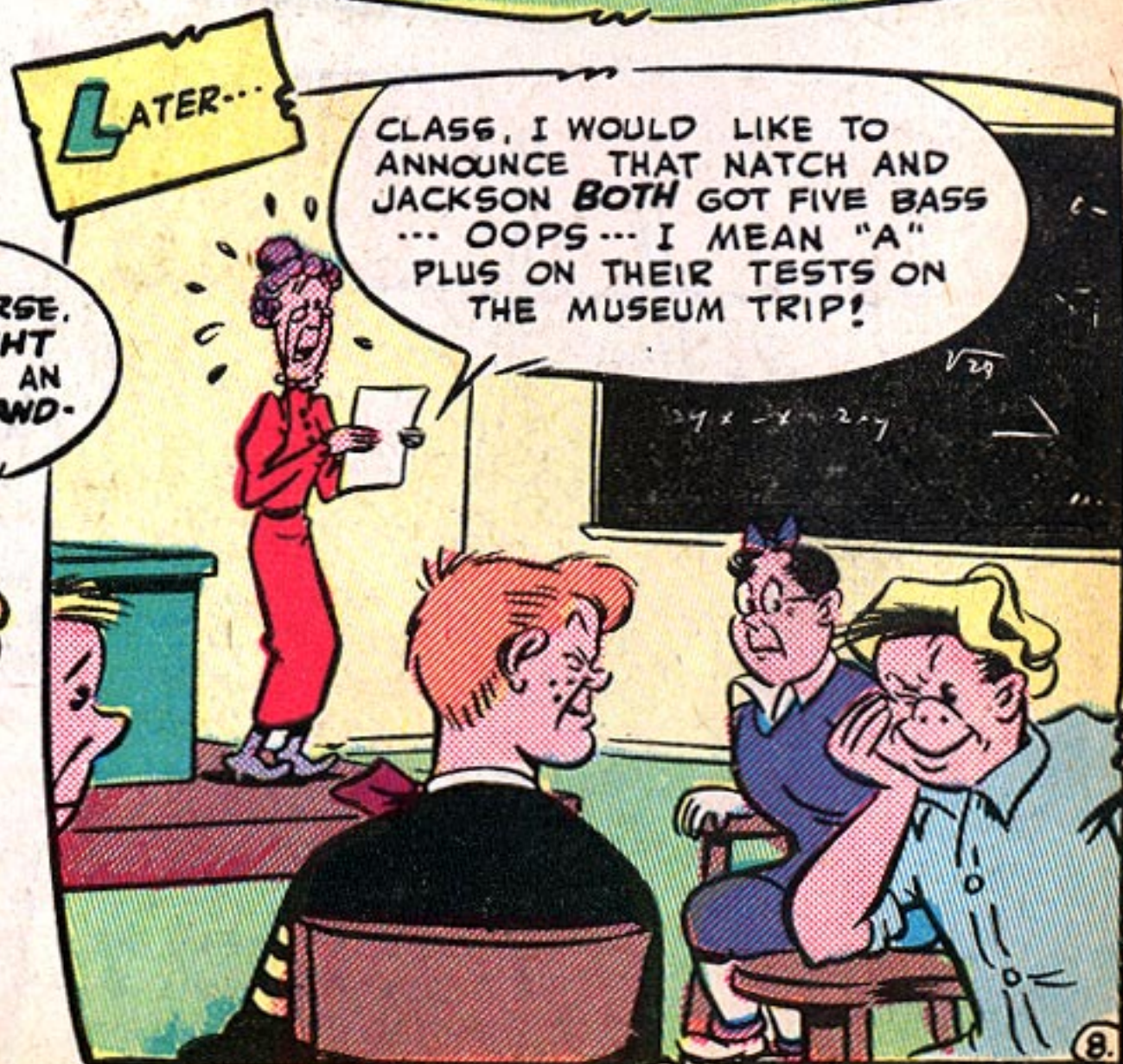
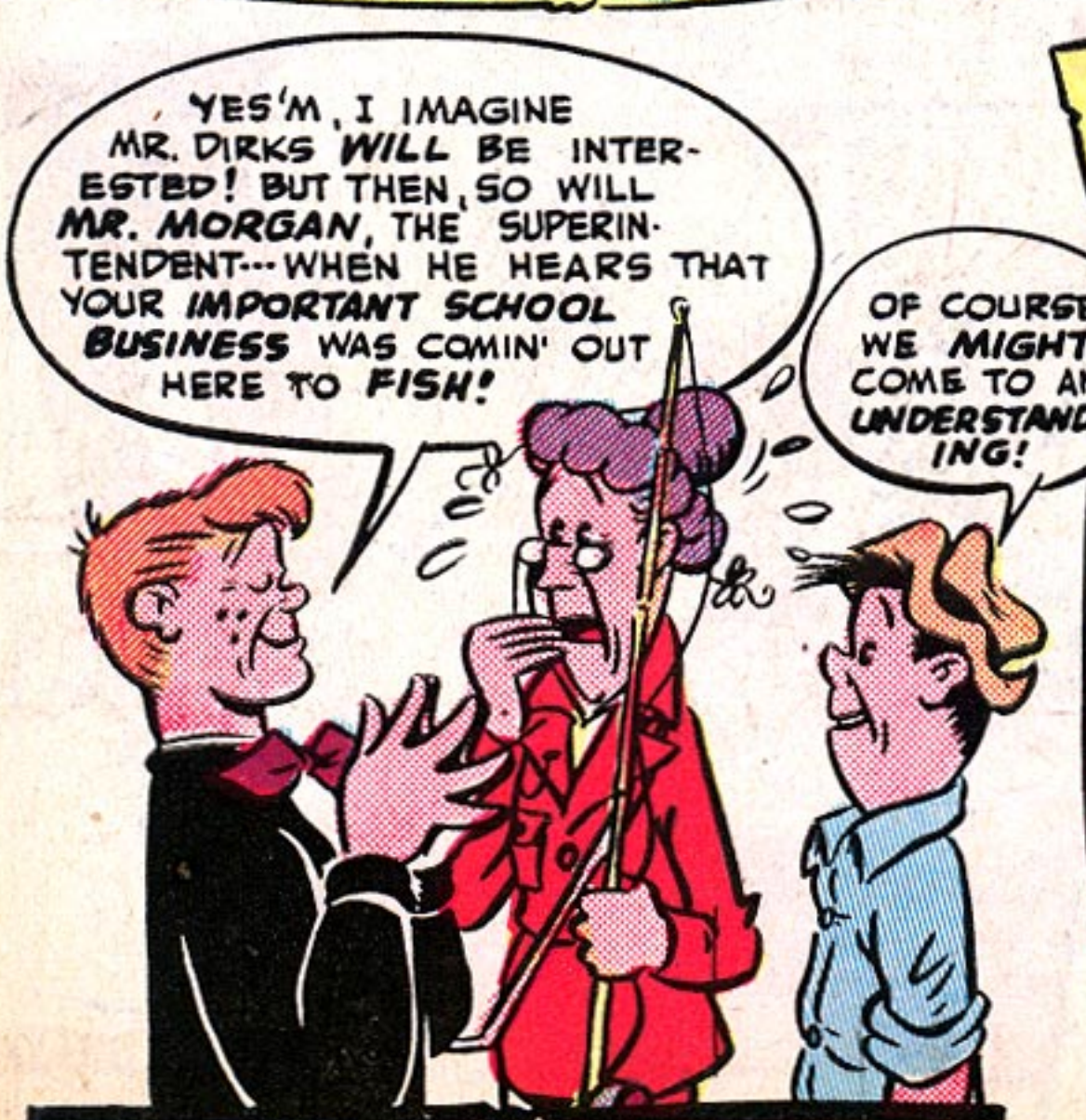
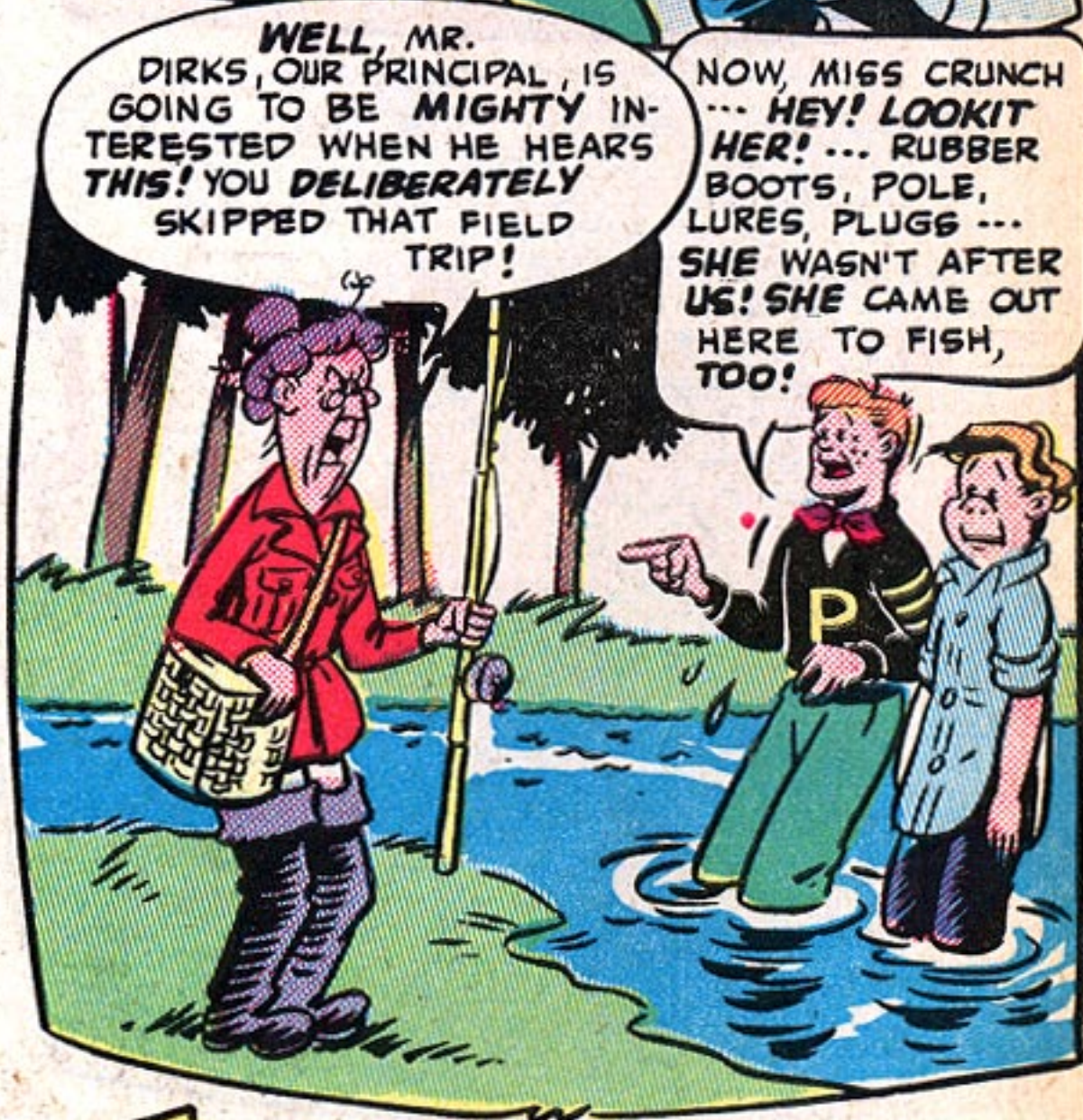
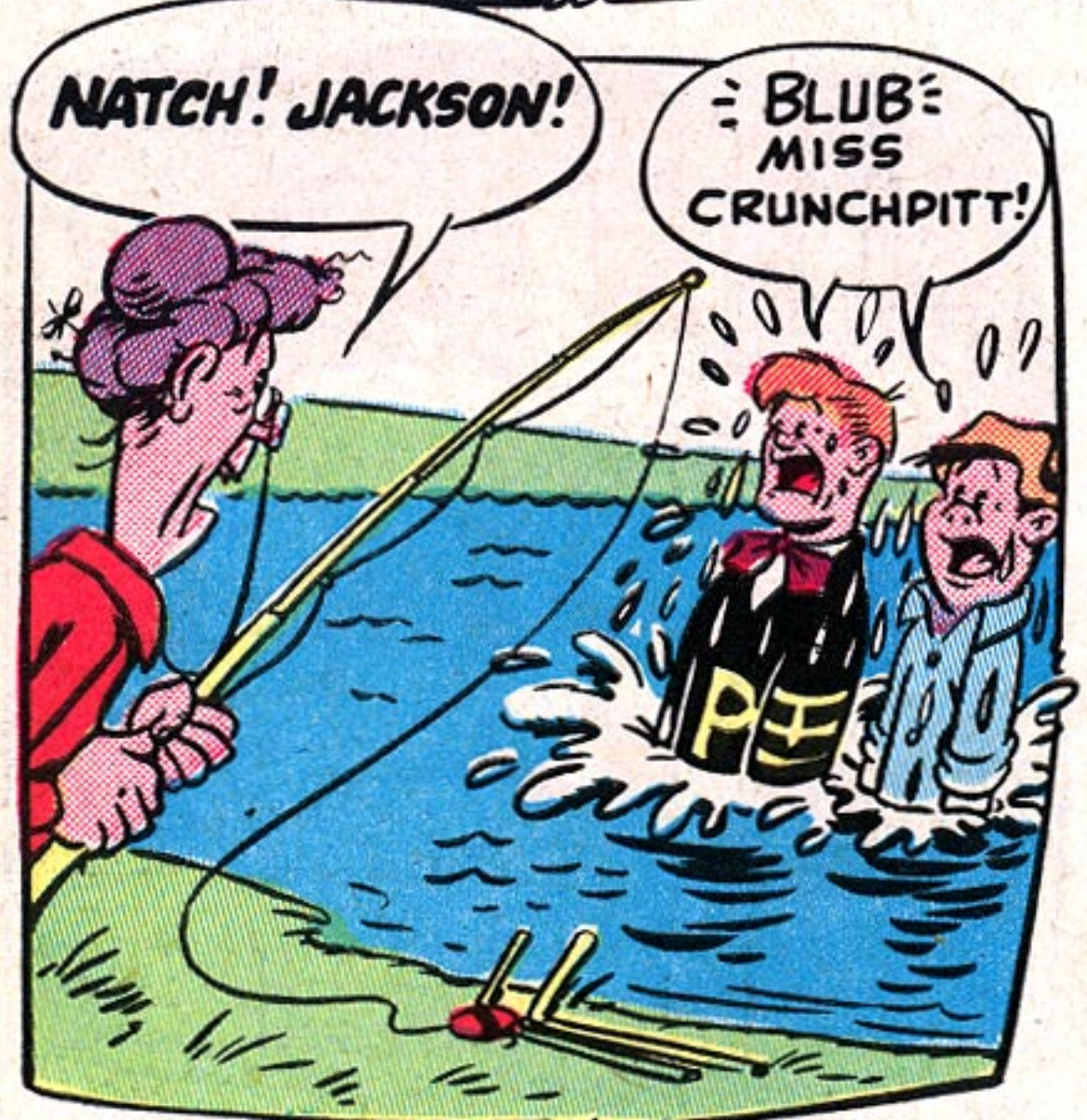
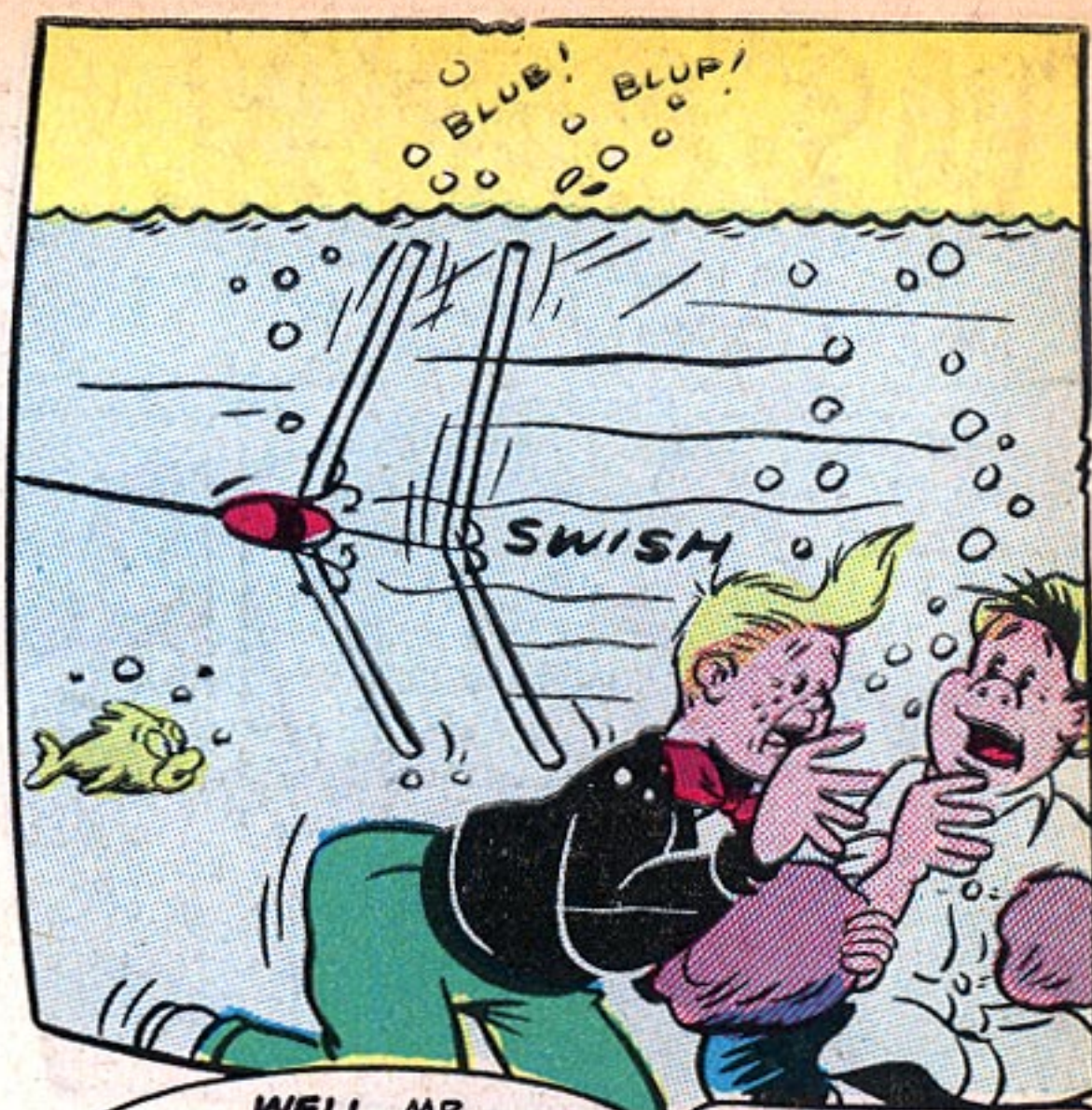
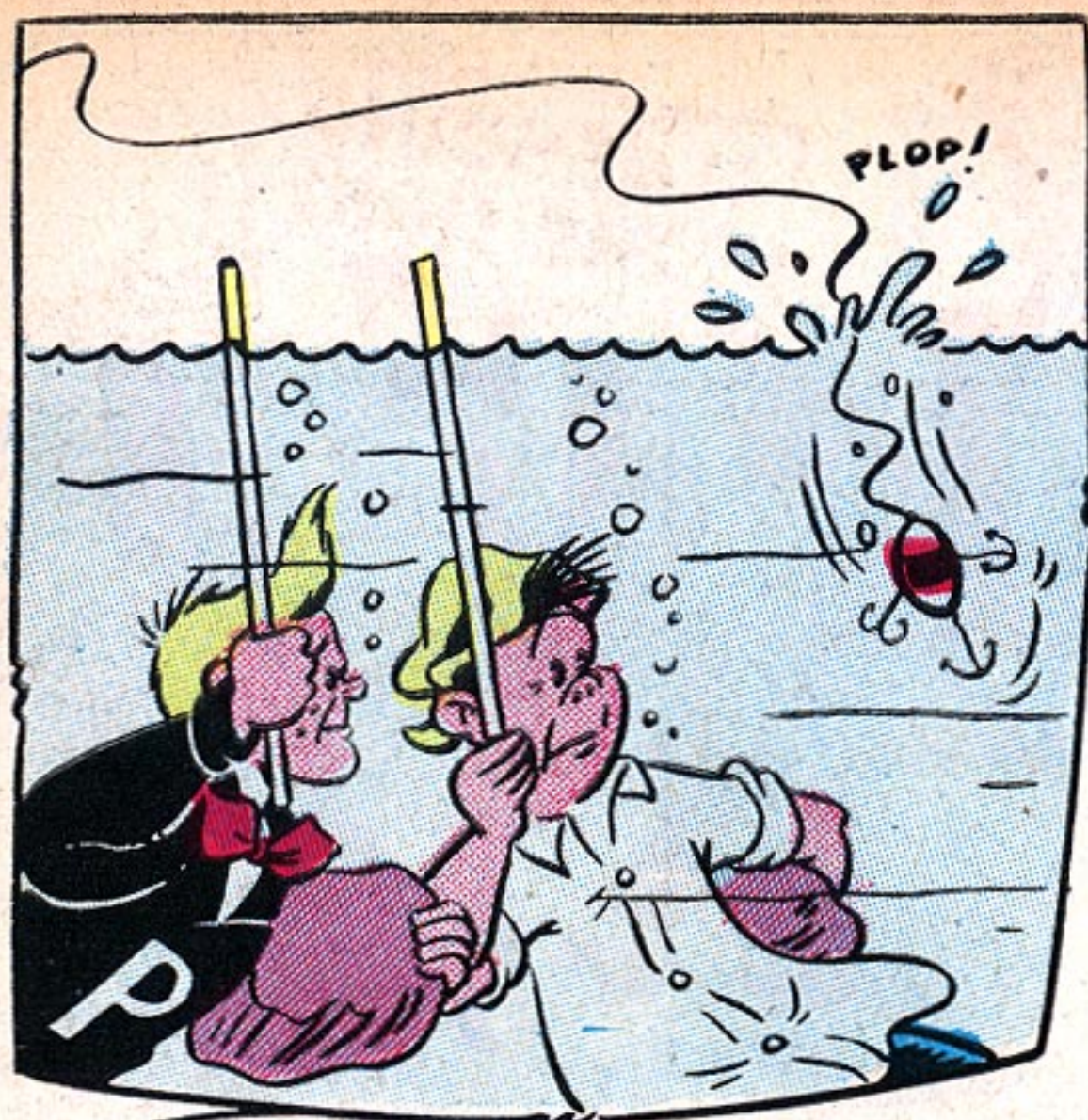
YEAH, AND THANK GOODNESS WE GOT THE **BOOK** OKAY!... **PARDER'S POND, HERE WE COME!**











"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"LASSOING
THE LION"



CIRCUS-TIME
AGAIN, FELLAS!
LOOK AT THE
SIZE OF THAT
ELEPHANT!

I'M GLAD THOSE
BARS ARE BETWEEN
ME AND THAT LION
THERE... HE SURE IS
HUNGRY-LOOKING!



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE
BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ABOUT
TO MOVE ON, WHEN SUDDENLY...

GET THE TRAINER...
THEN FOLLOW ME, BOYS!



ROYAL JETS OFF AFTER
THE ESCAPED LION...

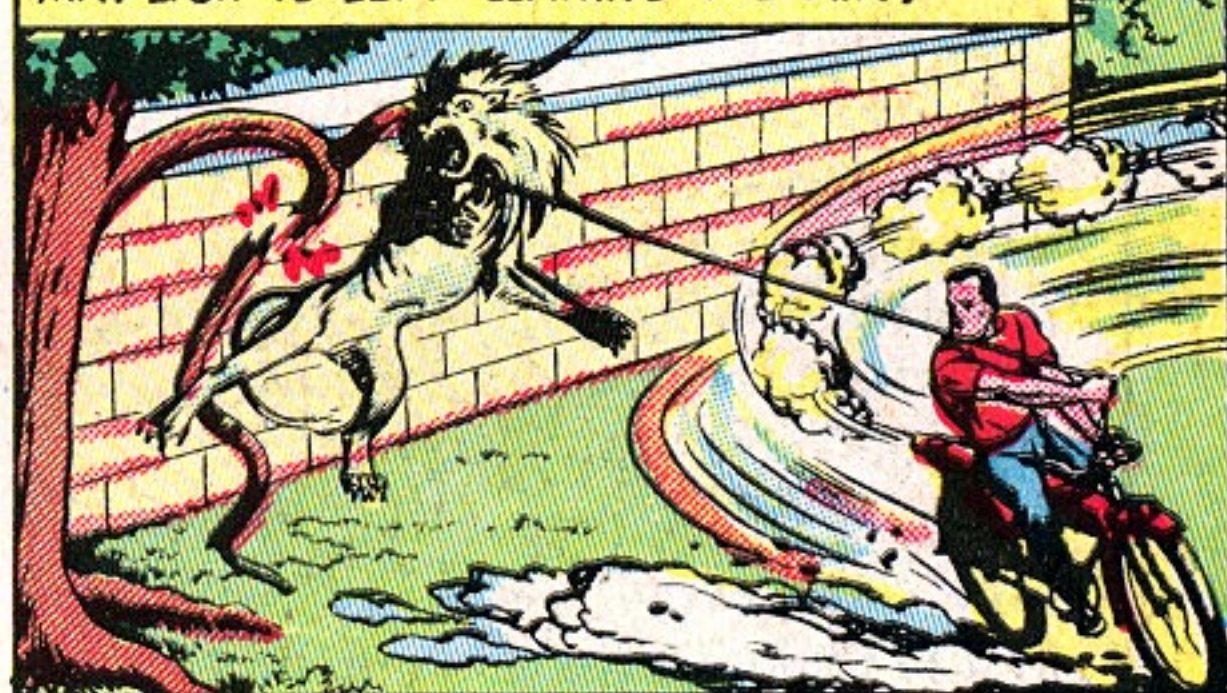
HE'S HEADING FOR THE
ORPHANAGE WALL! GOTTA
HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE
HE GETS INSIDE!



THE HUNGRY BEAST CROUCHES FOR THE SPRING!



...BUT ROYAL'S LASSO HITS ITS MARK... AND
MR. LION IS LEFT CLAWING THE AIR!



AND SOON...

I SHUDDER TO THINK
WHAT MIGHT HAVE
HAPPENED IF YOU
HADN'T GOTTEN TO
THAT LION
IN TIME!

I'M MIGHTY GLAD
I WAS RIDING ON
U.S. ROYALS... THEY
ALWAYS SAVE TIME!

...AND THIS
TIME THEY
SAVED LIVES!



BOYS, WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE
SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED
FOR **SPEED PLUS SAFETY!** DON'T
TAKE CHANCES... GET THE TIRE
WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN TOP CONTROL
COUNTS, YOU CAN COUNT ON U.S.
ROYALS, WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN!"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL.

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR
OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH
THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Theme

SONG

IT was Alice's first date in ever so long. "A whole week," she sighed, whooshing around in the revolving door that led to the ice-creameries. She didn't *feel* like a girl on a Saturday-night date. She felt terrible!

Right behind Alice, ready to buy her the Super Jumbo Banana Split or even the Double Super, came Ted. Like everyone else in town, he knew that Alice and Paul had been a twosome for a long time, but he wasn't asking any questions. "I guess they split up," was his explanation.

It was true. Alice and Paul *had* split up, over the silliest argument. For almost a week, Alice had waited for Paul to call her, had day-dreamed of their reunion, his apologies, her apologies, and their happiness at being together again.

But Paul hadn't called. Alice felt blue and sort of lonesome with Ted, and to make matters worse, he had suggested that they stop at the ice-creamerie after the movies. Why, that was where she and Paul *always* went! That was where they had first been introduced to each other. It was funny, somehow, being there without him.

Suddenly, she realized that Ted had been saying something to her.

"I'm sorry," Alice smiled, "I didn't hear you, Ted."

"I'm going to drop a nickel in the juke box," Ted repeated. "I want to get a load of that sweet, sweet ballad, 'Together Again.'"

Alice could feel her heart sinking. "Not *that* song!" she said. Then, realizing she was attracting attention, she lowered her voice. "Oh, please, Ted, pick something else," she pleaded. "That one's so . . . so *old*! And it's

corny, too! I wish you wouldn't play it!"

"Why, it's a *swell* number!" Ted said. "Maybe you just have to learn to like it. Listen!"

He slid the nickel into the slot, pushed the lever and pressed a small numbered button. The juke box lit up and the ice-creamerie was suddenly filled with the romantic melody of love. Alice tried to pretend that she was somewhere else, somewhere far away, but the music wouldn't let her.

"It's a beautiful song!" Ted repeated, humming the refrain loudly. "I'll bet it climbs right to the top of the Hit Par . . . oh, hello!"

The last two words were said in quite another voice to quite another person. Alice, her heart pounding, looked up to see Paul standing at the table. *Paul!* And he had that very special look in his eyes . . . that "between-you-and-me" look!

"Hiya!" she said, trying desperately to sound as if she didn't care.

"Gosh, Alice," Paul's voice was breathless, "I thought you really didn't care, but I knew different the minute I heard you play *our* song. Our theme song! Gosh, it was the same thing as telling me you wanted me to come back. So here I am!"

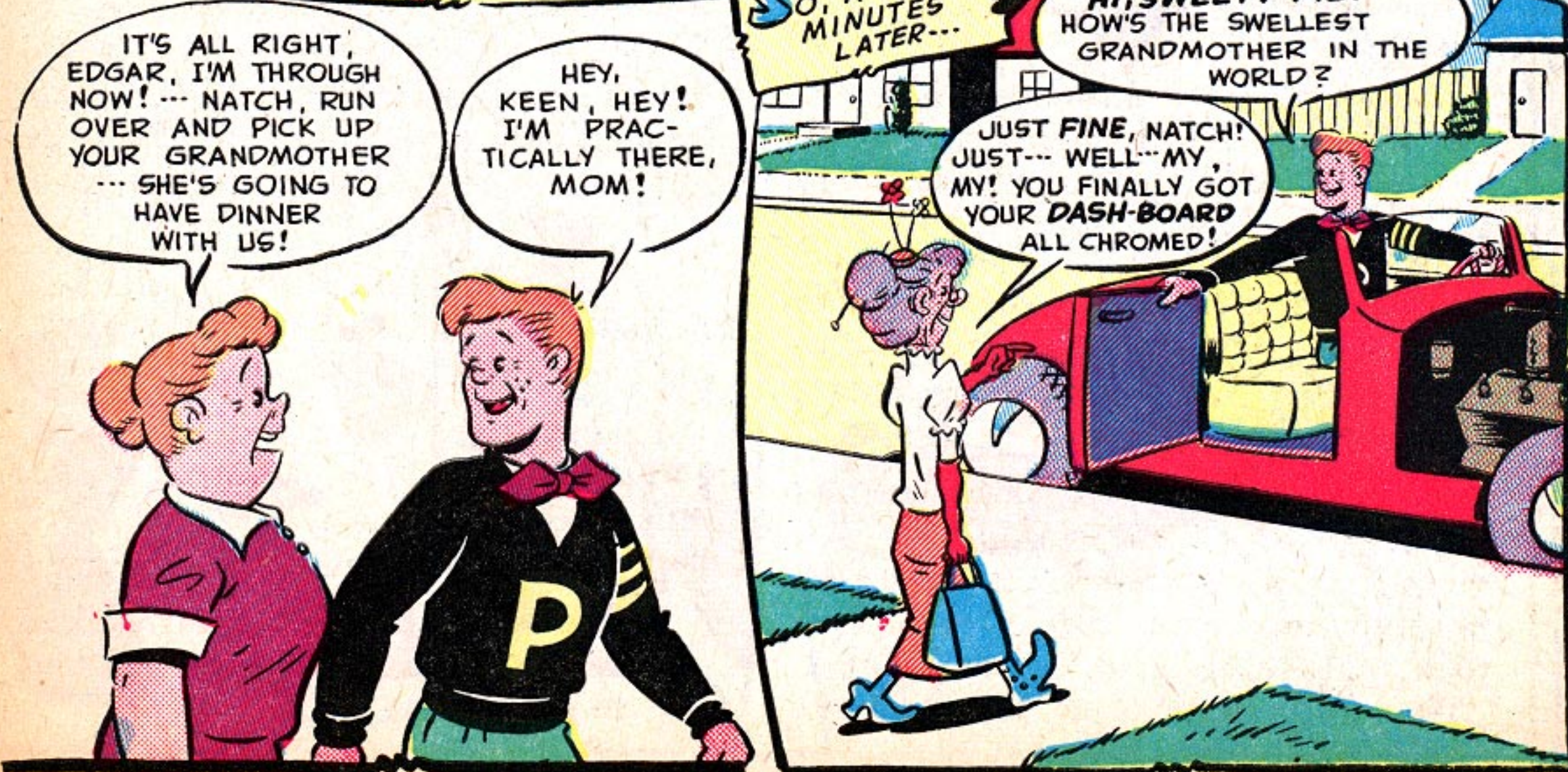
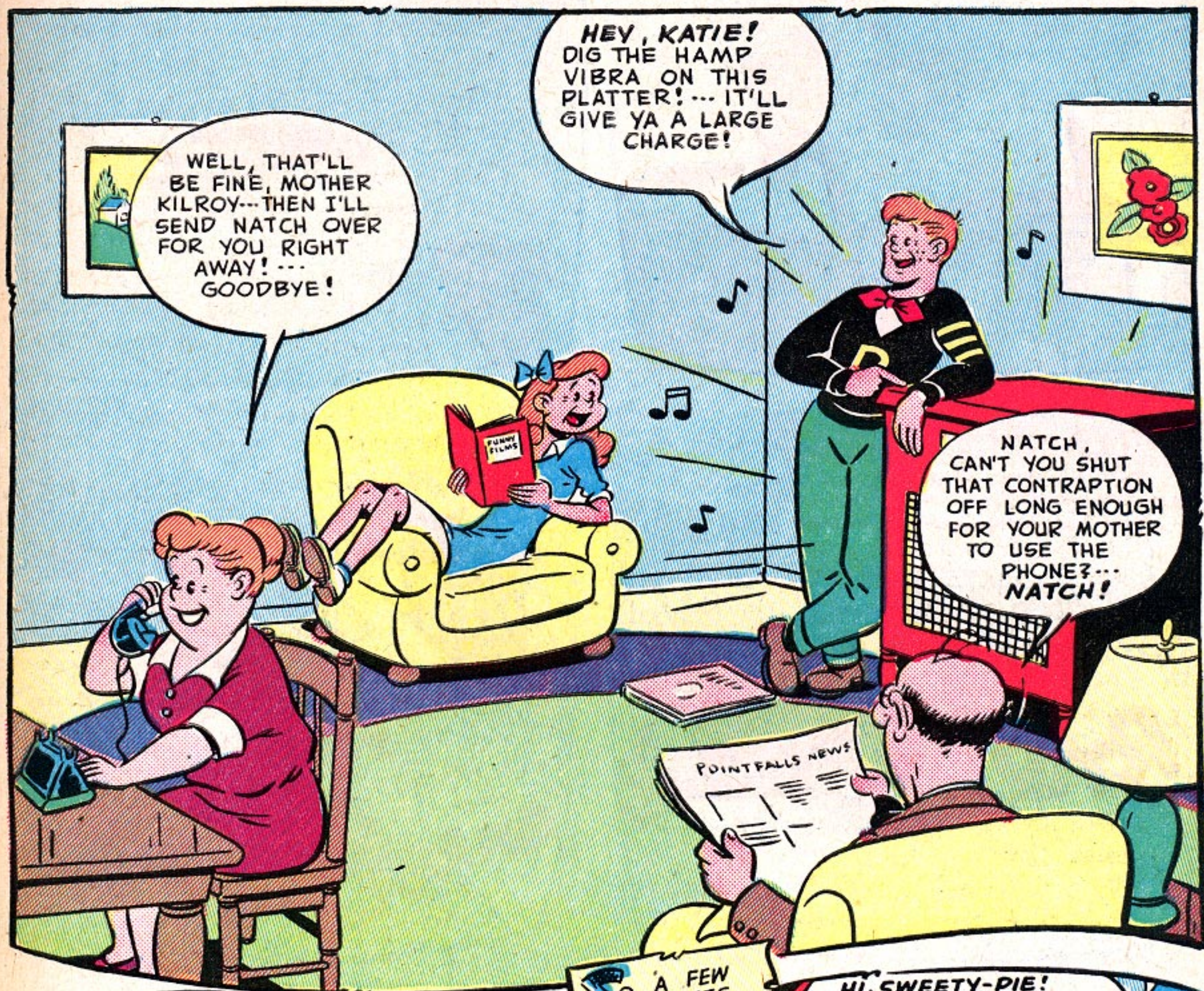
"Paul!" This time, Alice's voice was no longer casual. She was very happy, and she didn't care who knew it!

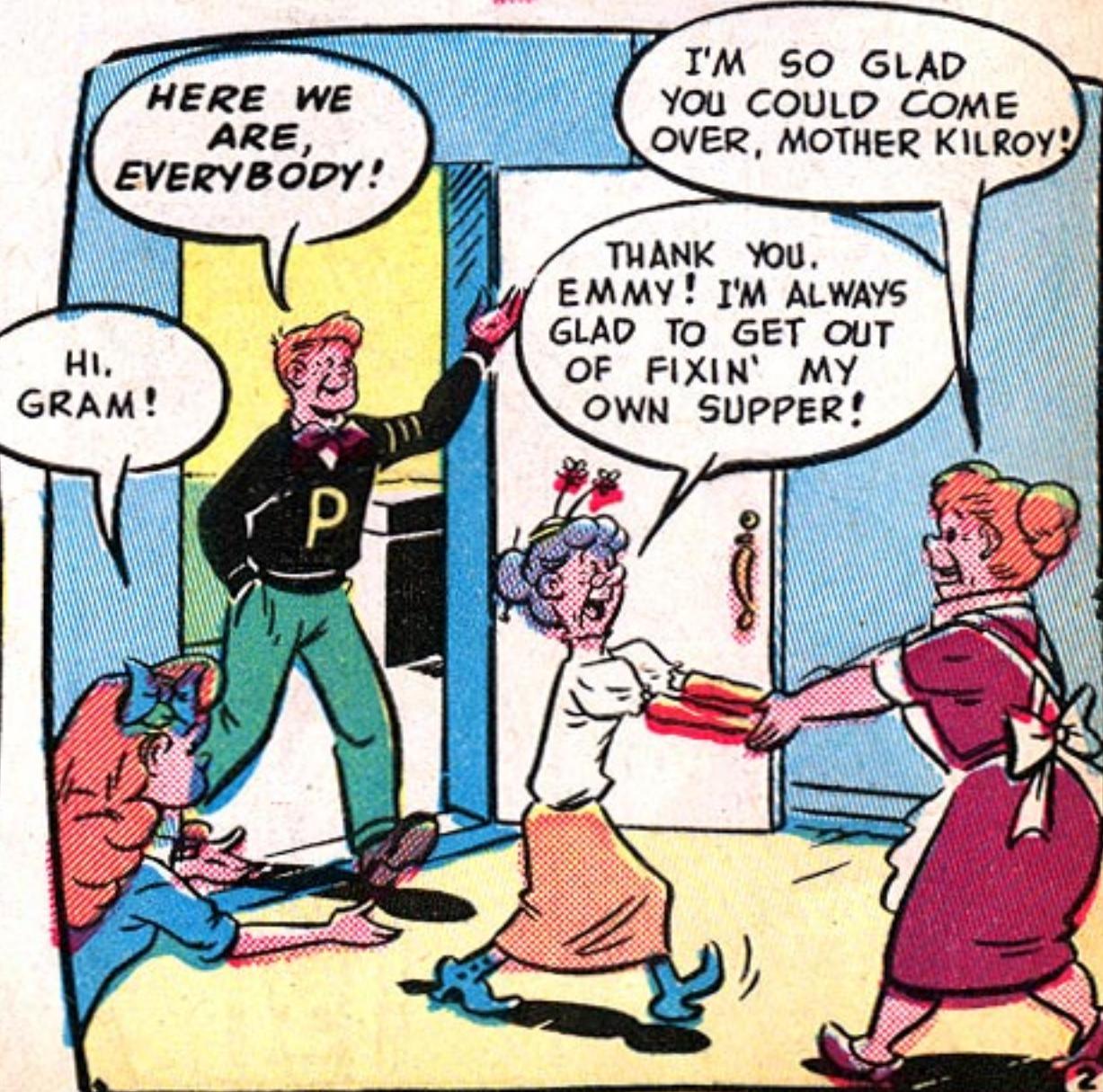
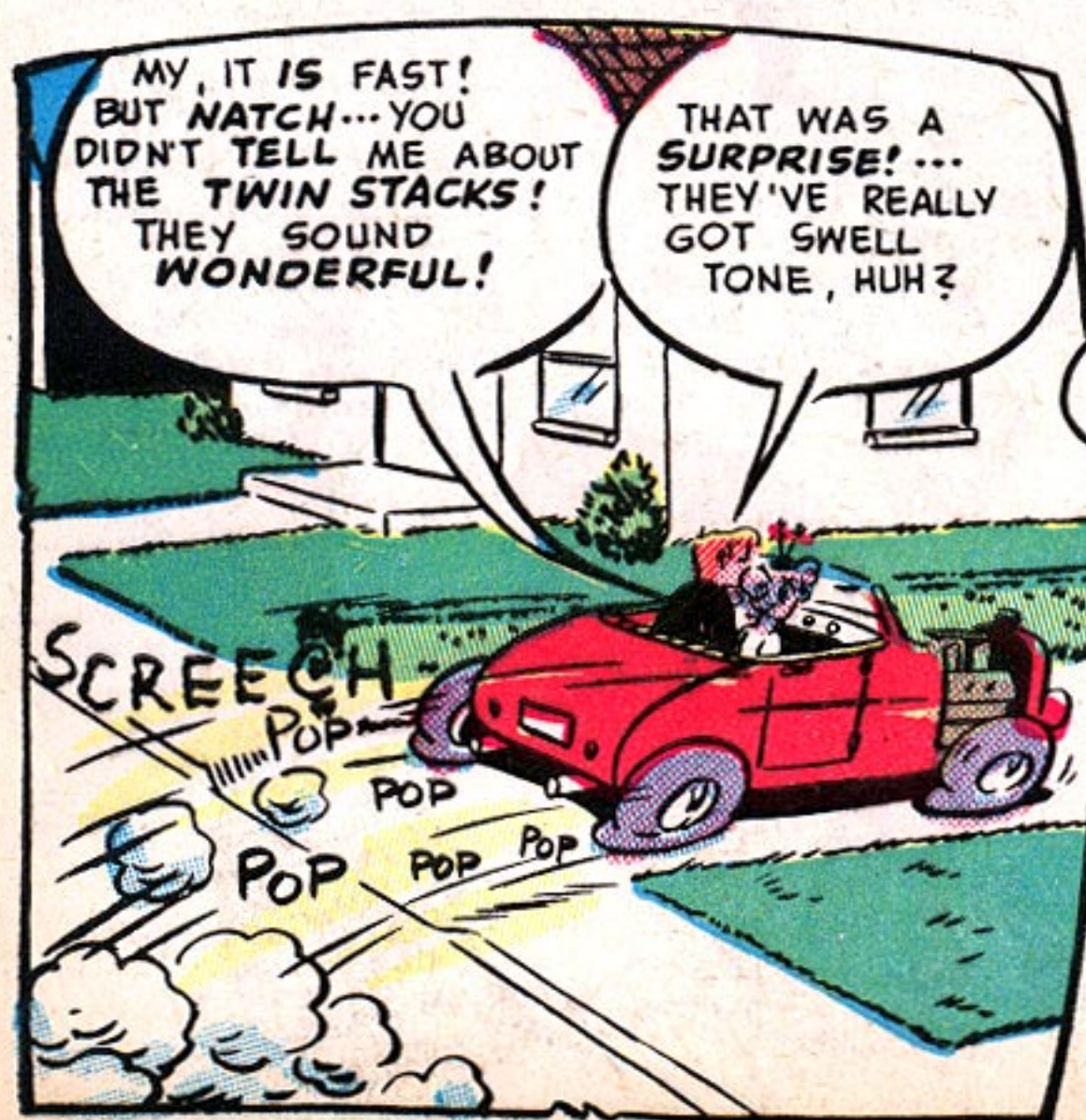
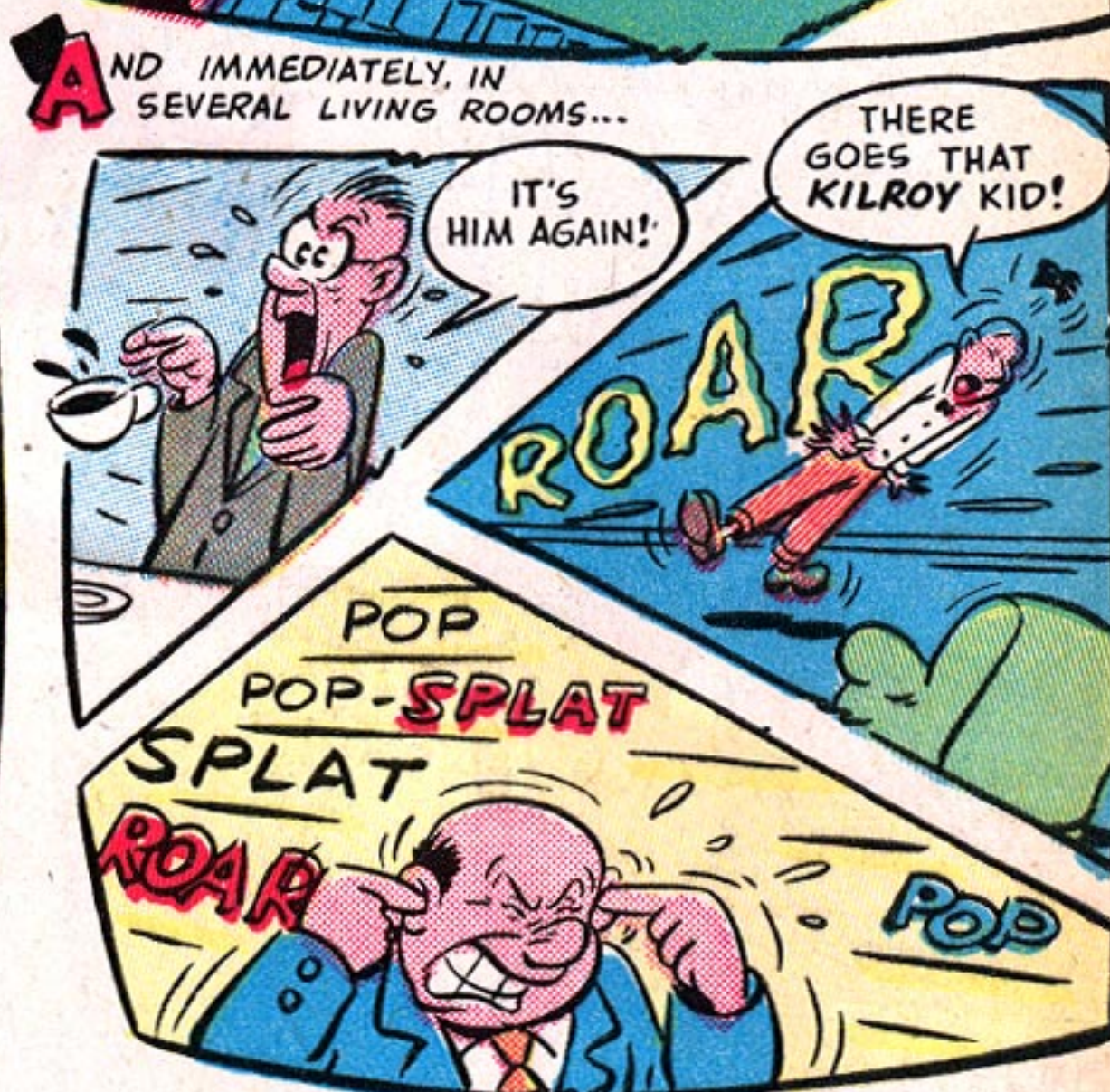
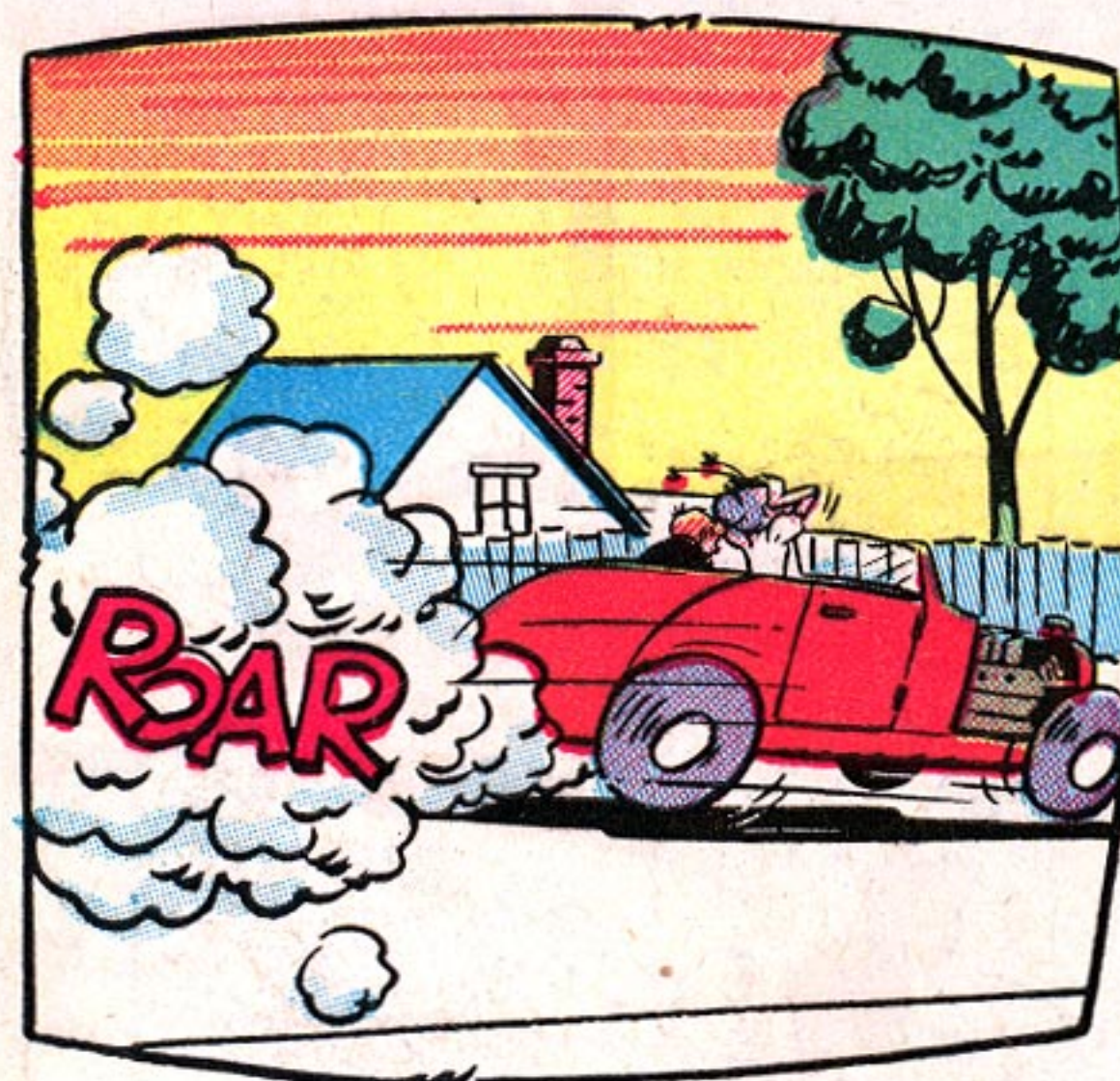
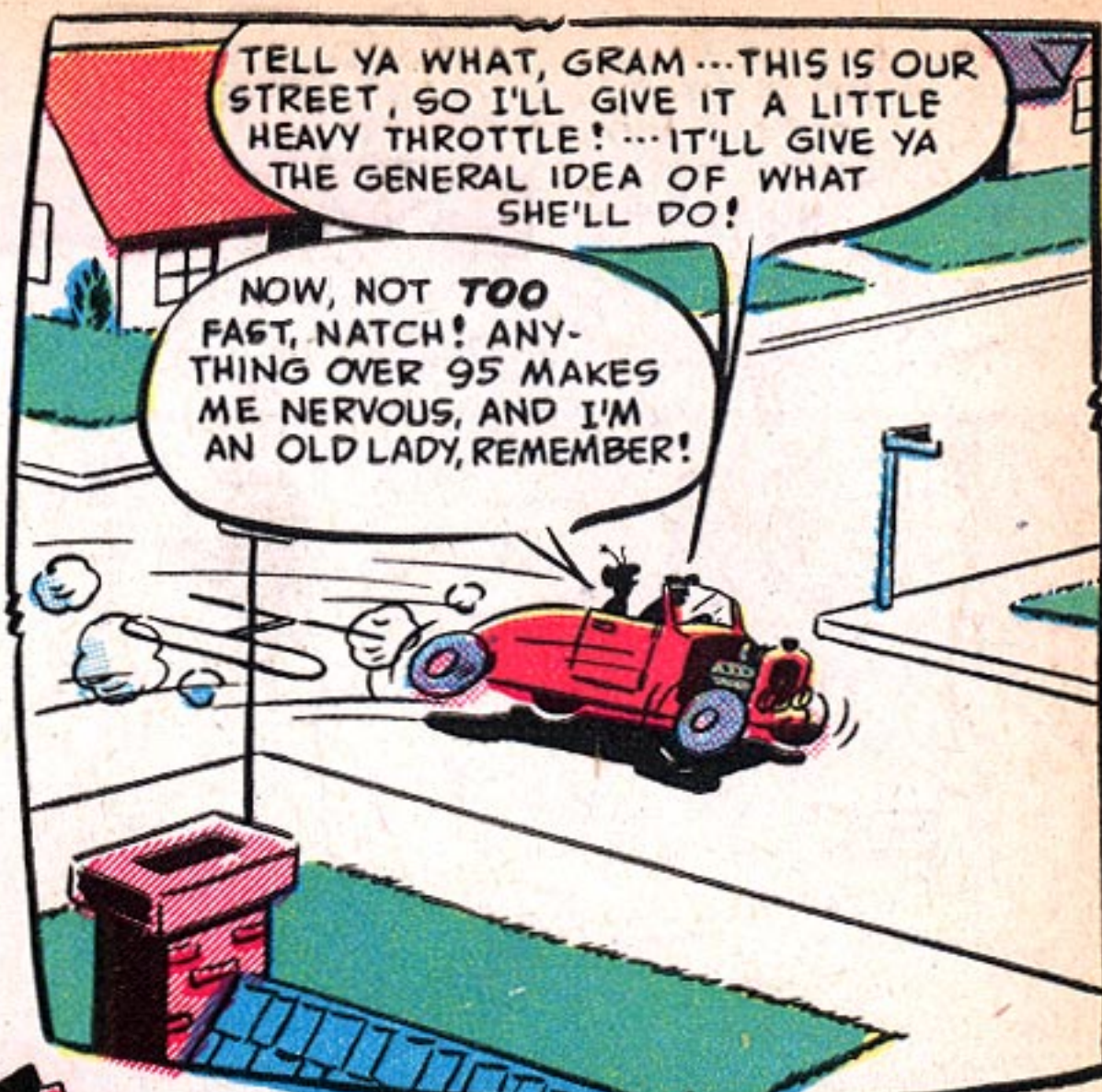
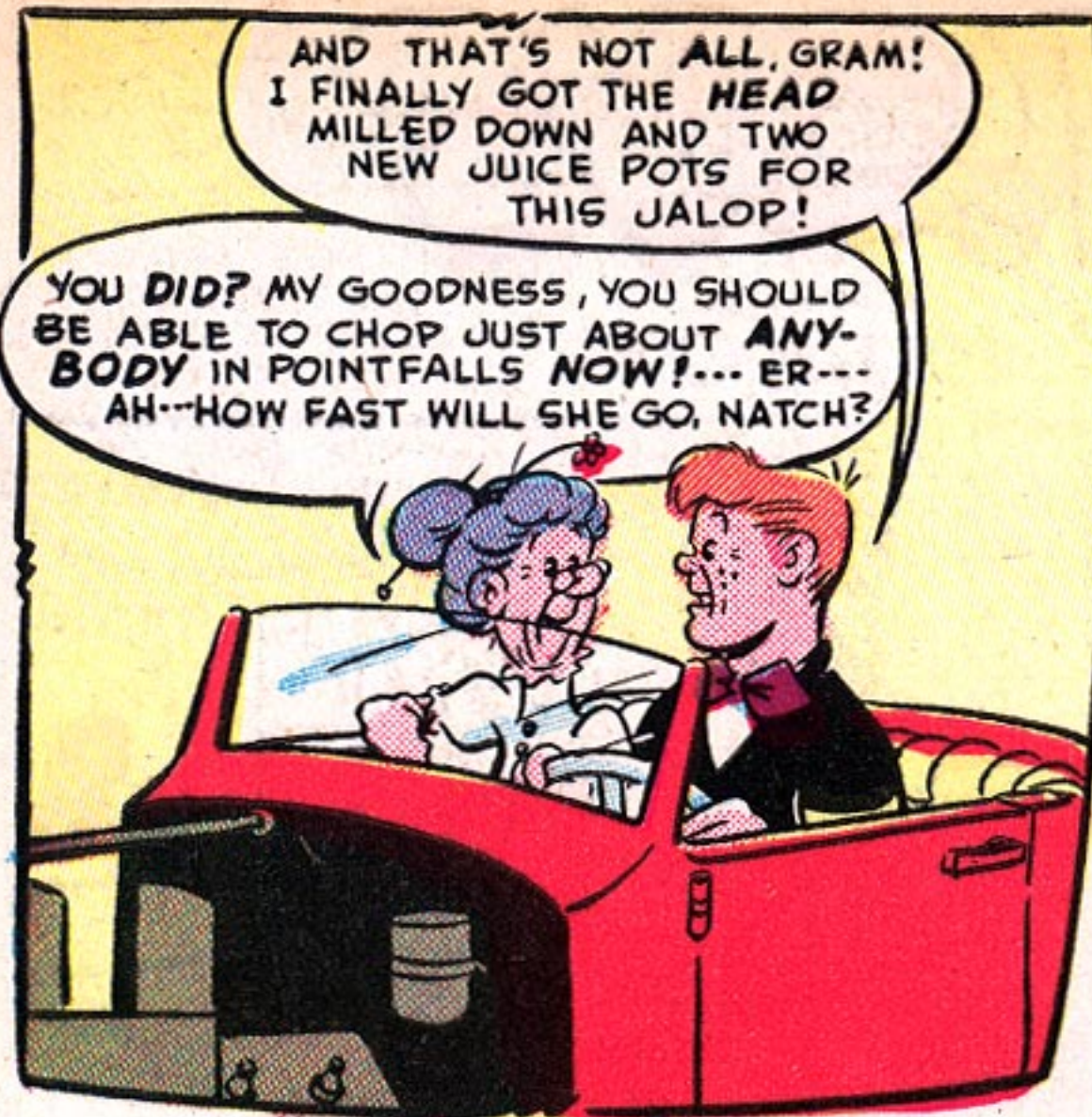
Paul looked at Alice and Alice looked back at him. They were lost in each other's eyes. "*Together Again*," they both said, at exactly the same moment.

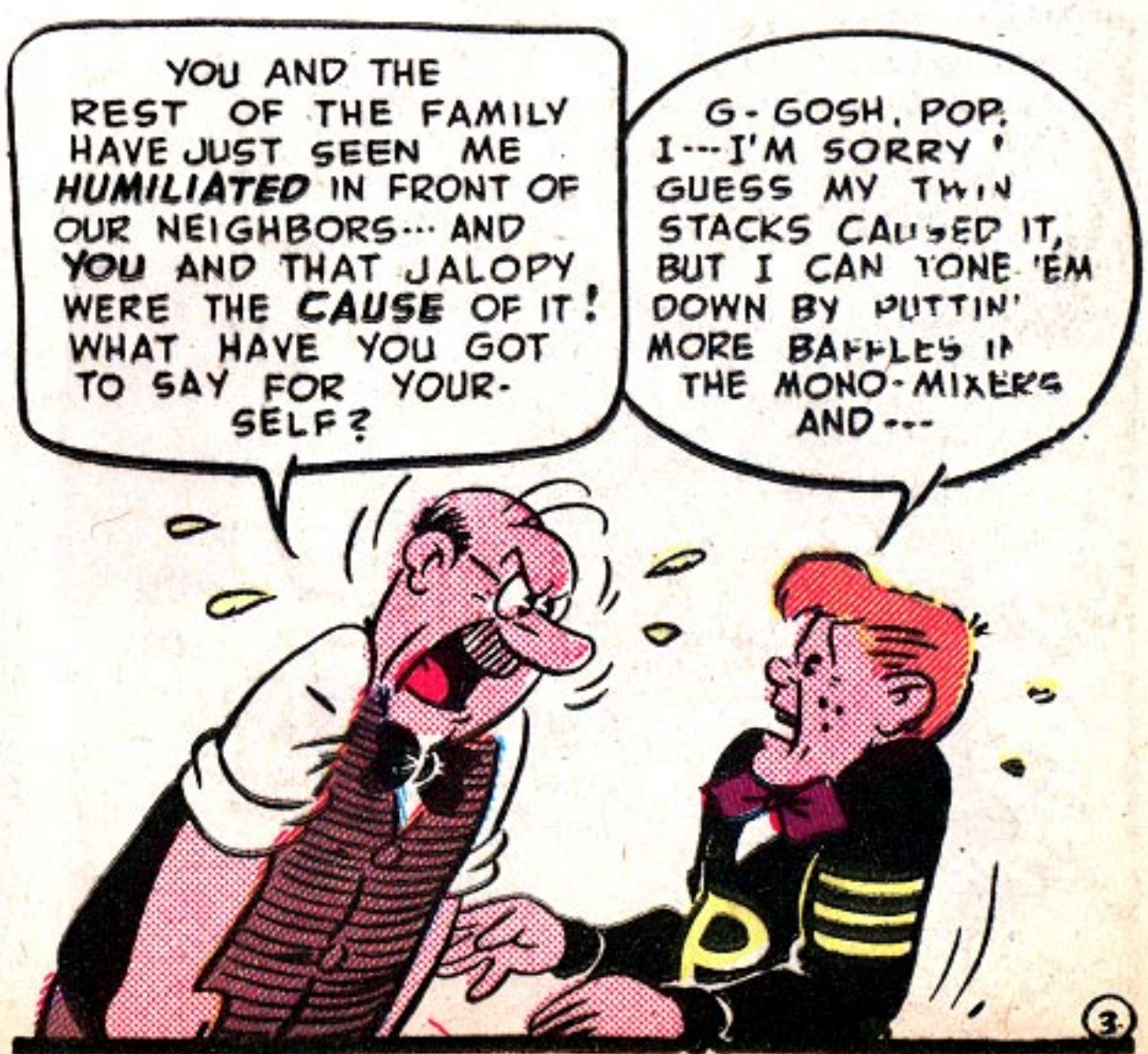
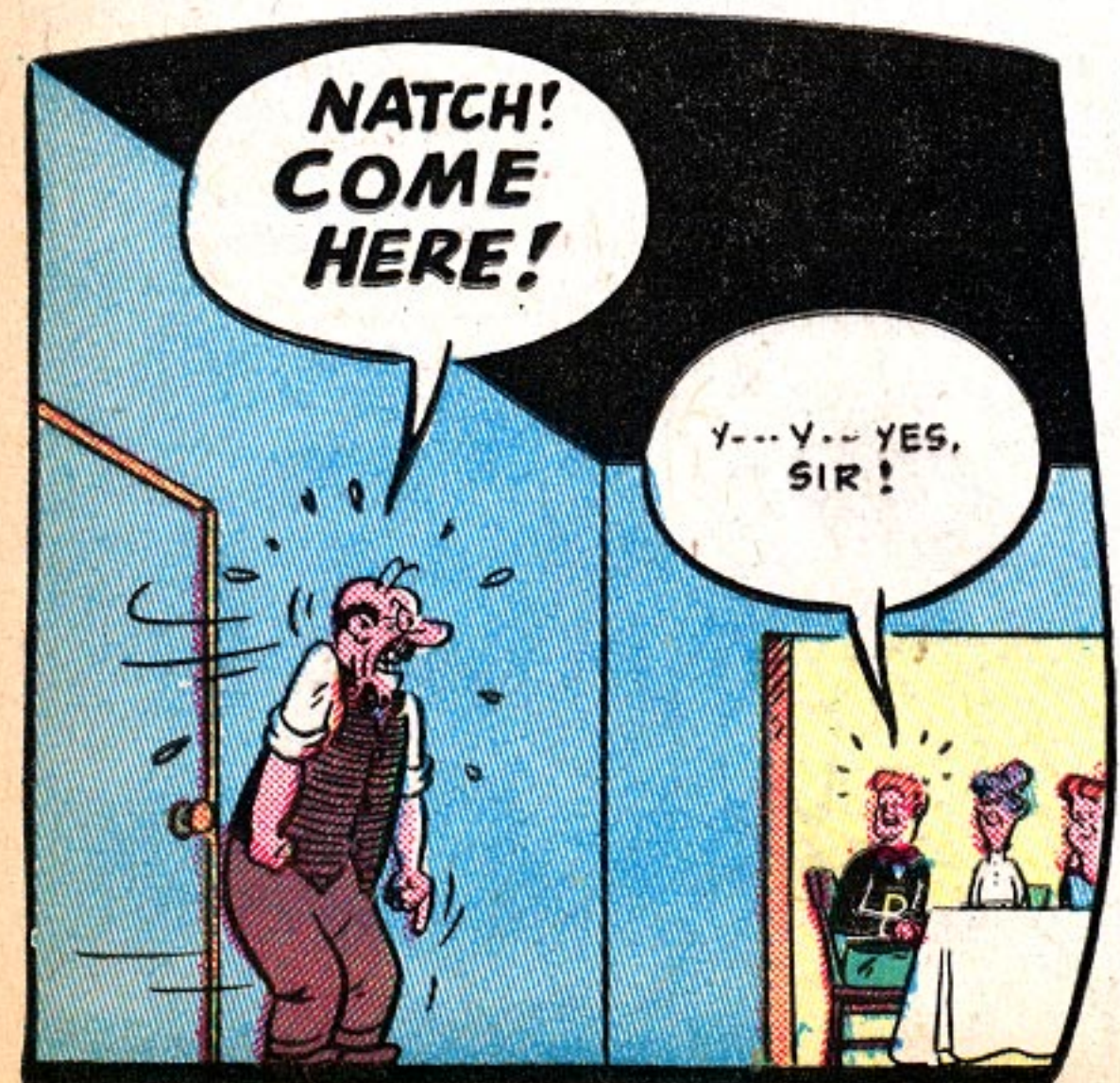
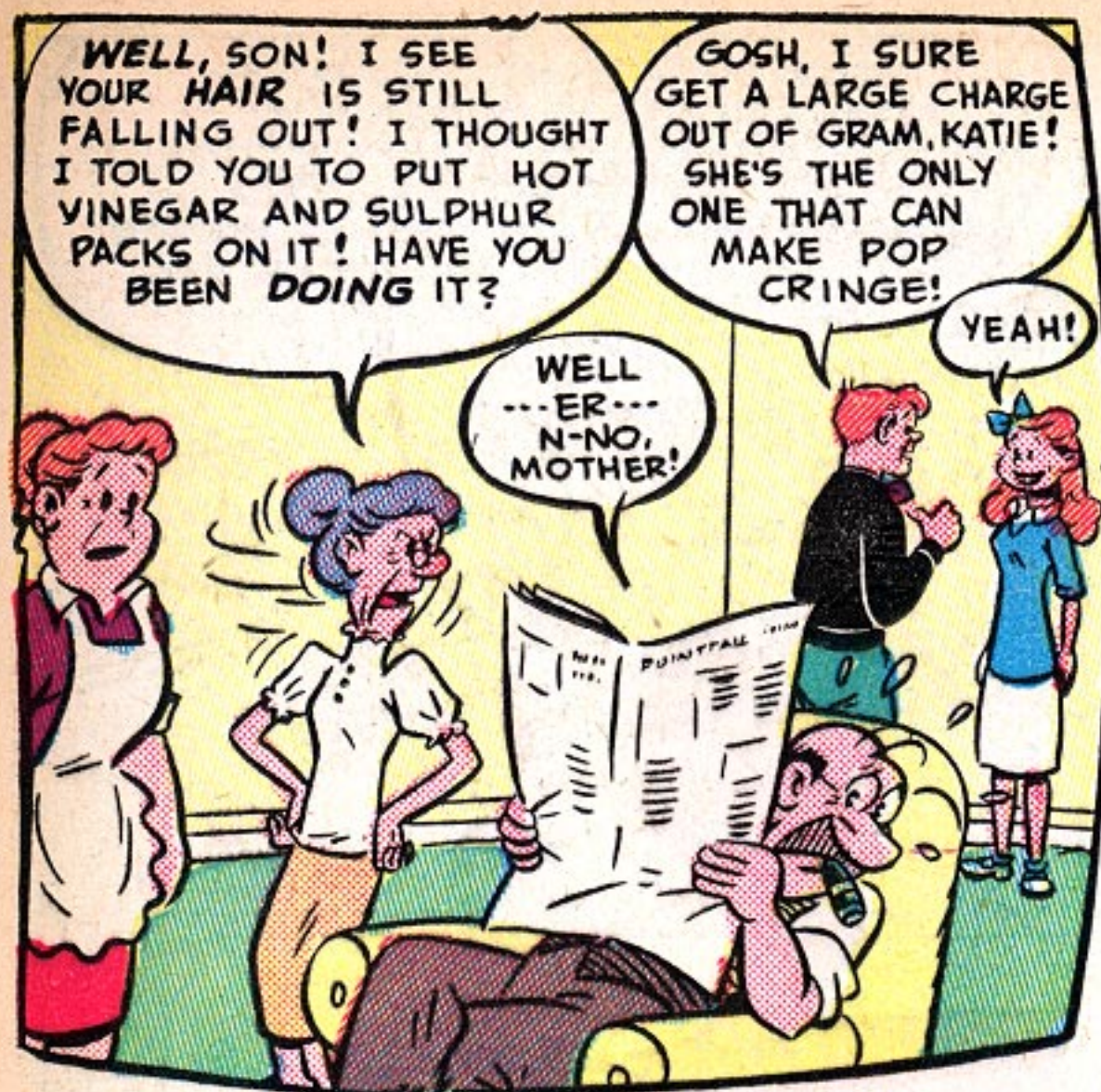
Ted groaned as he rose and walked quietly away. It was his nickel that had cost him his girl!

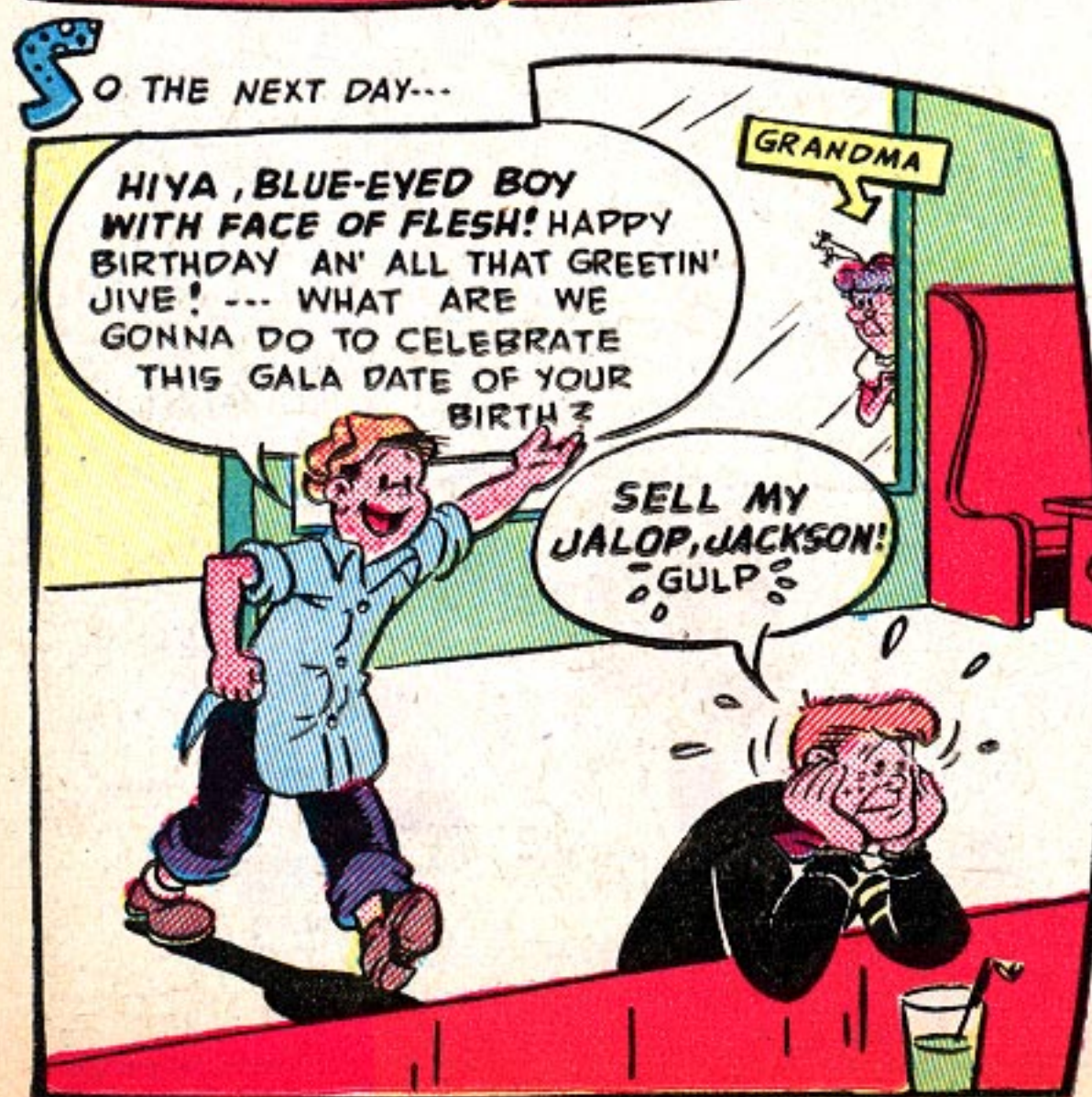
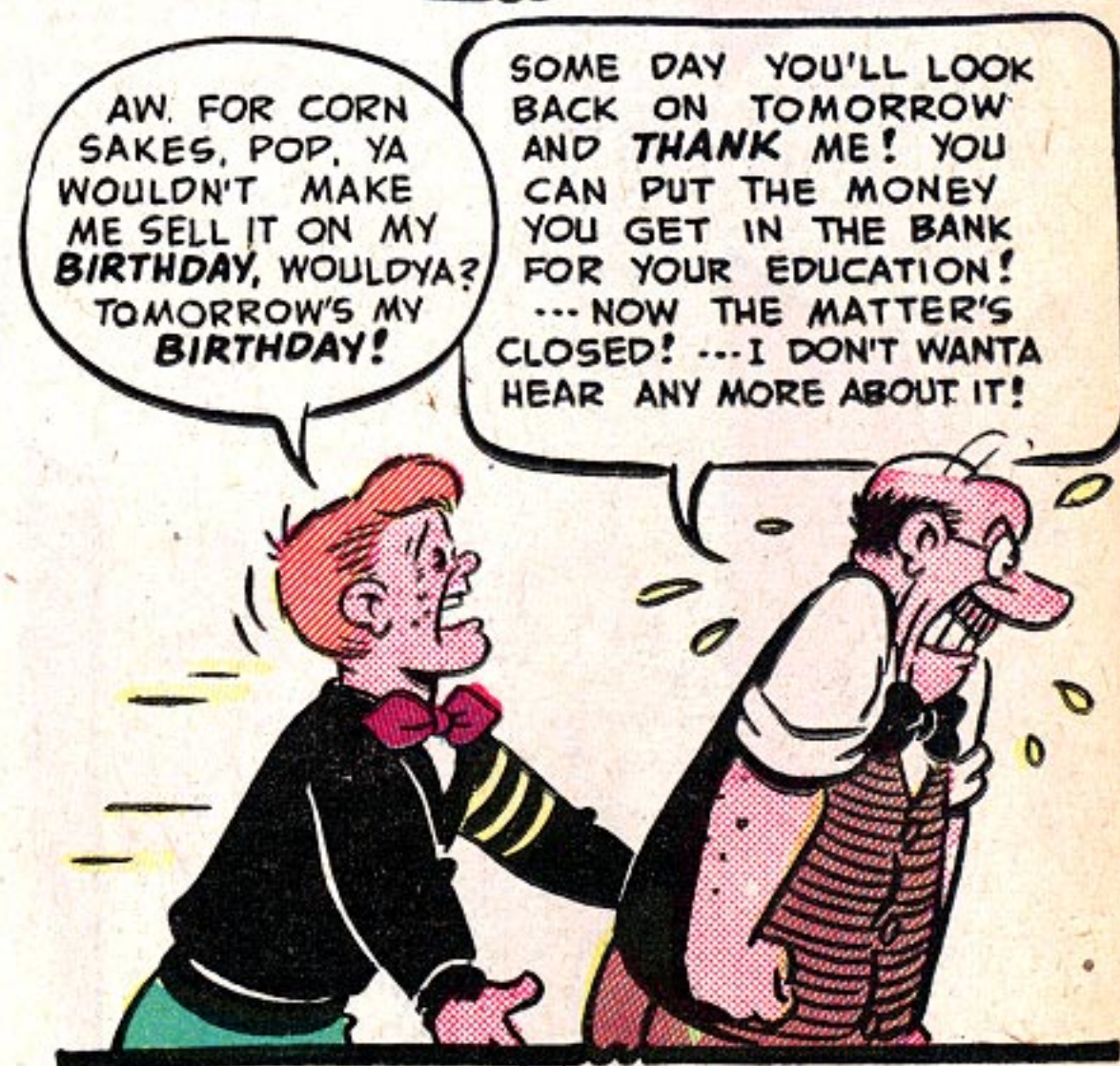
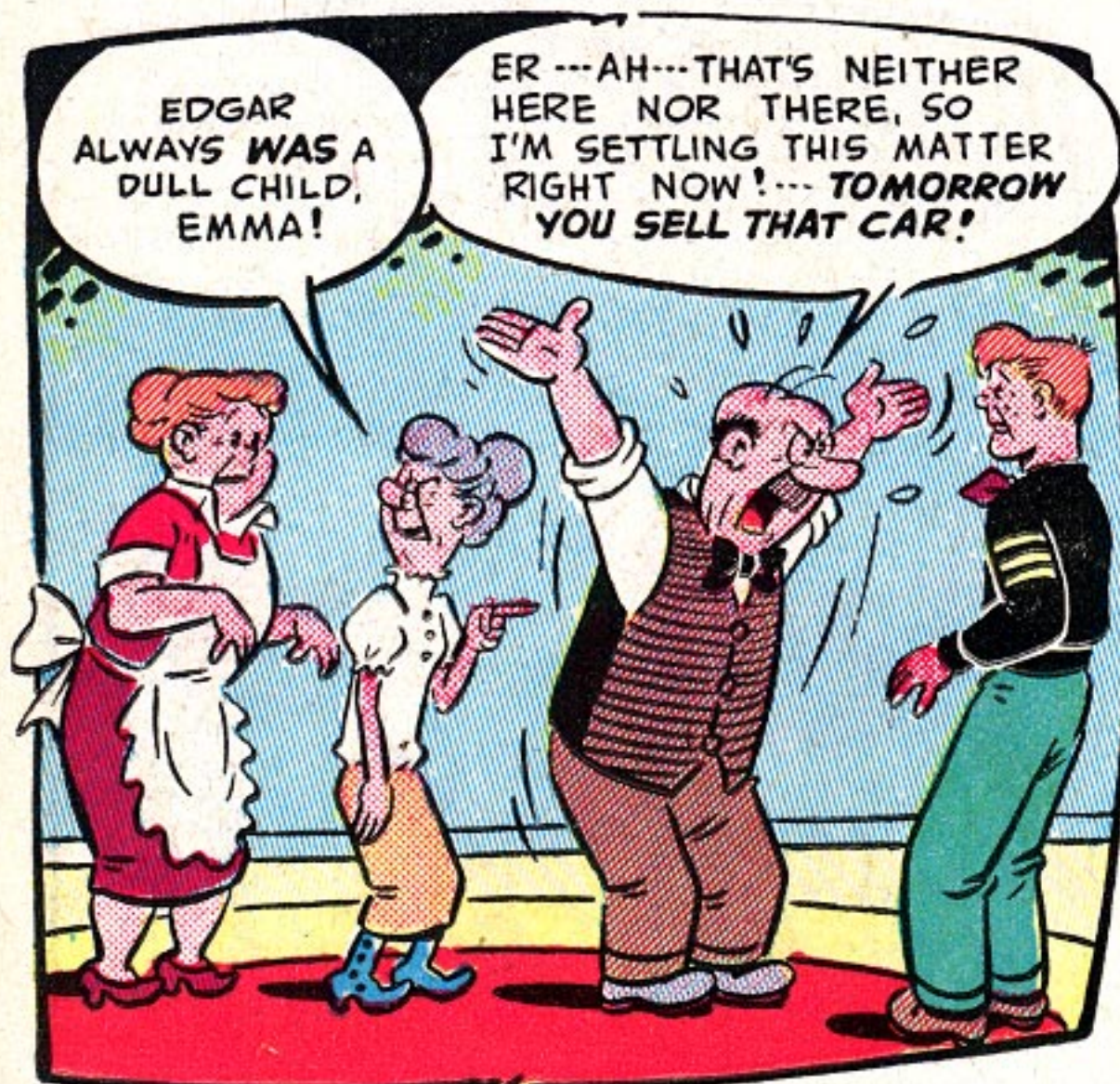
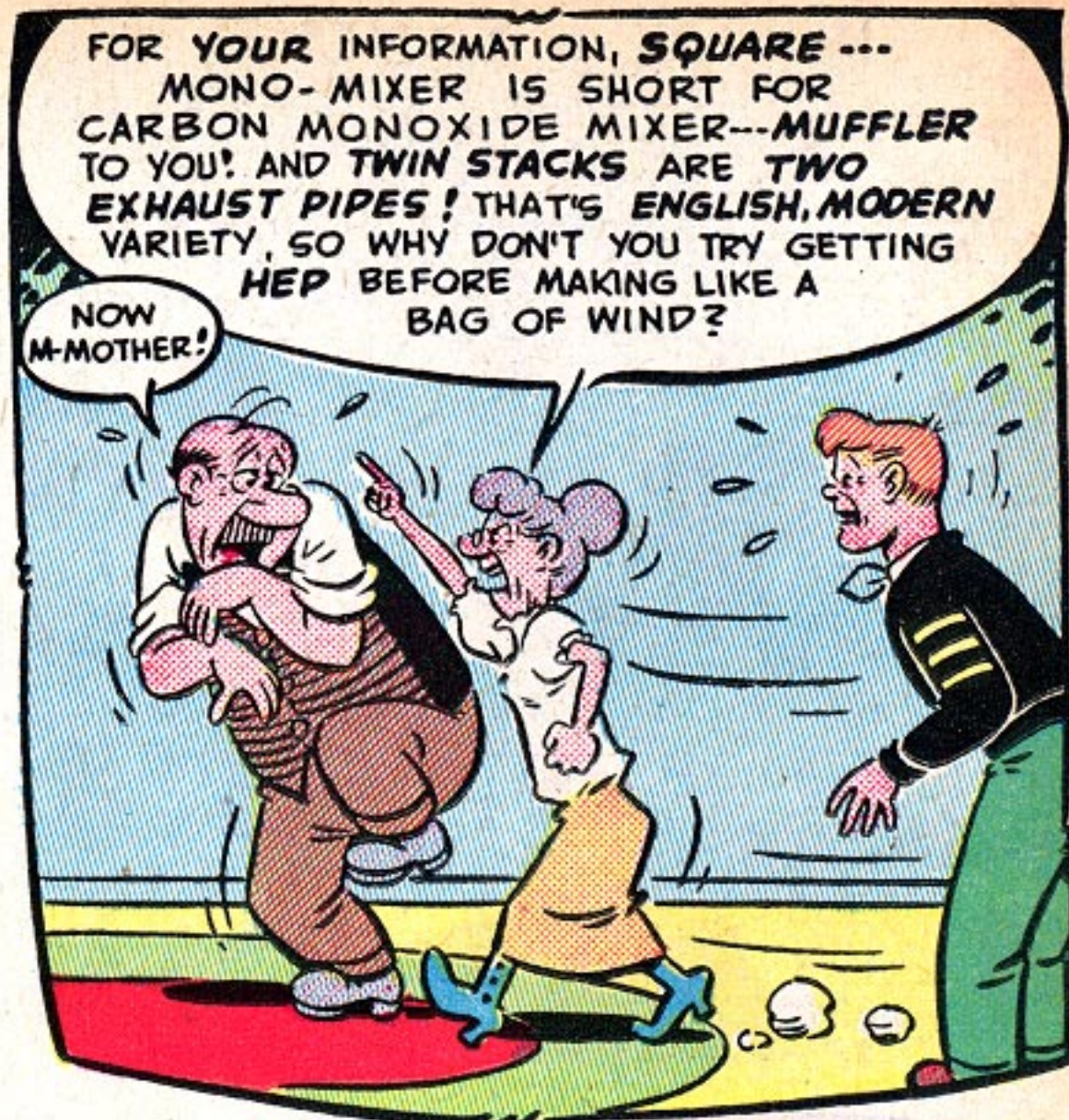
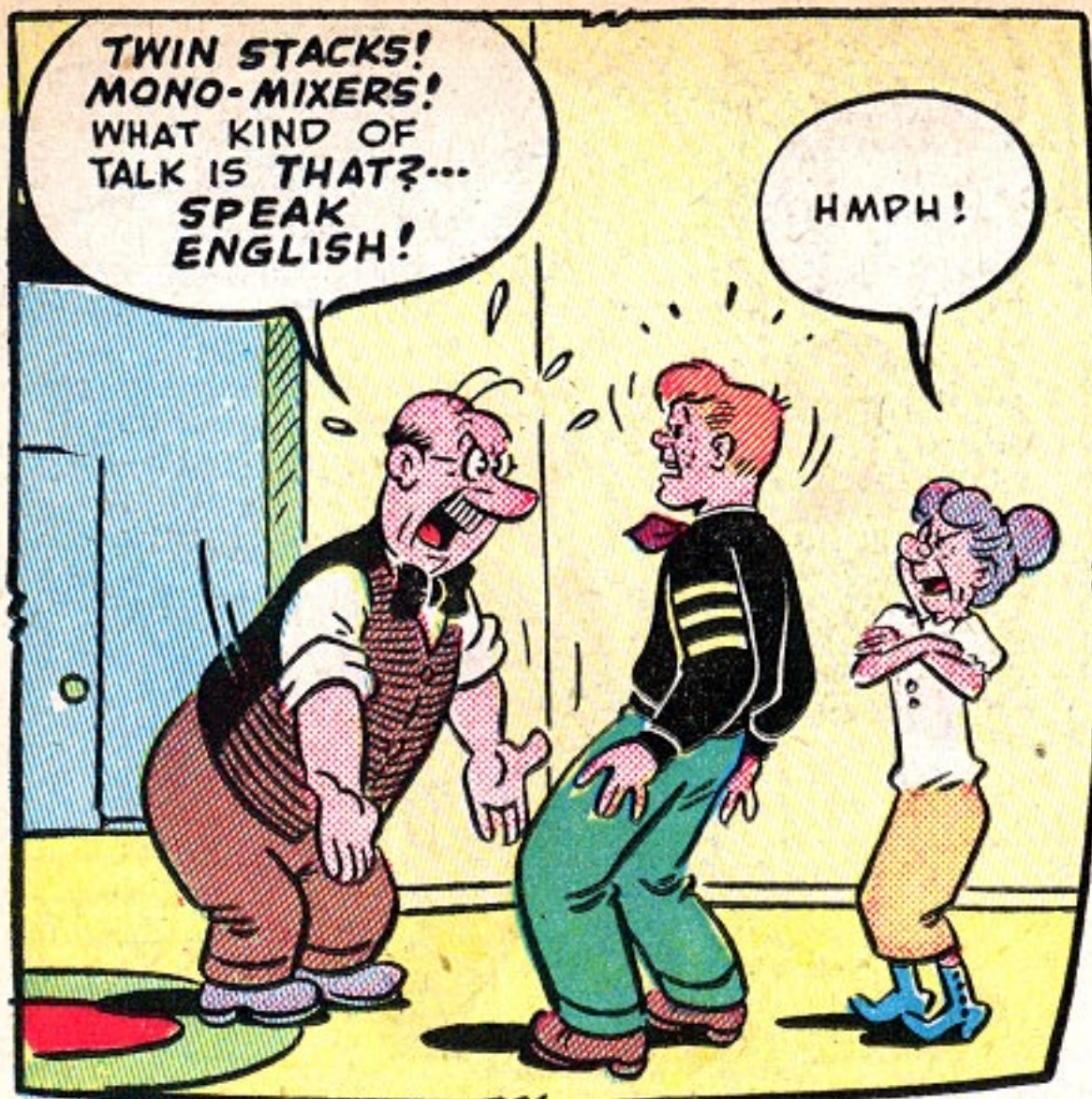
The **KILROYS**

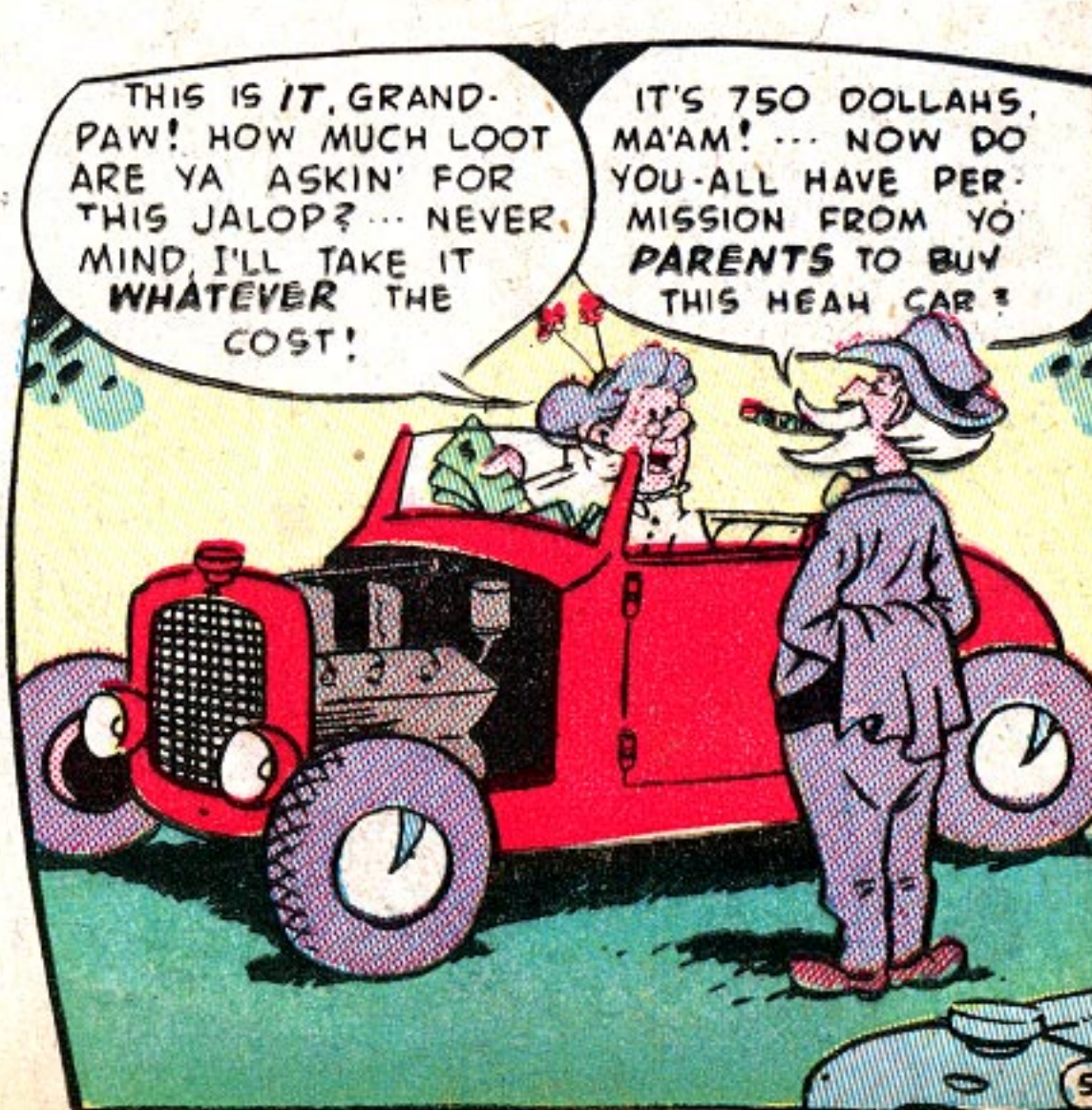
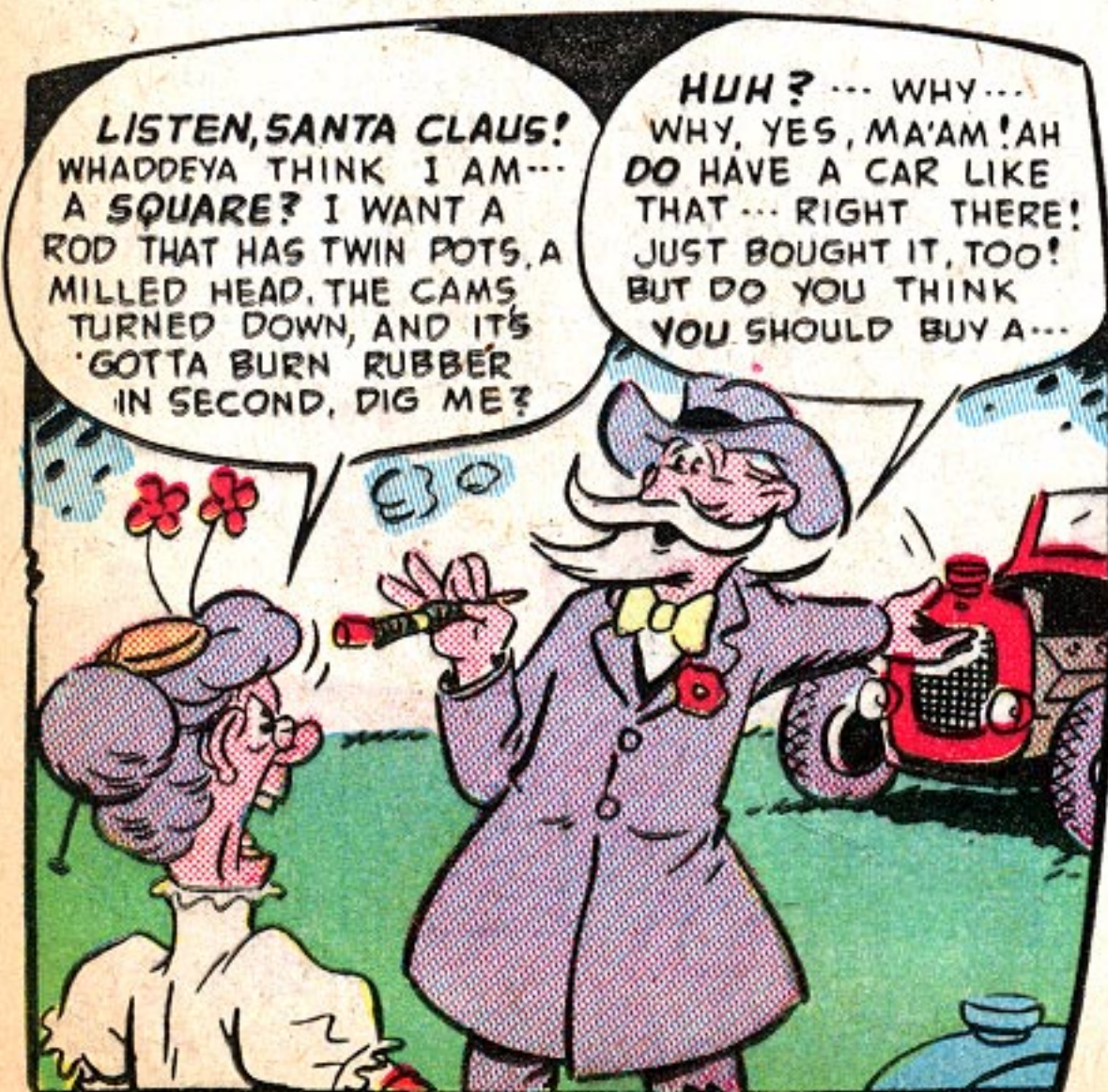
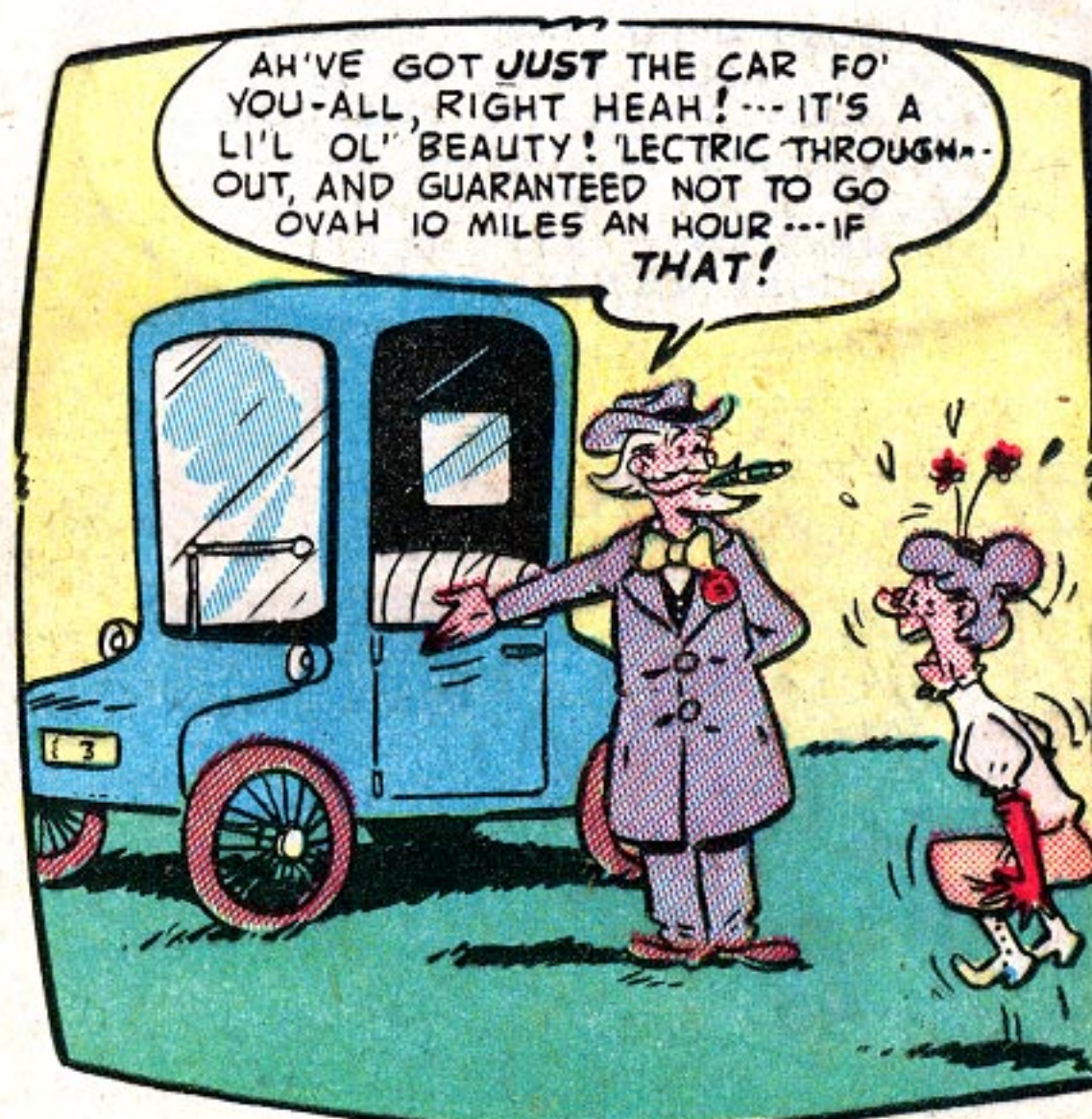
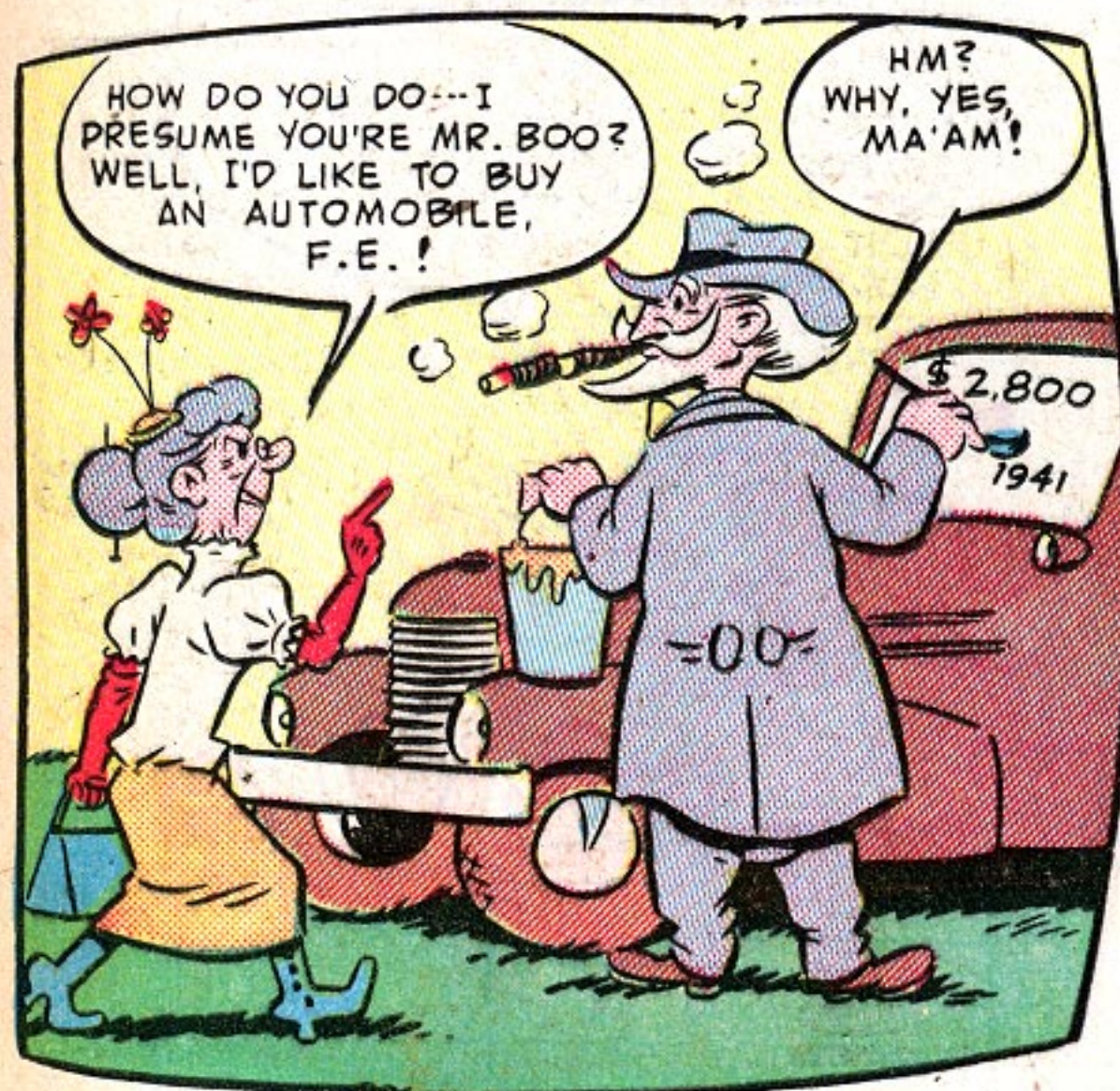
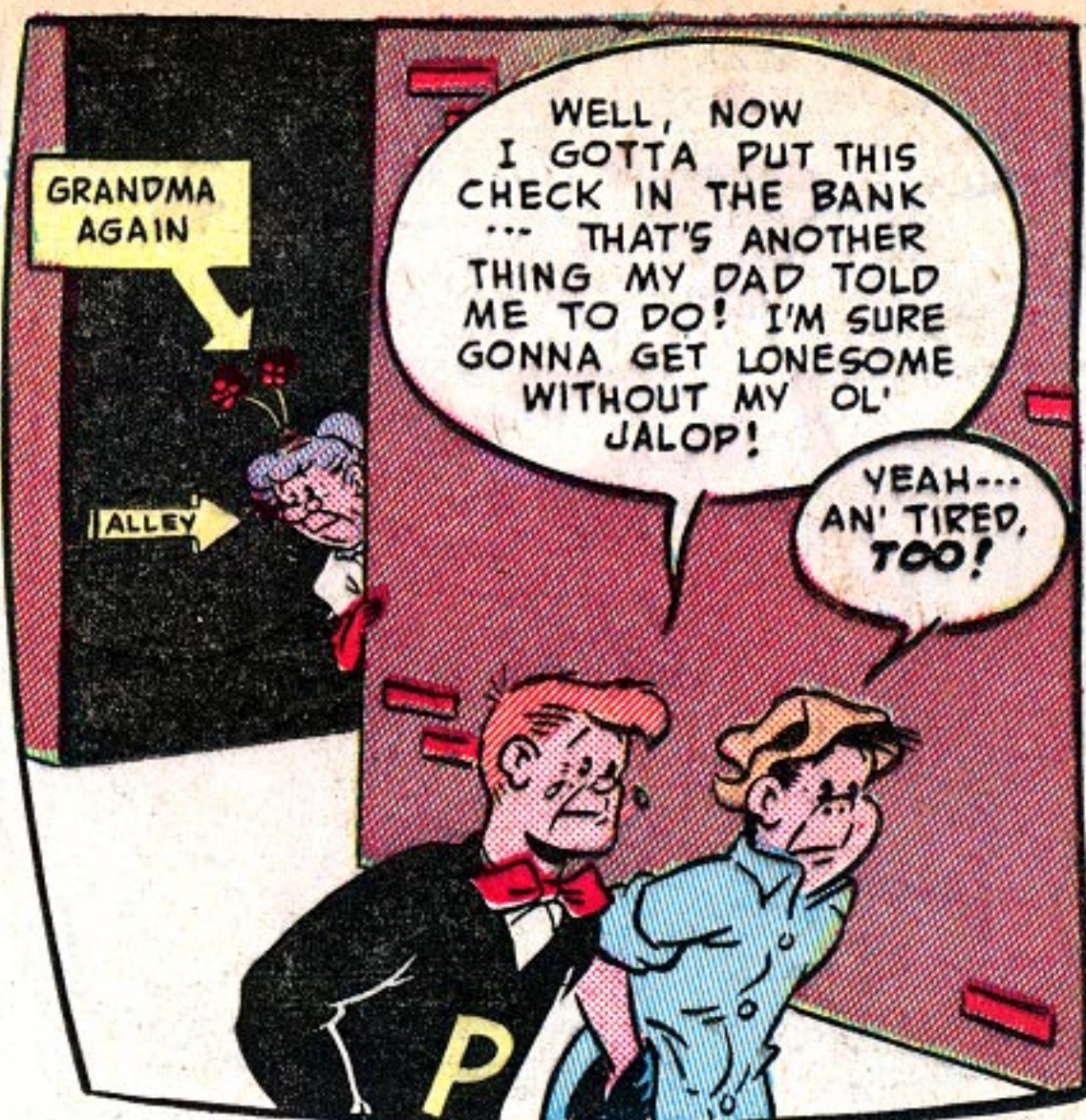
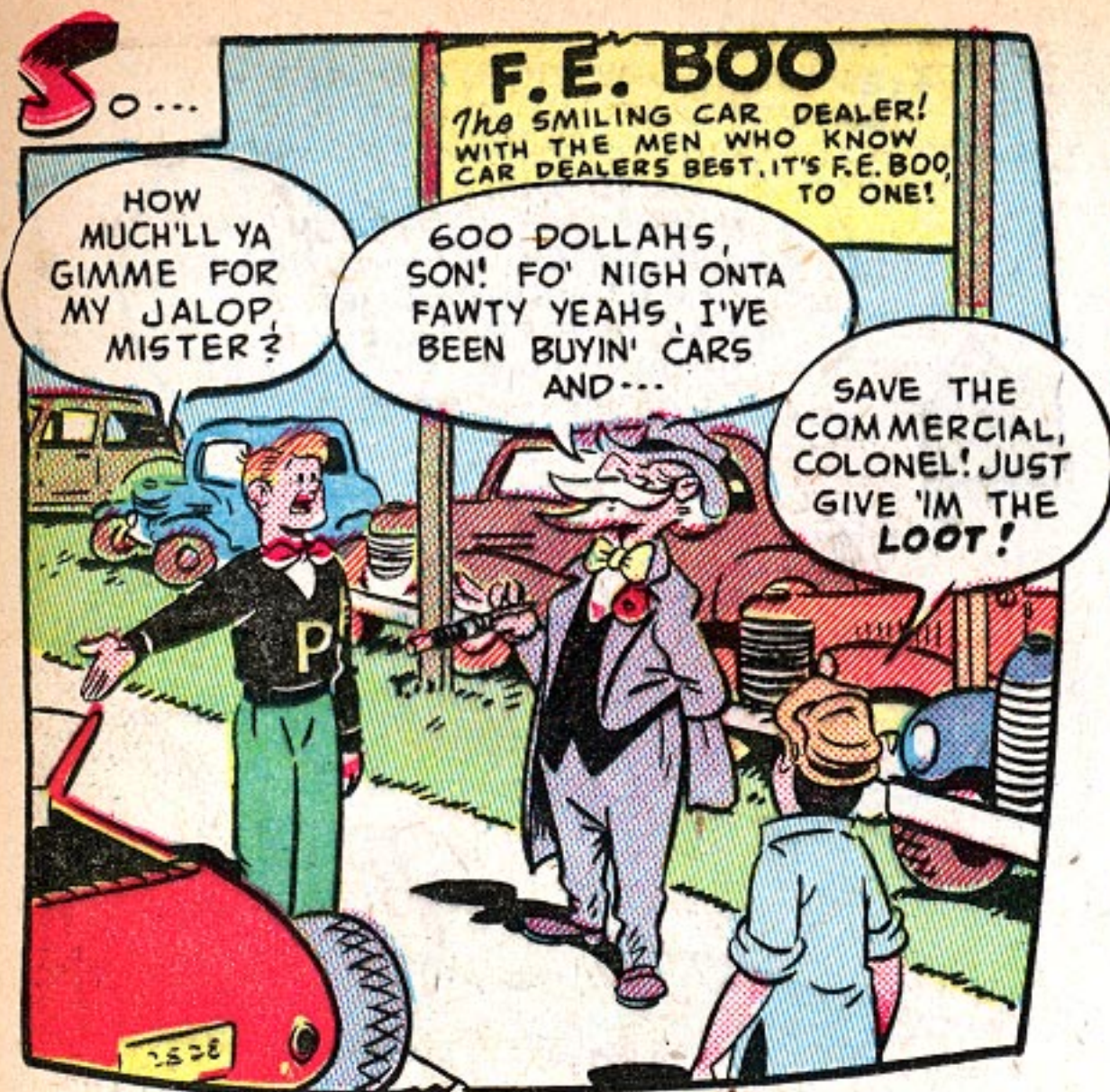
and introducing
"GRANDMAW KILROY"

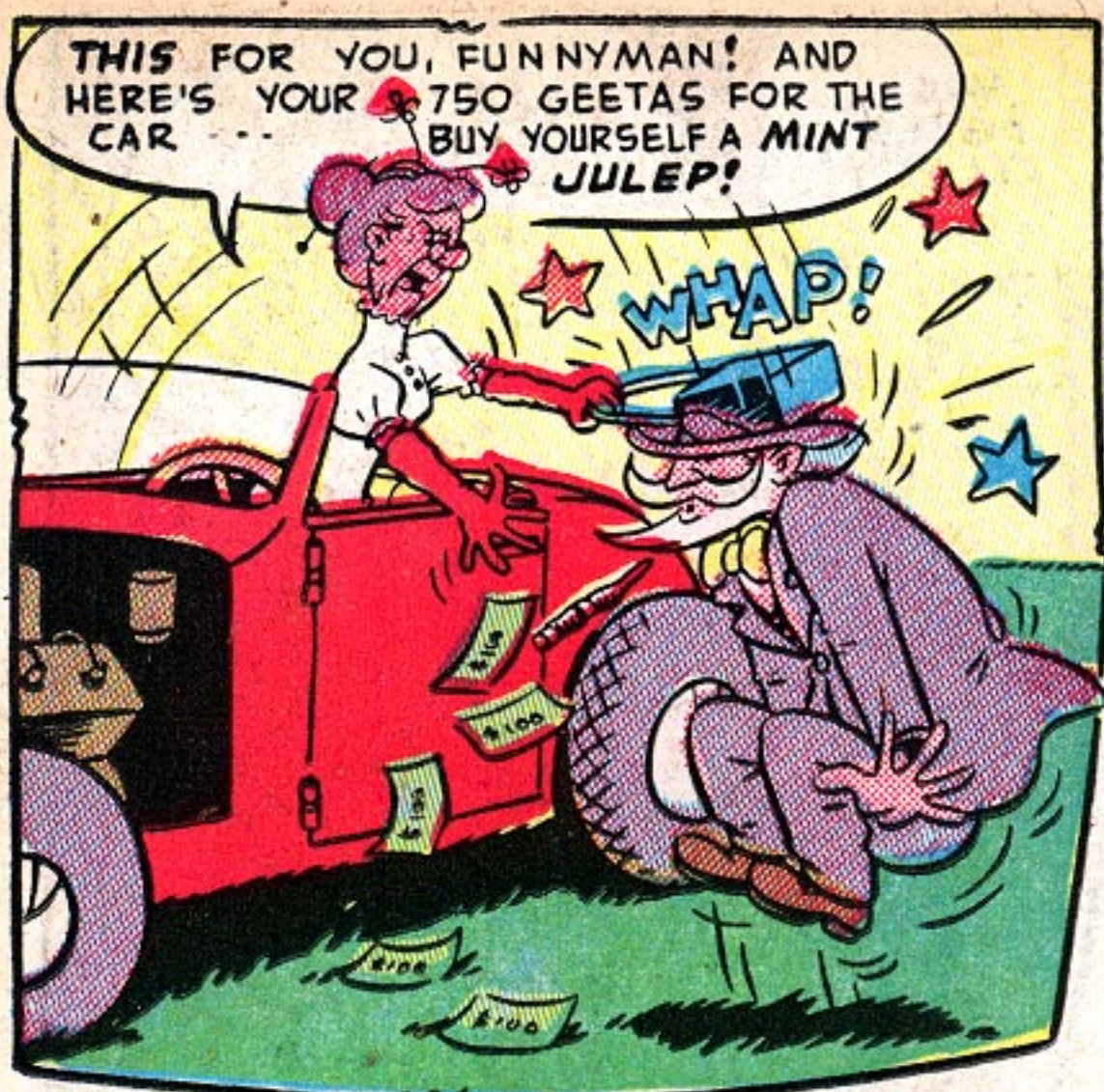




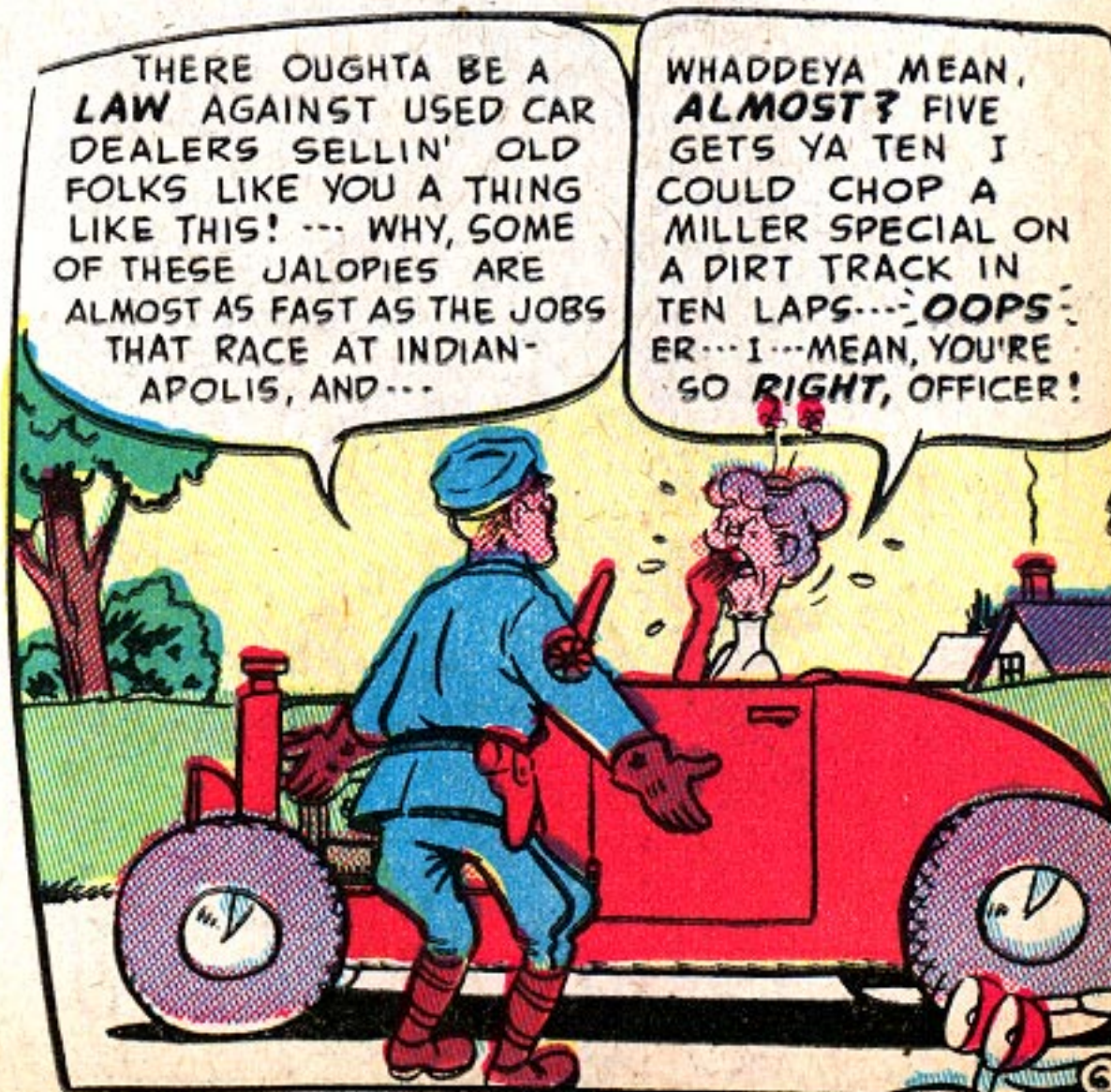
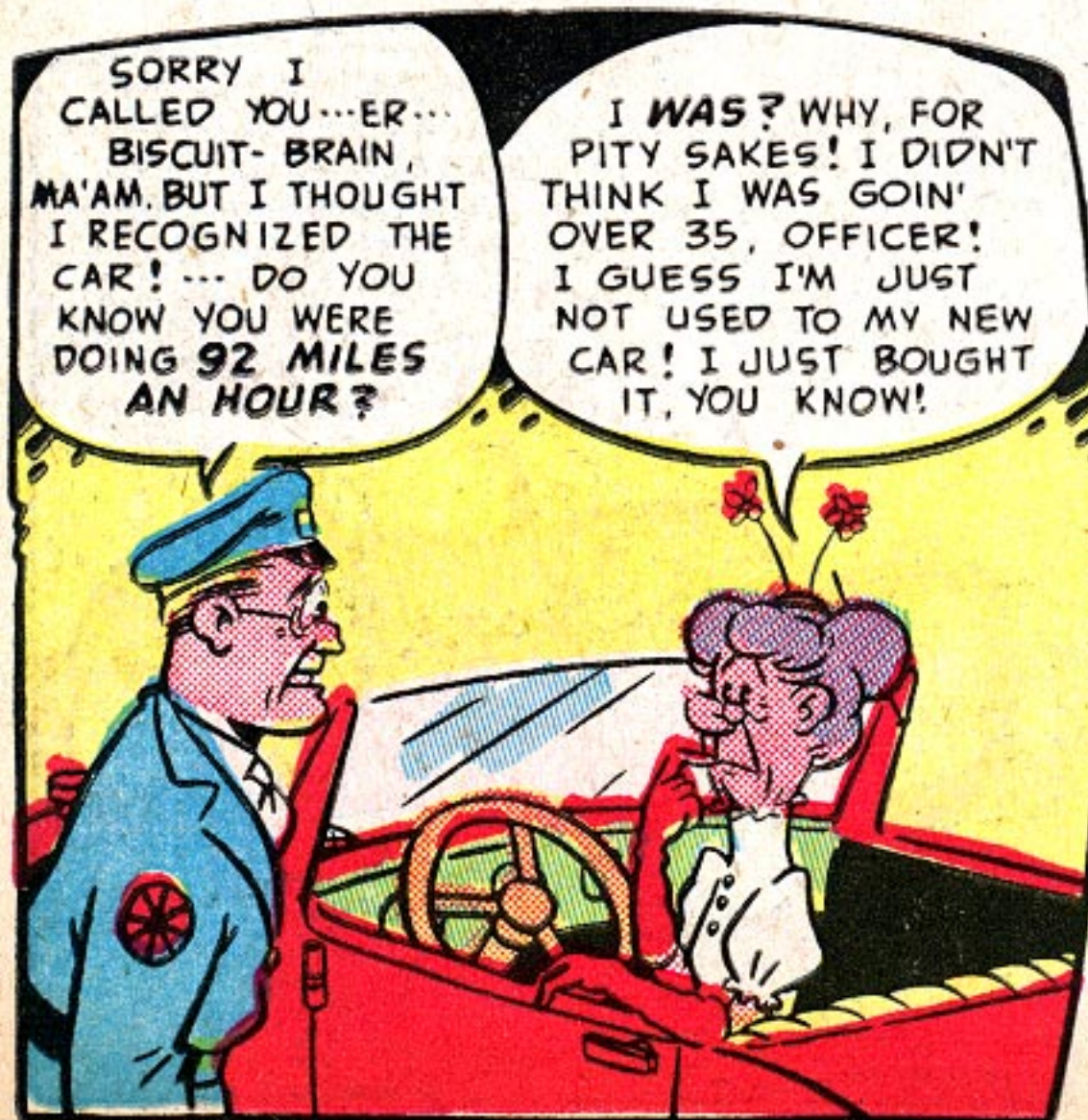
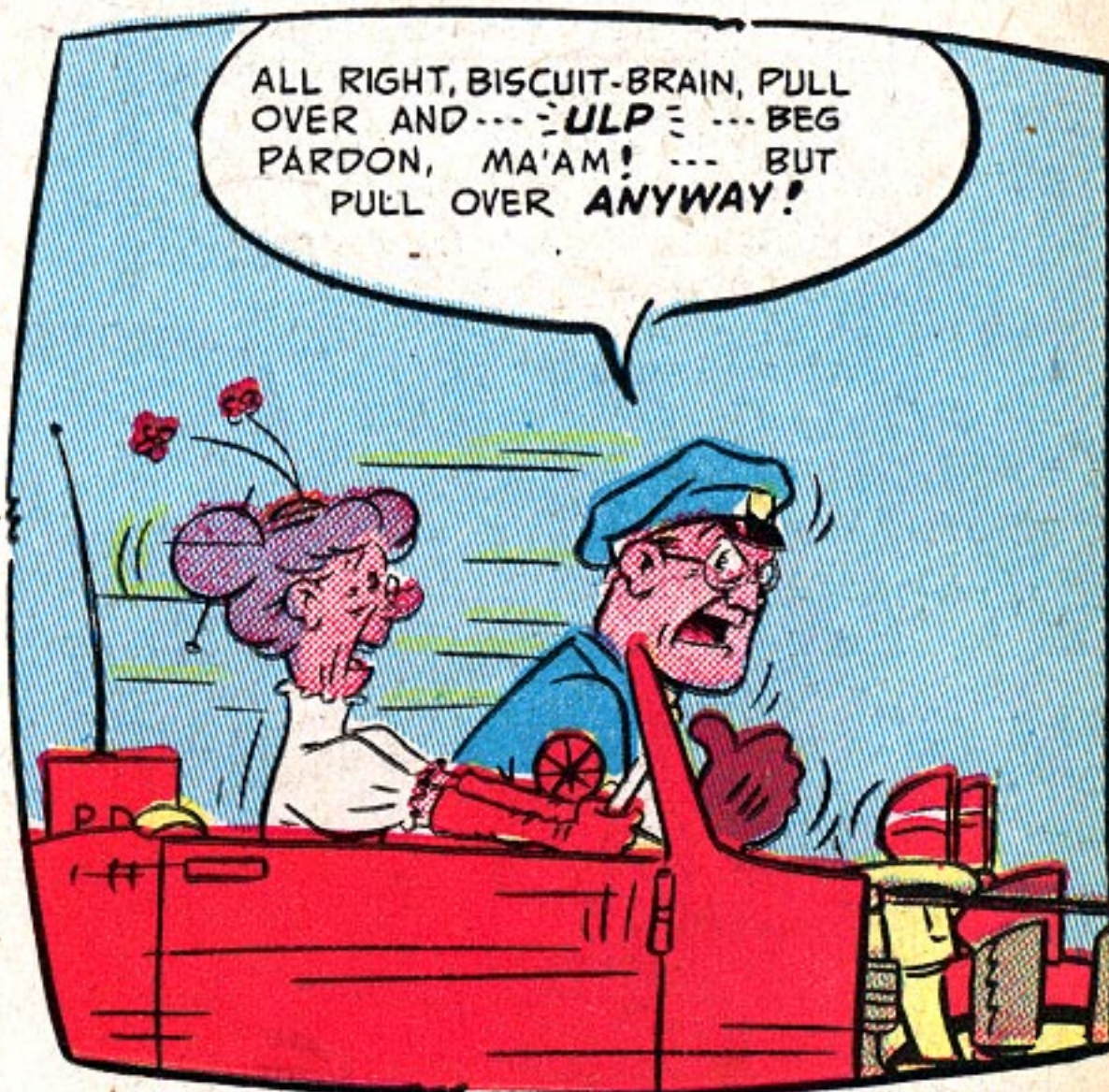
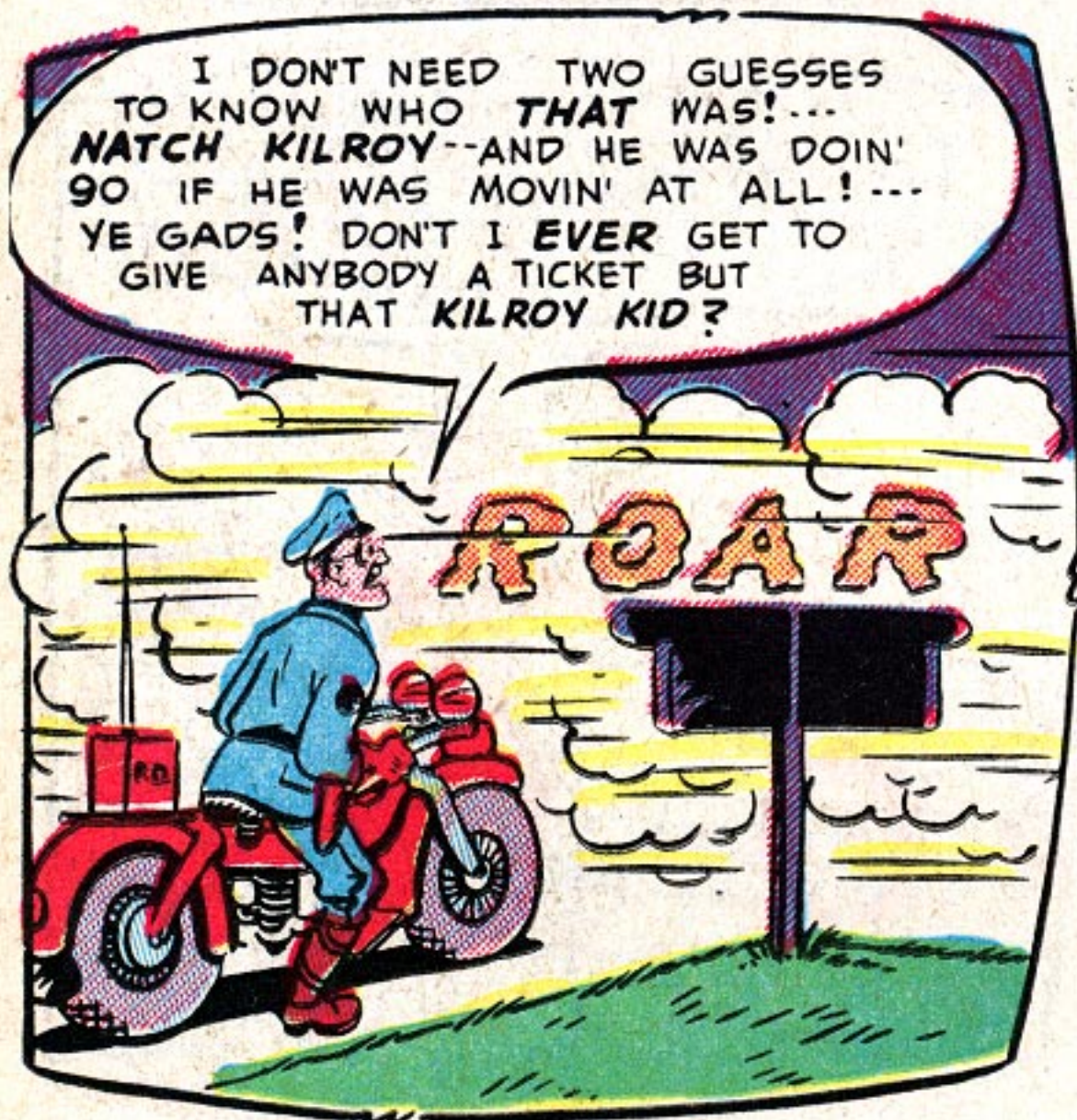
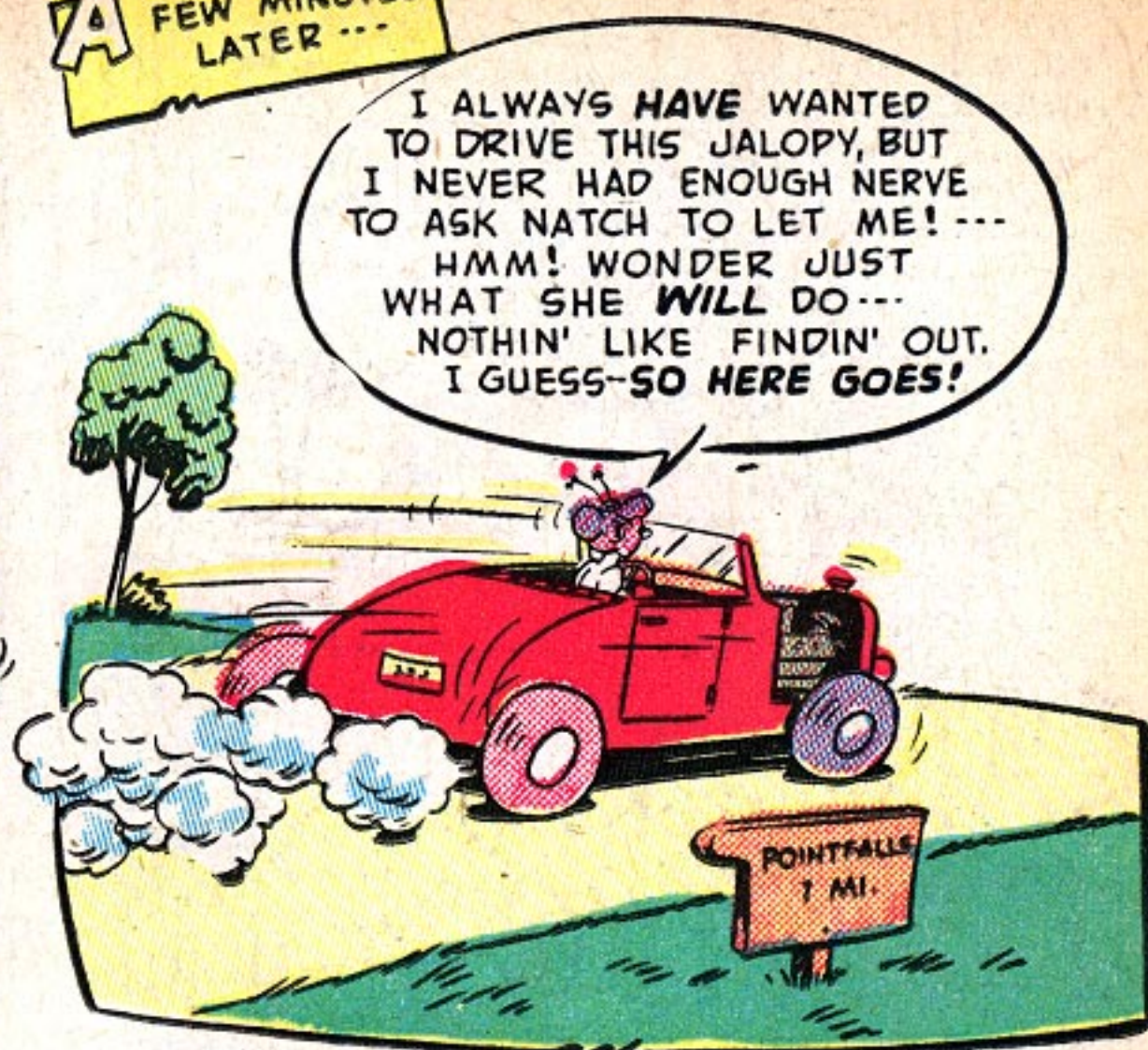


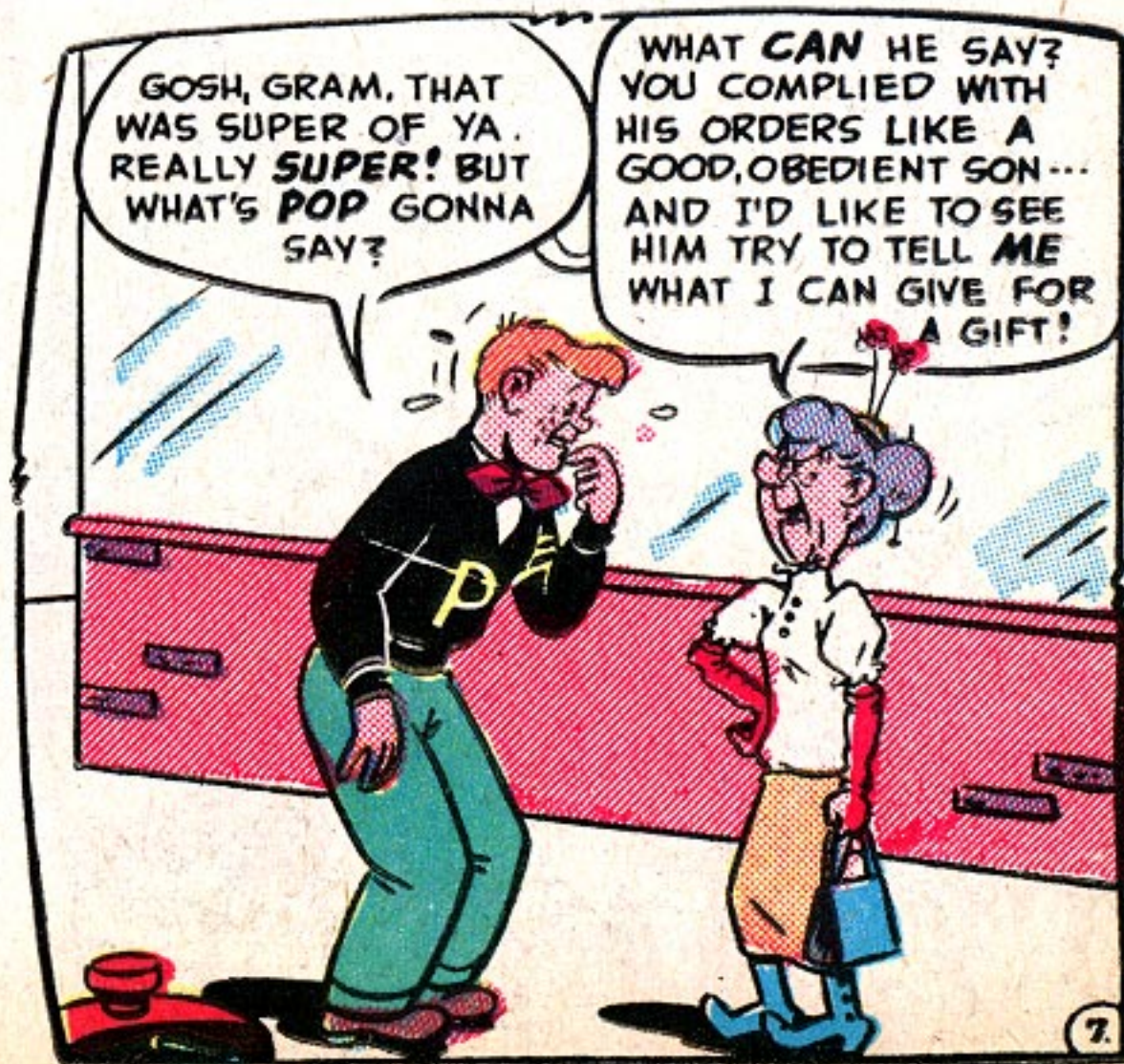
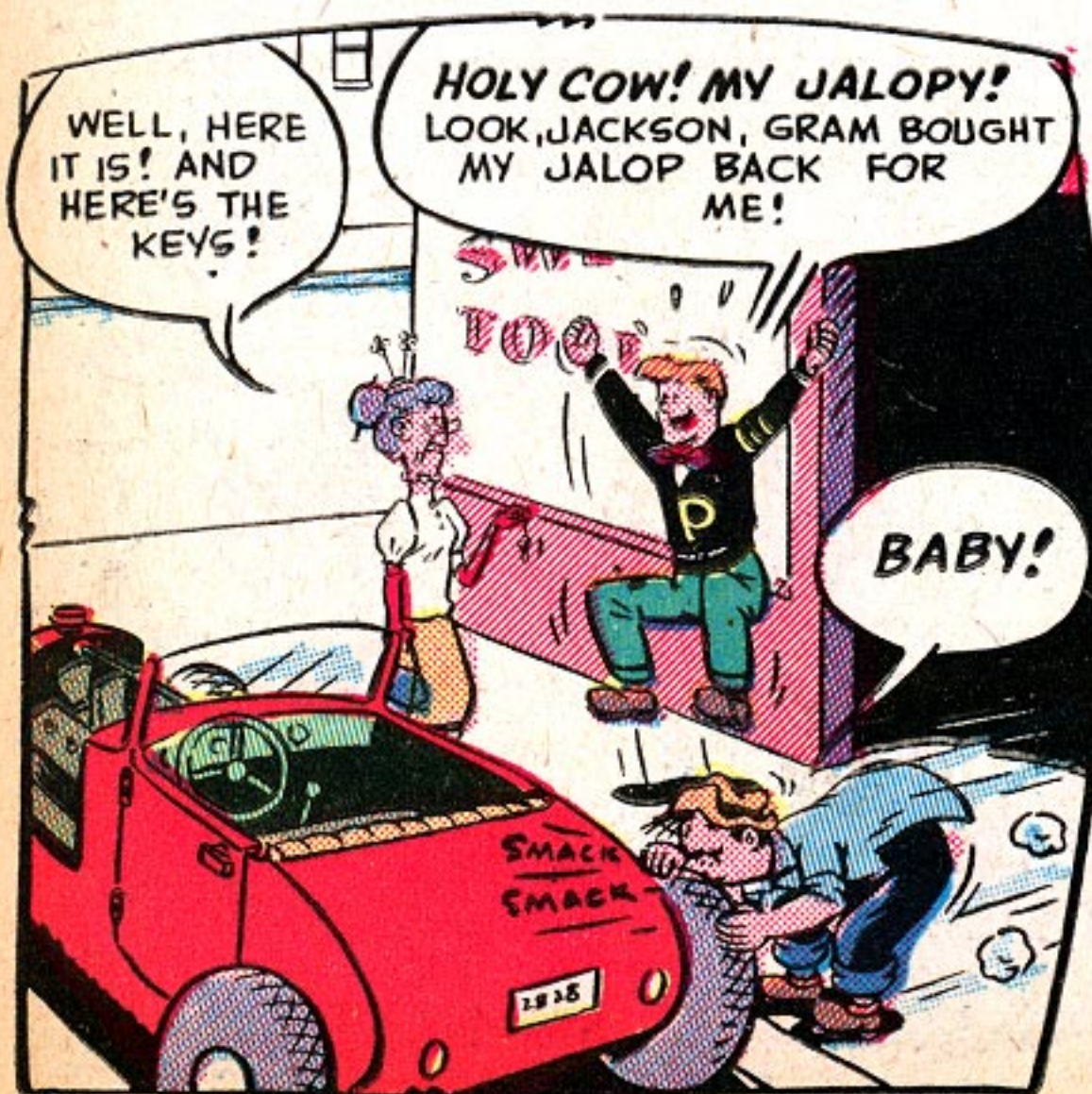
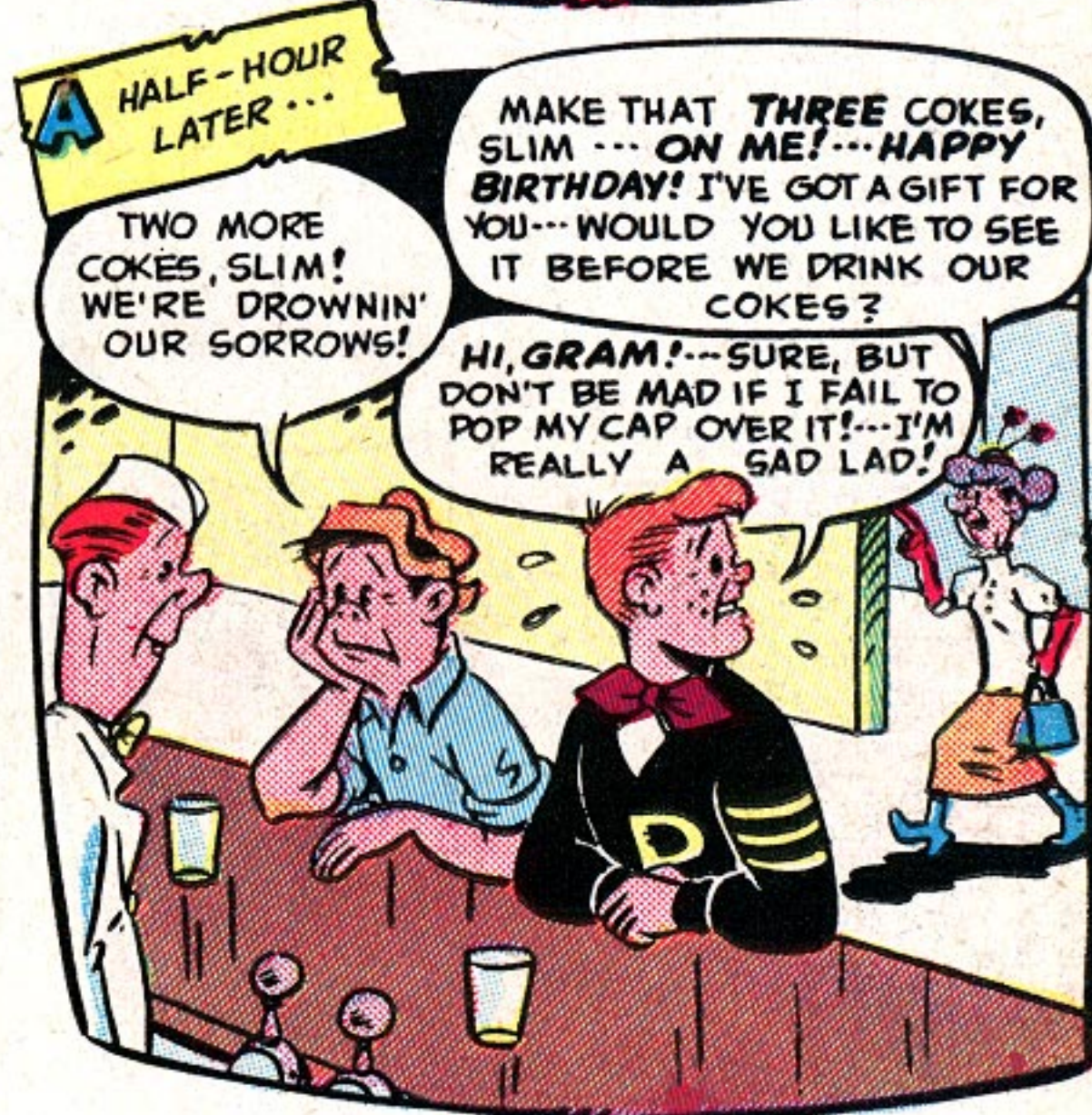
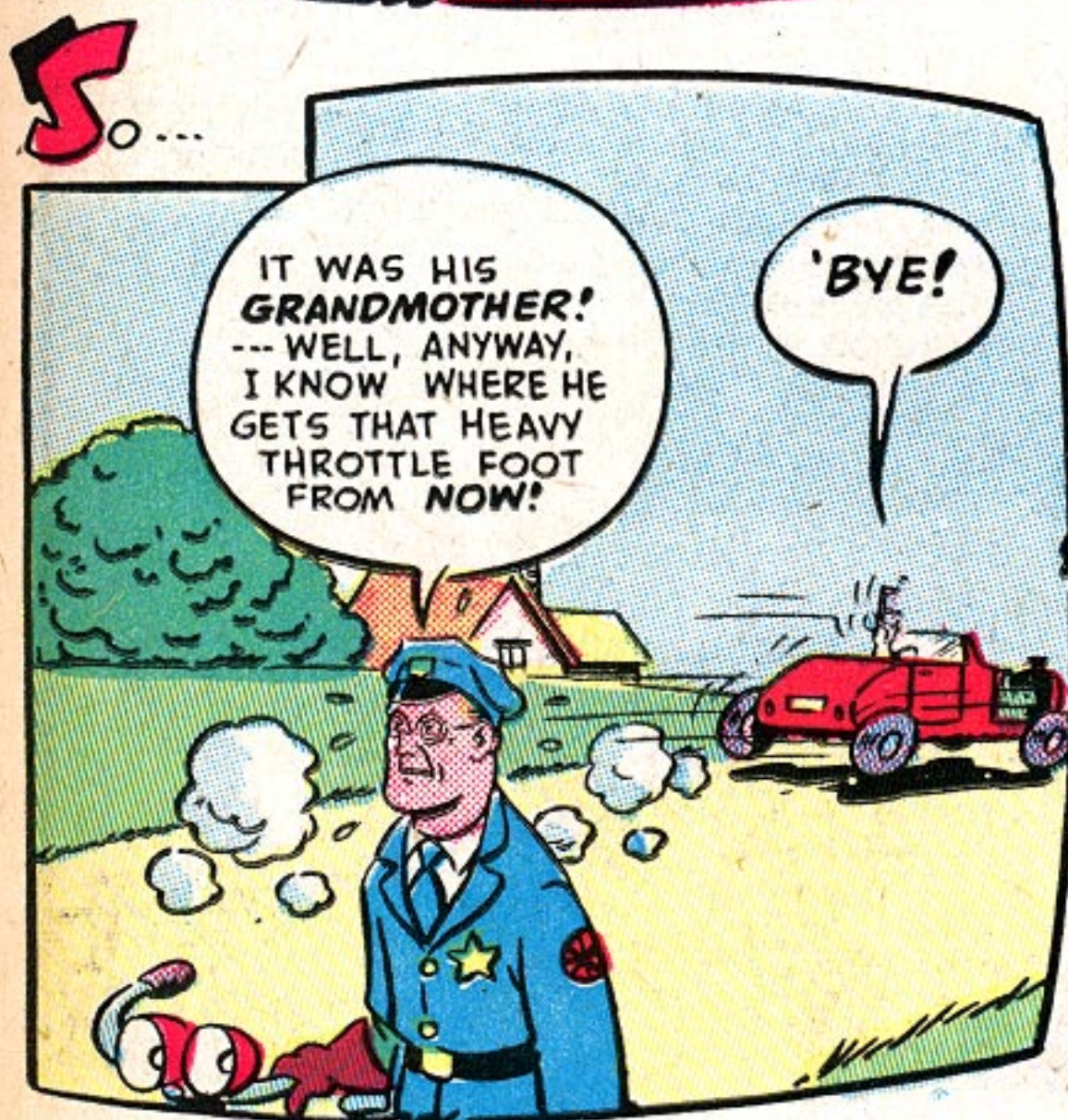
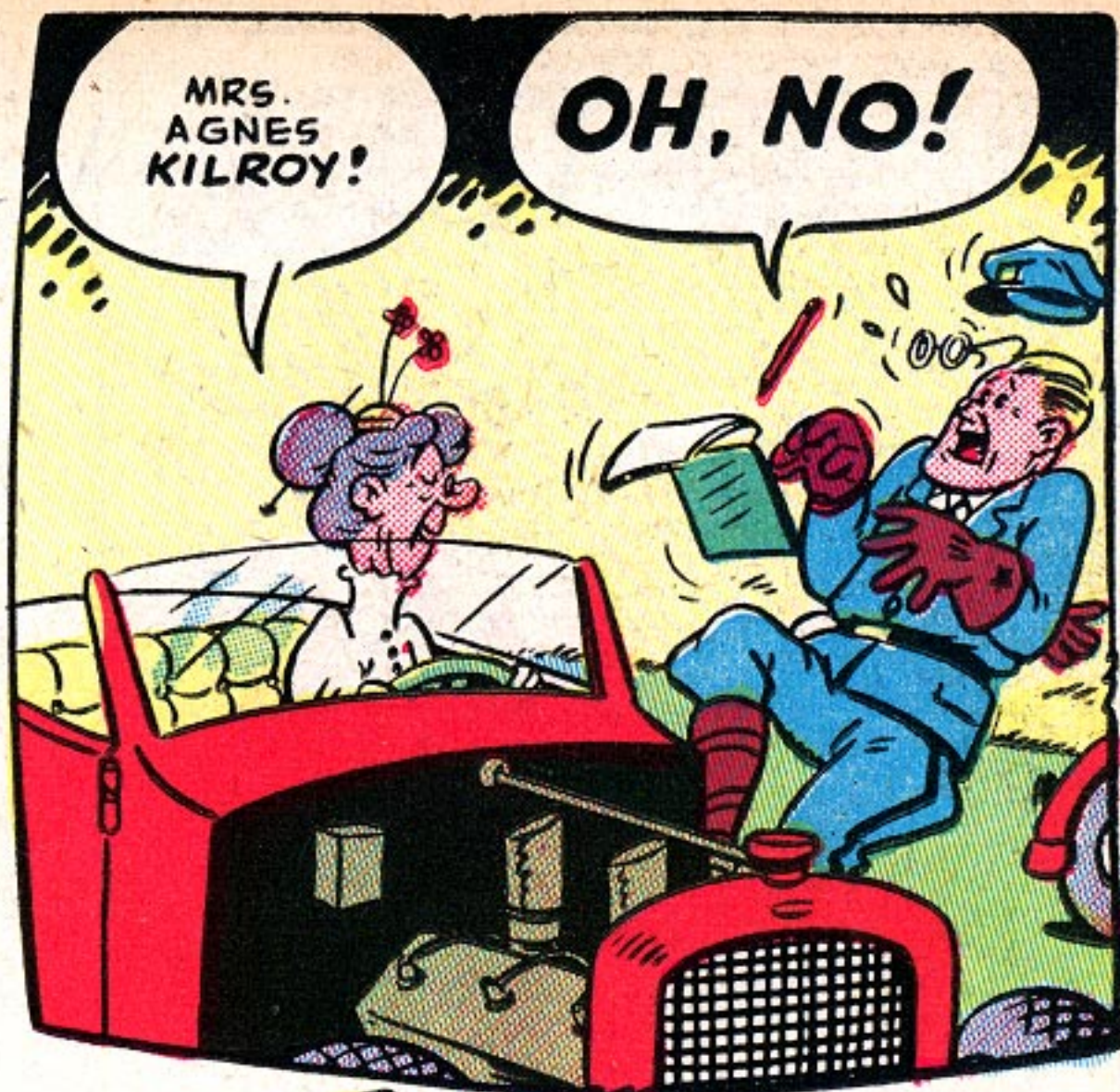






A FEW MINUTES LATER ...





LATER...

WELL, YOUNG MAN, I SEE YOU **COMPLETELY** DISREGARDED MY ORDERS AND DIDN'T SELL THAT CAR! NOW I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU THAT WHEN I SAY SOMETHING, I MEAN IT!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO **ANYTHING**, EDGAR! THE BOY SOLD THE CAR AND I BOUGHT IT BACK FOR HIM AS A **BIRTHDAY PRESENT!**

R-R-R

RING!

RING!

RING!

NOW BEFORE YOU START HEMMING AND HAWING, **ANSWER THE DOOR!**

YES, MA'AM!

WELL, KILROY! WE SEE YOUR SON STILL HAS THAT JALOPY! ... WE THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

JUST A MINUTE, EDGAR! I'LL HANDLE THIS!

WELL, I-- I--

LISTEN, YOU BUNCH OF **ICKIES!** YOU WERE COMPLAINING ABOUT WHAT YOU **HEARD**, REMEMBER? NOT WHAT YOU **SAW!** WELL, THAT JALOPY IS AS QUIET AS A KITTEN NOW-- AND I OUGHTA **KNOW!** I JUST INSTALLED STANDARD MUFFLERS ON IT **MYSELF!**

LATER...

GOSH, NATCH, THINGS TURNED OUT LUCKY FOR YA! ... YA LOST YOUR JALOP AND GOT IT BACK, ALL IN ONE DAY!

YEAH, AND THERE'S ONE **OTHER** THING YOU'RE FORGETTIN'! ... I'VE GOT **600** PIECES OF GOLD IN THE BANK, TOO!

NOW IT'S **MY** TURN, MOTHER! ... **ANOTHER** THING, YOU BUNCH OF **JERKS**-- ALL THE KIDS THAT HAVE JALOPIES LIKE NATCH'S HAVE BUILT 'EM THEMSELVES-- AND MANY OF THOSE BOYS GROW UP TO BE GREAT AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEERS! THEY'RE THE ONES THAT BUILD THE CARS HEELS LIKE YOU RIDE IN! ... **NOW SCRAM!**

WELL, WHADDEYA **KNOW!** EDGAR'S GOT GUMPTION AFTER ALL!

The End



BIGGER'N BETTER BUBBLES-

PRICE- A PENNY A PIECE-

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT..

1¢

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ONE of the GANG

"SMALL-TOWN KIDS! Dumb kids! What do *they* know?" Millie asked herself, throwing a scornful look at the gang of teensters who came sailing past her on their bikes. "They're just *babies!*"

The boys and girls who were having so much fun were easily as old as Millie, all about fifteen or sixteen years old. But then, they had not lived all of their lives in a big city. The girls did not wear high heels and bright print dresses and a lot of lipstick, as Millie did. Their hair was fly-away and brief, different from her carefully-set coiffure. In fact, they were *all* different in this dumb one-horse town!

Millie hated the small town. She knew her father had gotten a good job there and the family had to live there, but that didn't mean she had to like it! Her face was dark with dissatisfaction as she stormed into the house.

"Is there anything wrong, dear?" her mother asked. That was a funny thing. Mom seemed to *like* it here. She kept talking about growing roses and joining the garden club. She said the neighbors were friendly. Friendly! Huh!

"No, mom," Millie answered sullenly. "What's the use of complaining, anyhow? It won't do any good!" She put the groceries on the kitchen table and stood there a moment, lost and aimless.

"I think I'll go for another walk," she said. Her mother's eyes followed her, deep with love and understanding. But Millie had no way of knowing this as her high-heeled shoes took her toward the Town Hall. There was something going on there. Something in which *she* had no part.

By craning her neck, Millie could see inside one of the windows. Why, it was a dance . . . a square dance! Every girl and boy in town seemed to be there, laughing and having a wonderful time. Millie's eyes filled with tears. "Except me," she said.

Then she brushed the tears aside. "What's the difference?" she said. "So they don't like me! So I don't like them!" She was angry as she turned away from the sounds of music and merry-making. "I'm going home!"

Millie had meant to fling herself into bed, but she found that she couldn't. There was a large box on her bed, one that she hadn't seen before. Opening it, she drew out from between sheets of tissue paper, a pale pink sweater and bobby socks to match. There was a pair of blue jeans under the sweater. And, all the way at the bottom, in an envelope with a little note, was a pink satin hair ribbon. The note said, "Wear these and change your luck. Love, mother."

Somehow, Millie felt different when she saw herself in the jeans and the fluffy sweater. Her high-heeled shoes were all wrong. The old mocassins were perfect! They had a spring to them, as she walked toward the Town Hall. She felt like . . . well . . . like one of the gang!

The girls and boys knew it the minute they saw her. "C'mon and learn to square dance!" they shouted, drawing her into a set. Millie's feet were tapping a different tune now, a happy one. And so was her heart. Why, a small town was *fun*! It was . . . *wonderful*!

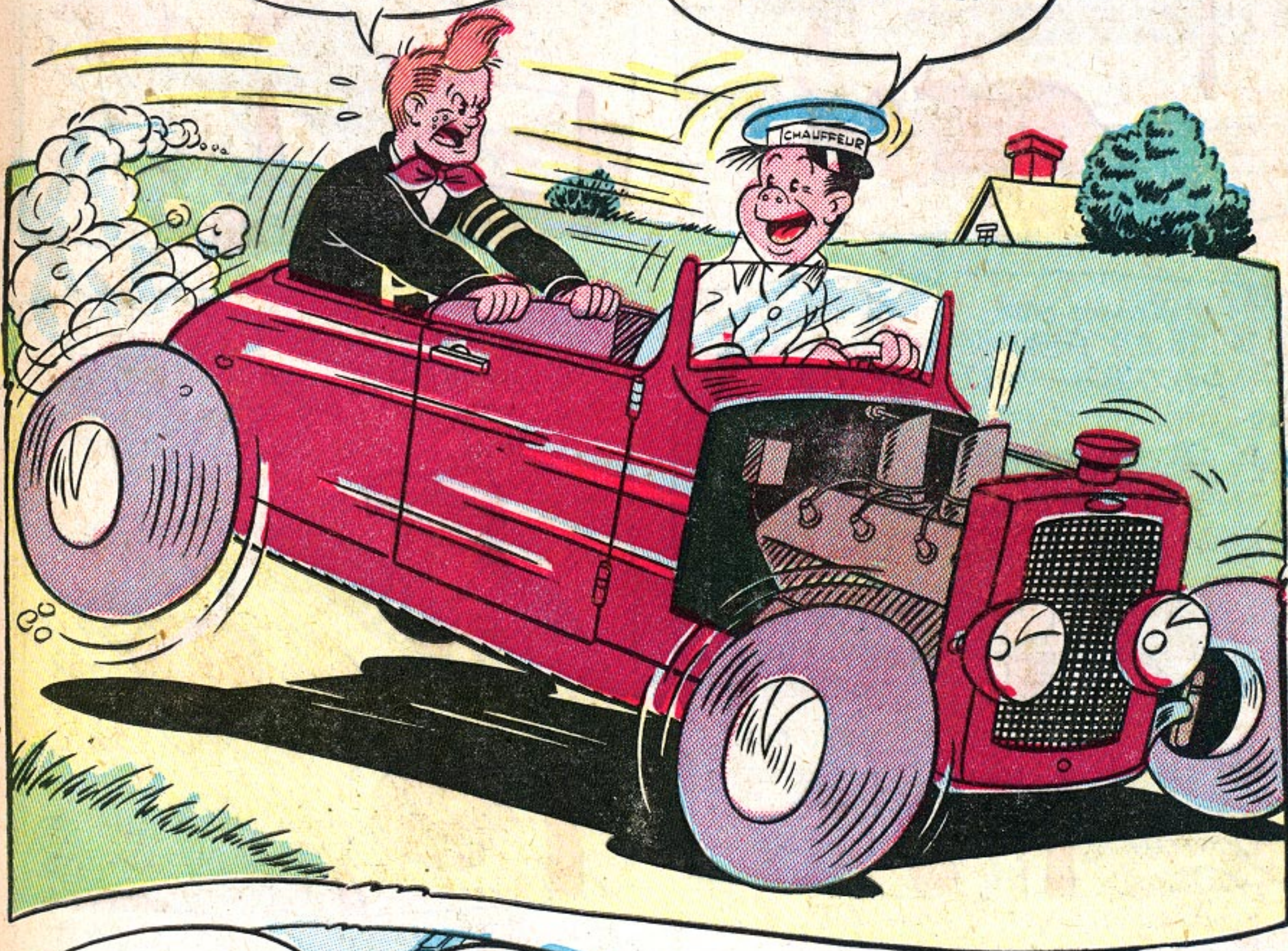
"Guess I'll have a talk with mom tonight," she thought joyfully. "I think we're all going to *like* it here!"

Natch

"HOME, JAMES!"

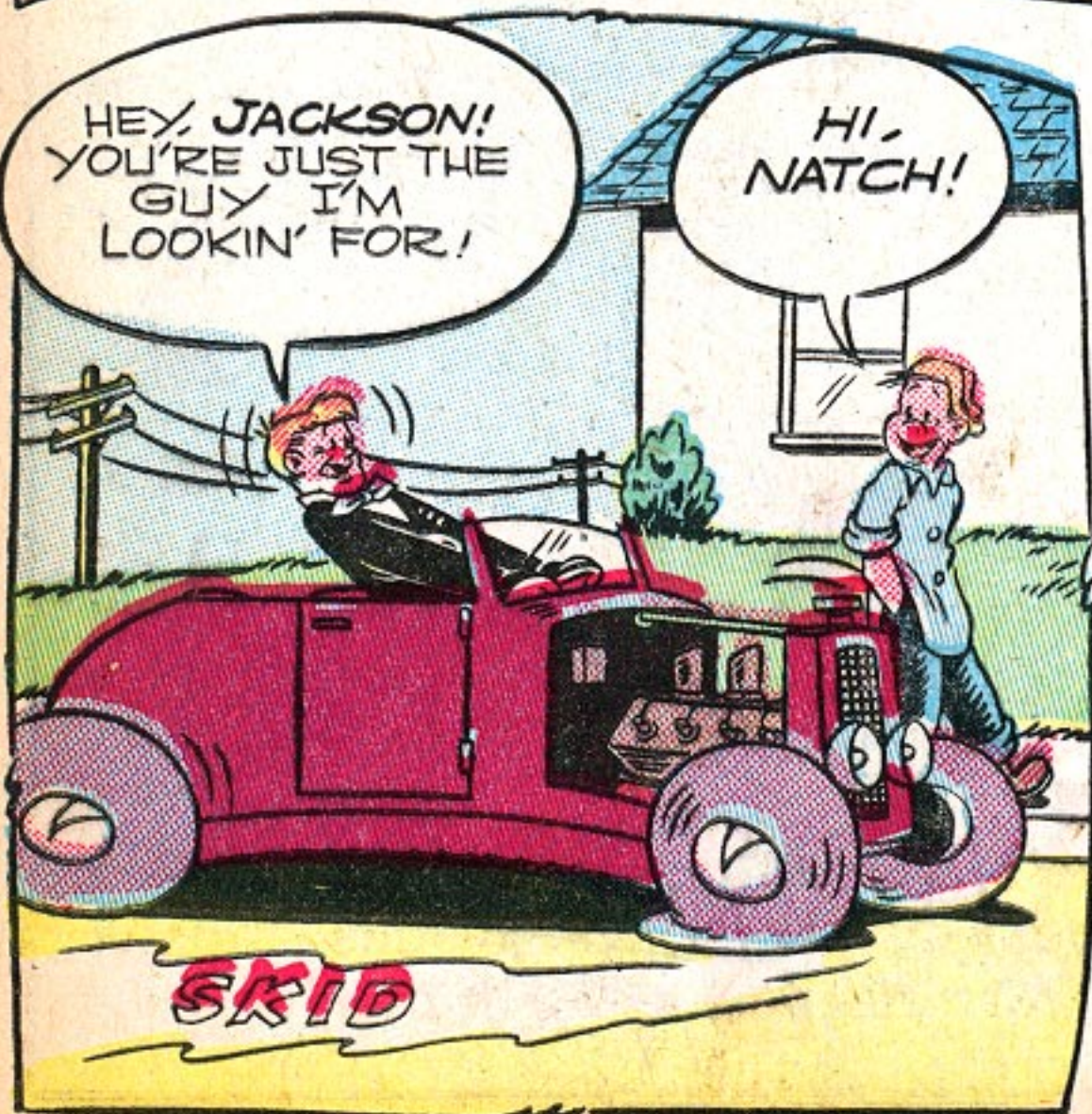
TAKE IT EASY,
JACKSON, YOU'RE
DRIVIN' 85 MILES
AN HOUR!

NOT BAD, HUH?
--- AN' I JUST
LEARNED TO DRIVE
THIS MORNING!



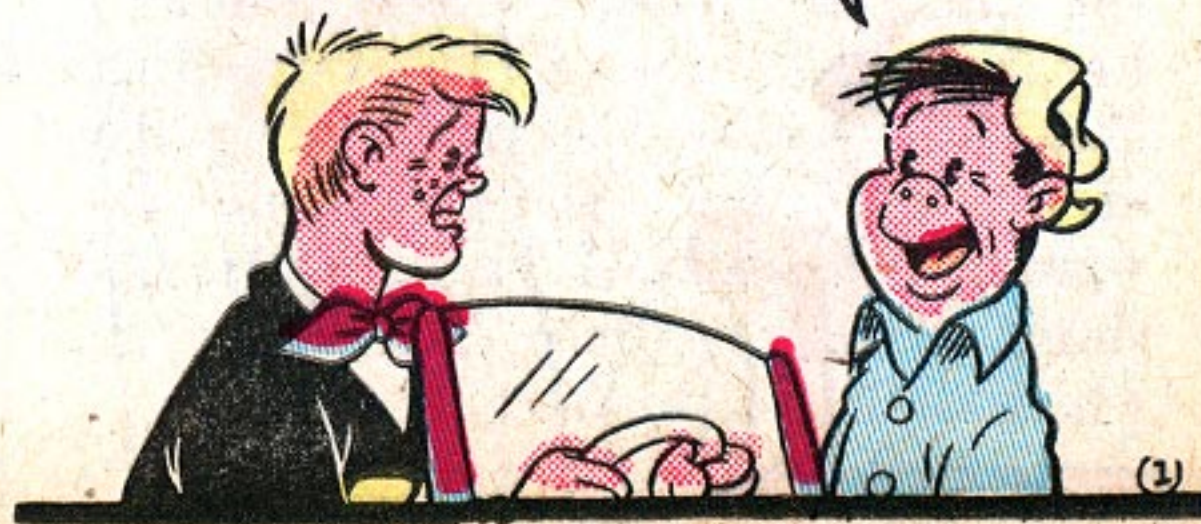
HEY, JACKSON!
YOU'RE JUST THE
GUY I'M
LOOKIN' FOR!

HI,
NATCH!



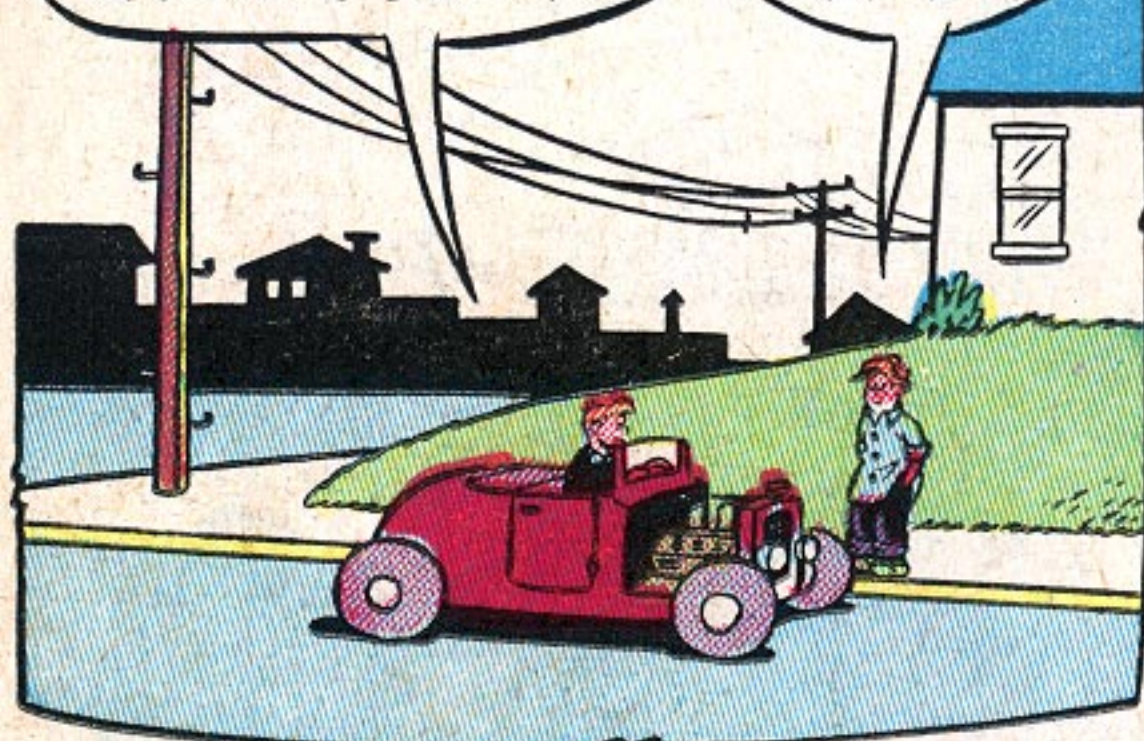
YA
GOTTA DO
ME A
FAVOR!

WHAT FLAVOR
DO YA WANT?
RASPBERRY,
CHERRY, ORANGE,
LEMON OR
LIME?



YA KNOW THAT RICH DAME, MARGIE MOOLA, THAT JUST MOVED INTO THAT BIG HOUSE ON THE HILL? WELL, SHE'D LIKE TO SEE HOW US KIDS SPEND OUR TIME... AND I'VE GOT A DATE TO SHOW HER!

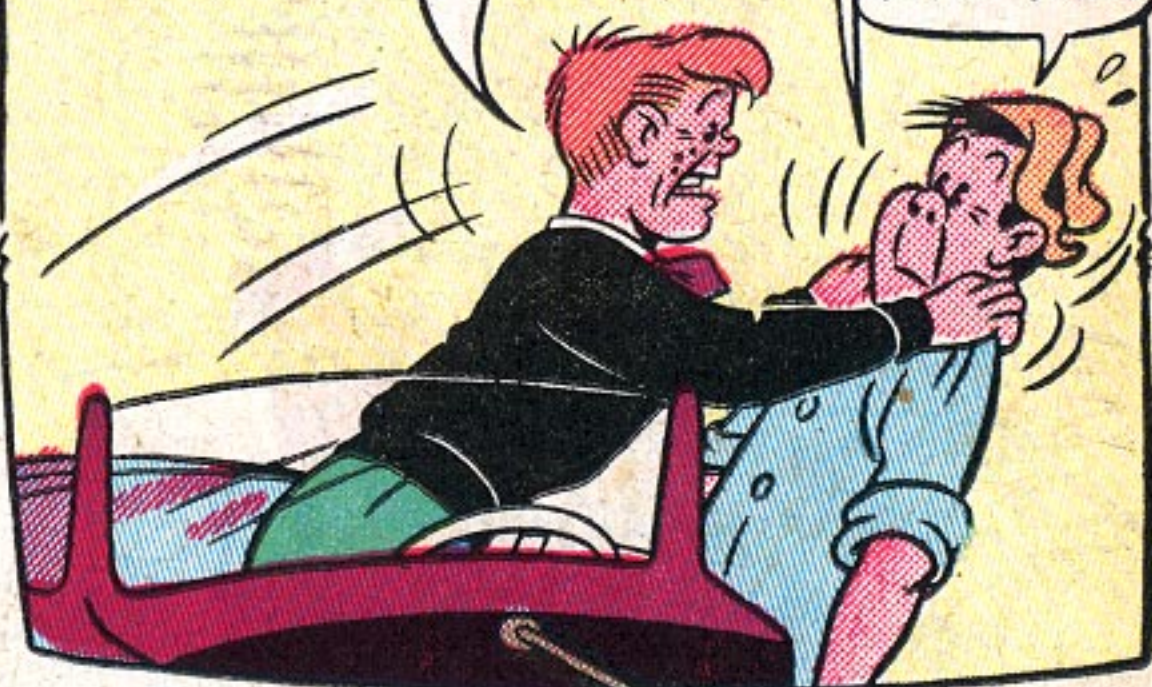
SO WHATA YA WANT FROM ME, CHIMES?



LOOK, OL' CHUM, I GOTTA TREAT HER IN THE MANNER TO WHICH SHE IS **ACCUSTOMED!** SHE DOESN'T LIVE THE SAME WAY AS YOU AND I! SHE'S USED TO SERVANTS, CHAUFFEURS, VALETS AN' STUFF LIKE THAT, YA KNOW!

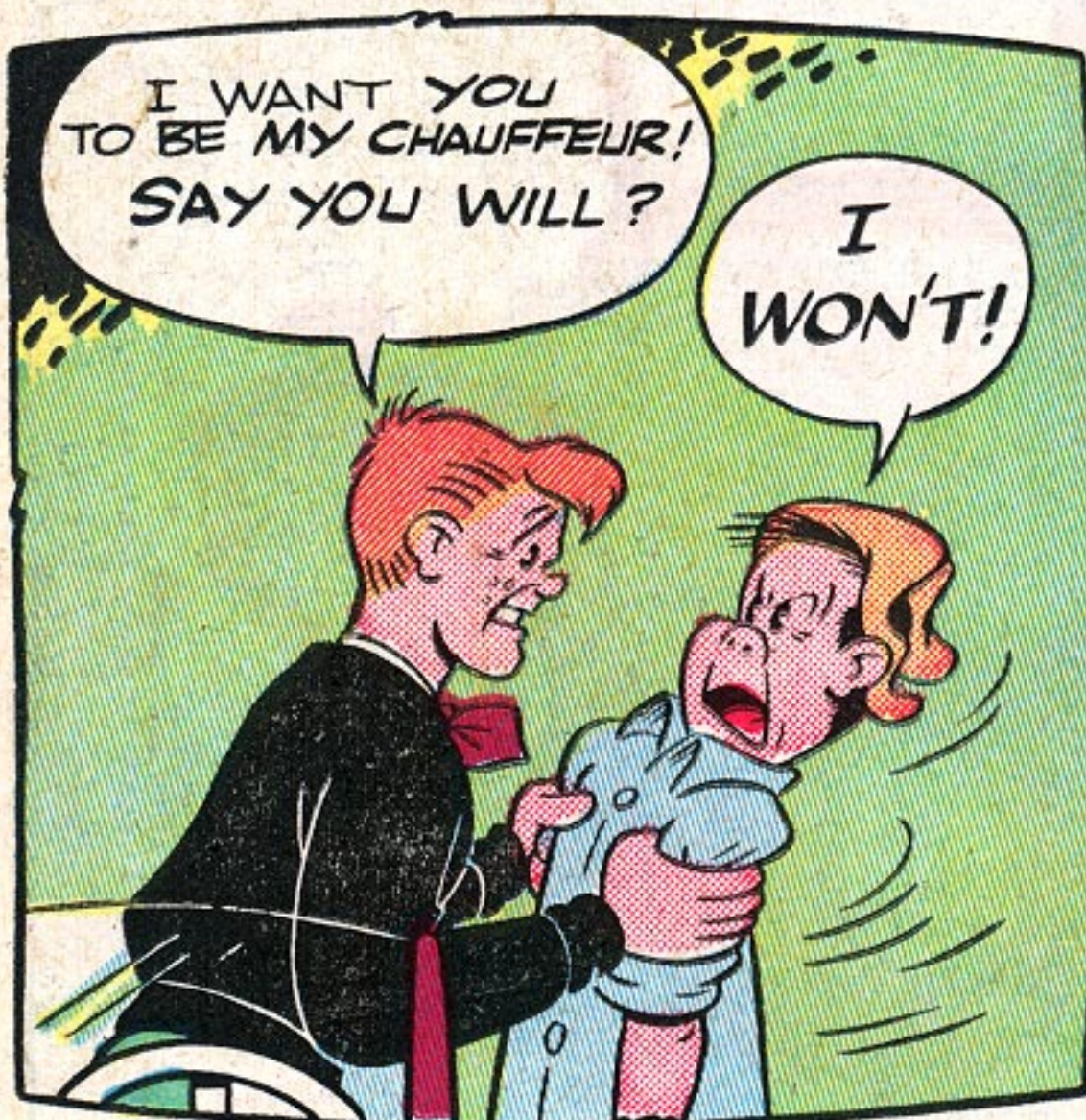
THAT MUST BE **TOUGH!**

SO WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH **ME?**



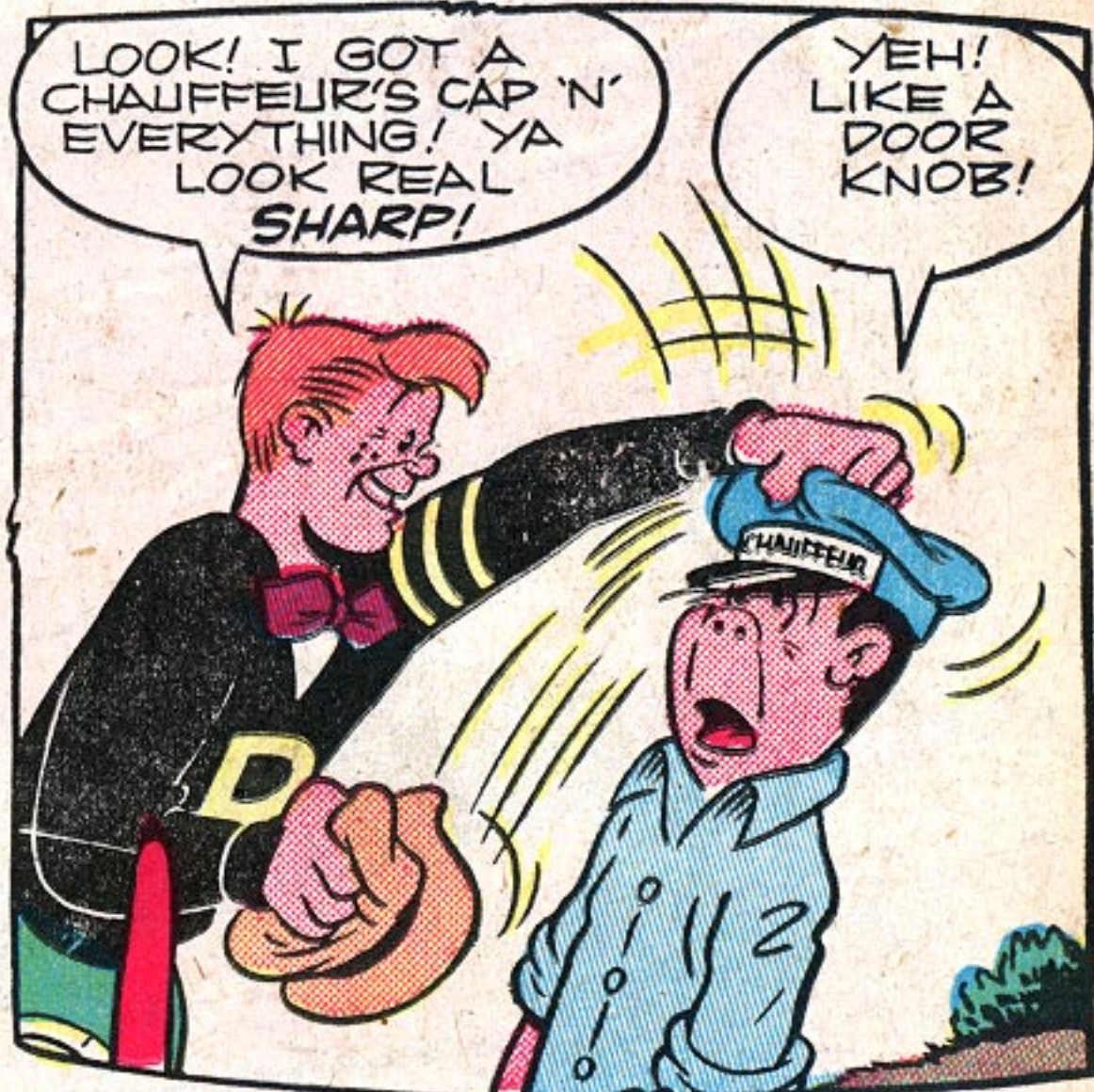
I WANT YOU TO BE MY CHAUFFEUR! SAY YOU WILL?

I **WON'T!**



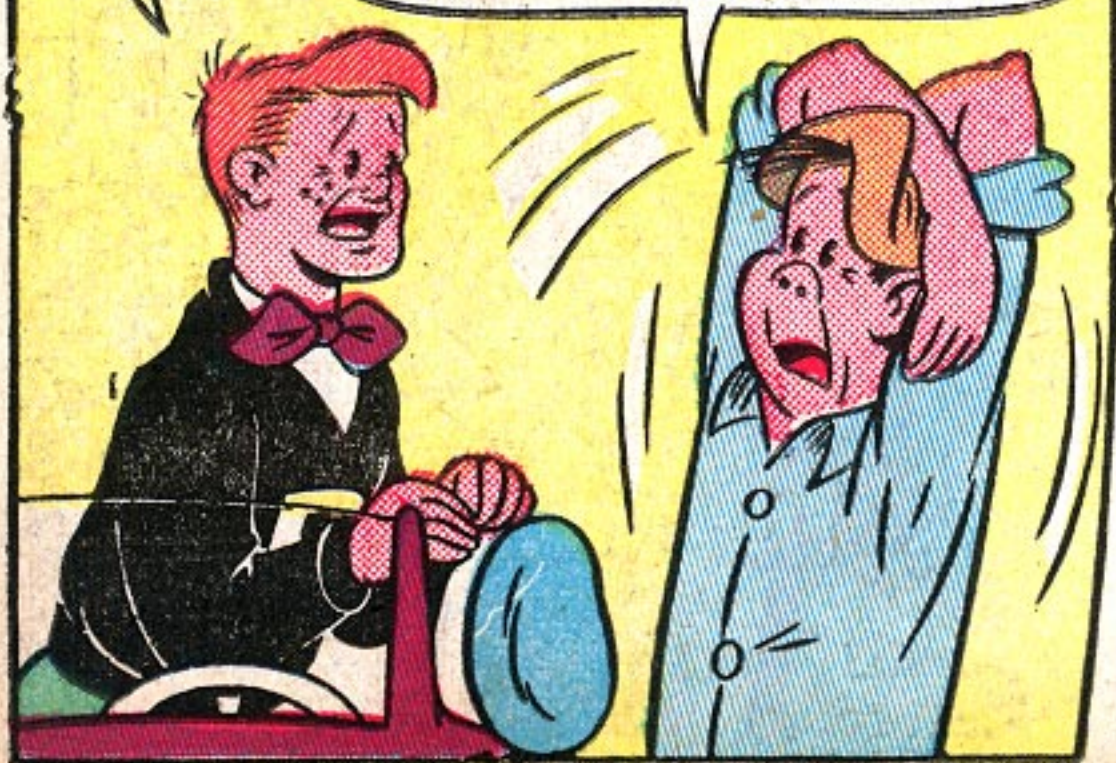
LOOK! I GOT A CHAUFFEUR'S CAP 'N' EVERYTHING! YA LOOK REAL **SHARP!**

YEH! LIKE A DOOR KNOB!



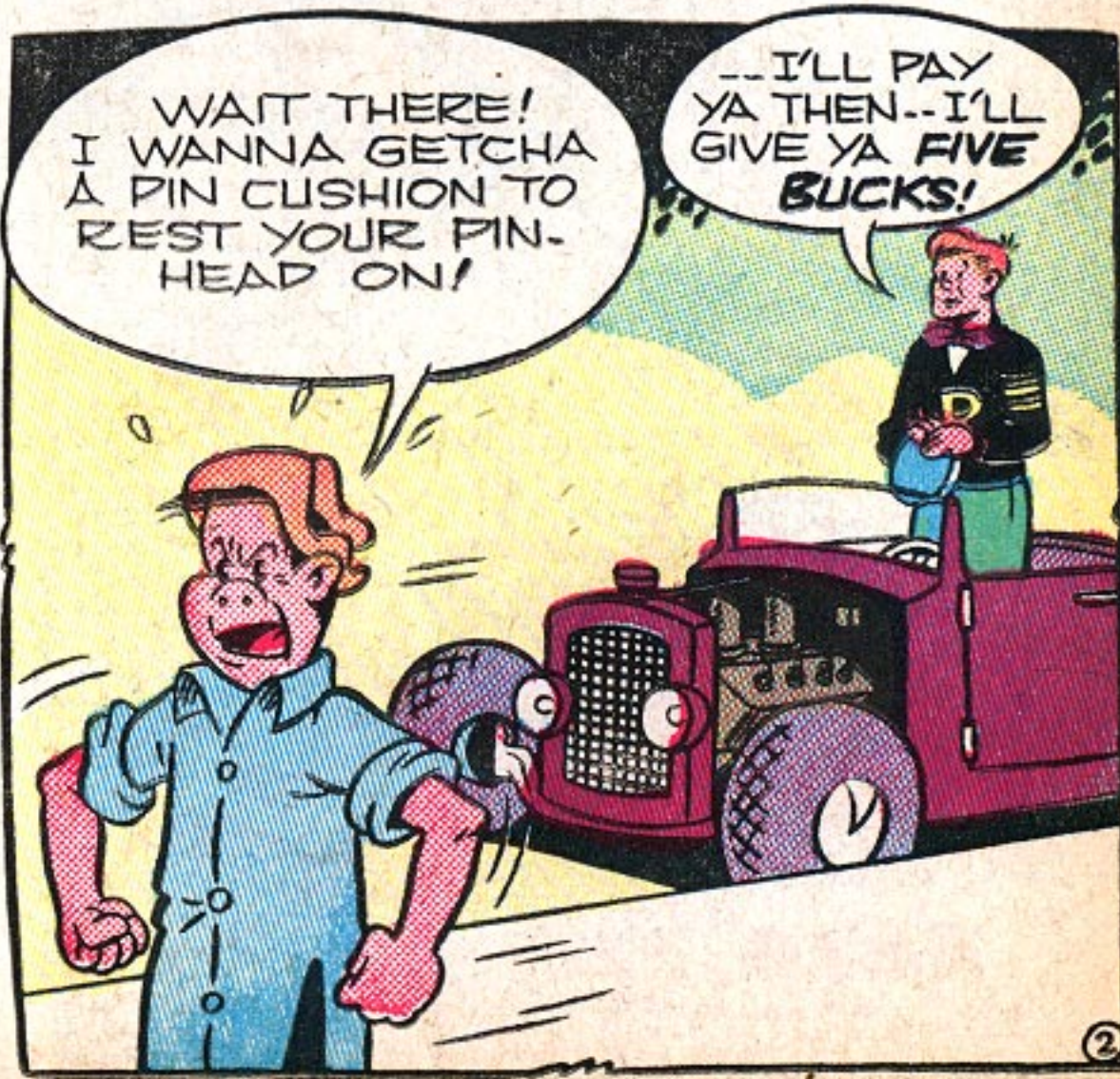
AW, COME ON, JACKSON! I'D DO IT FOR YOU!

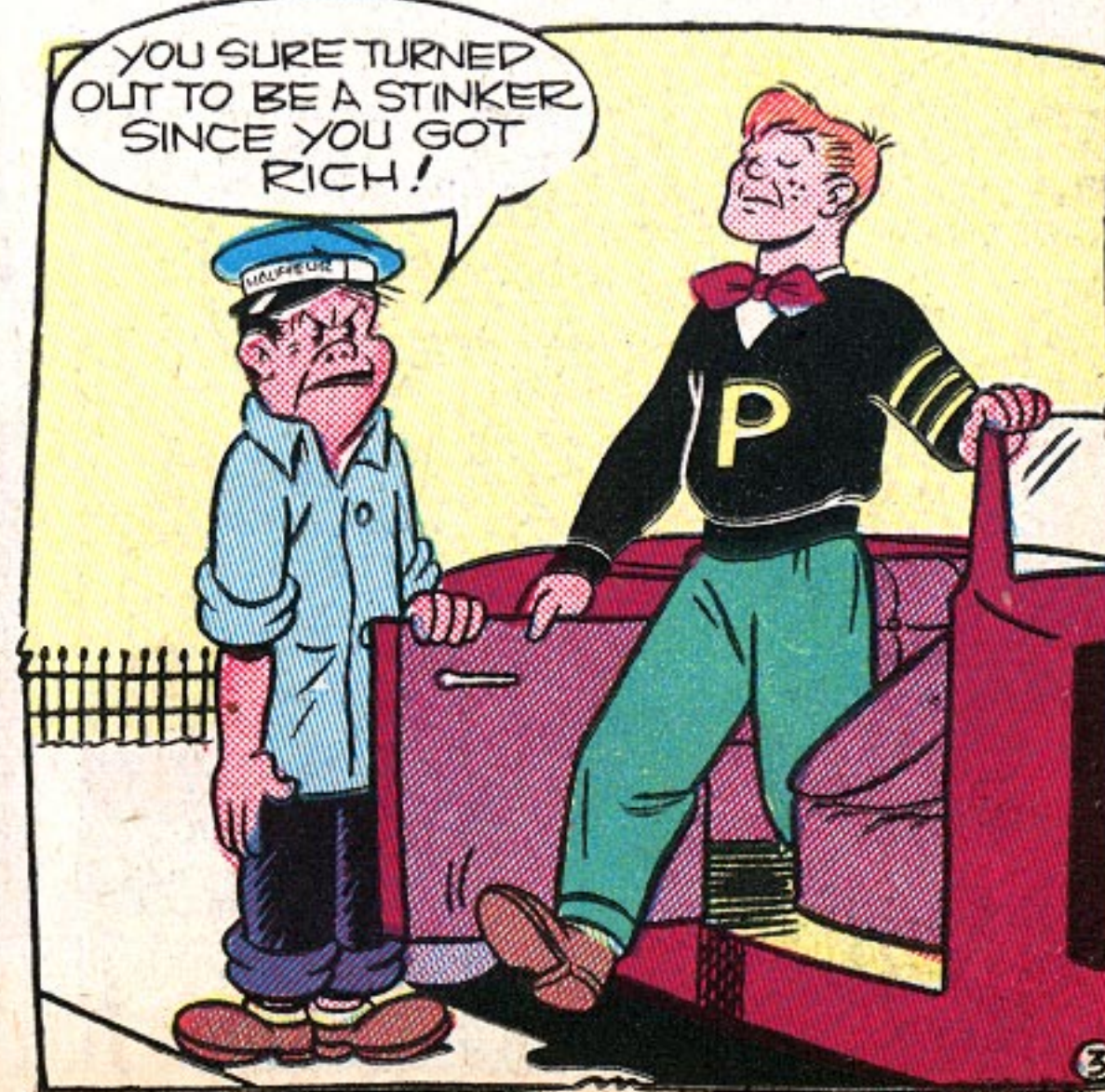
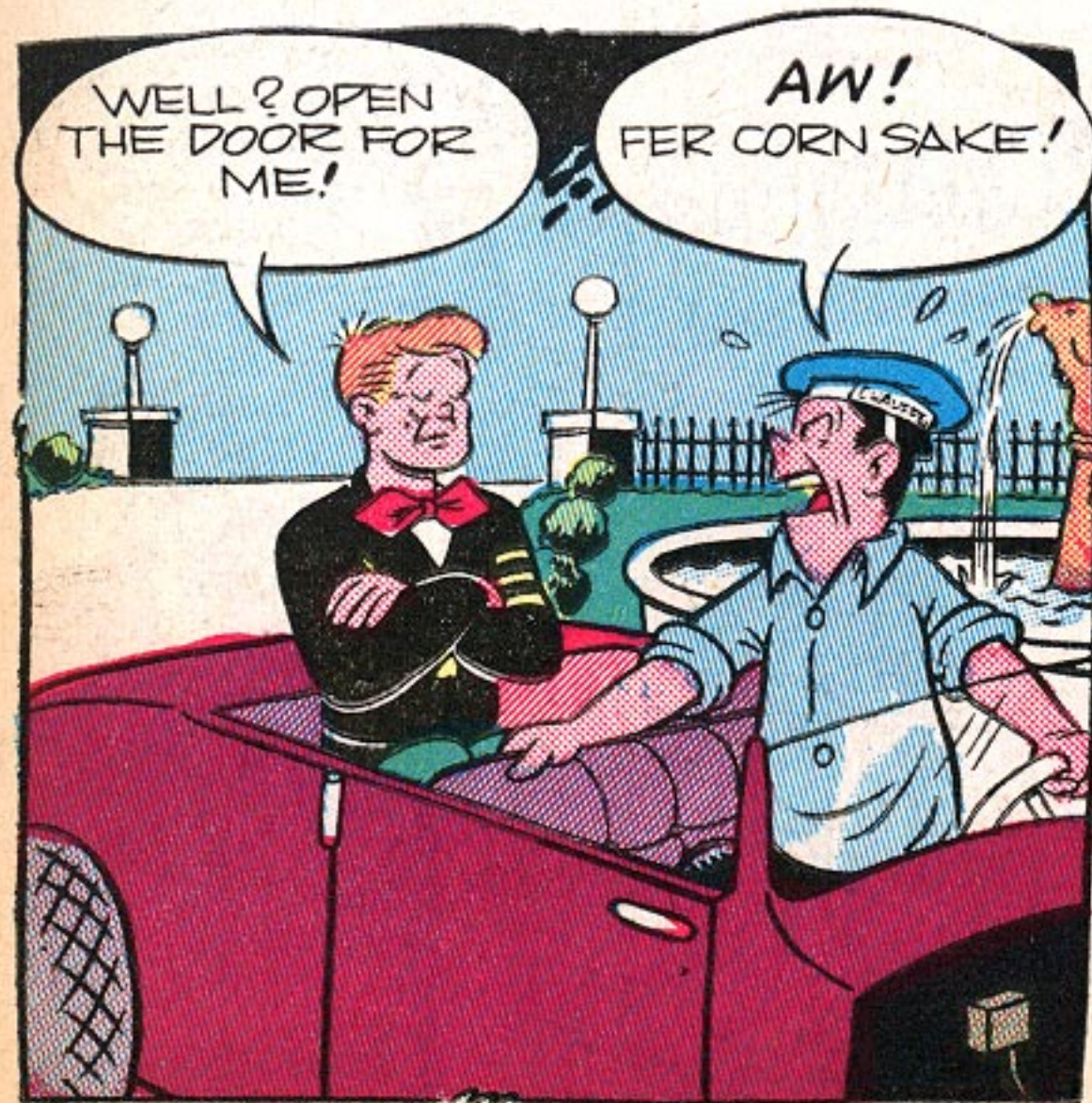
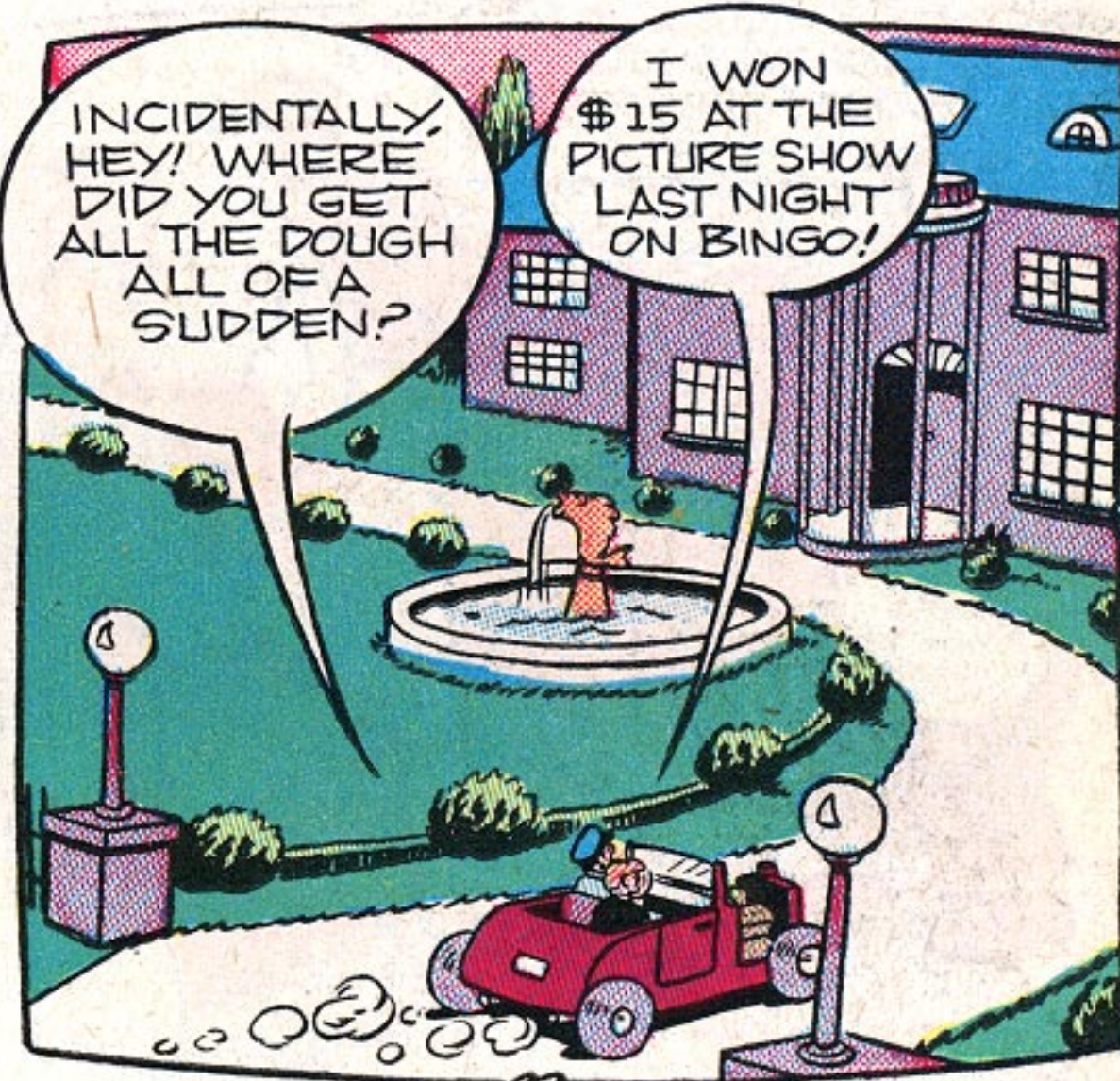
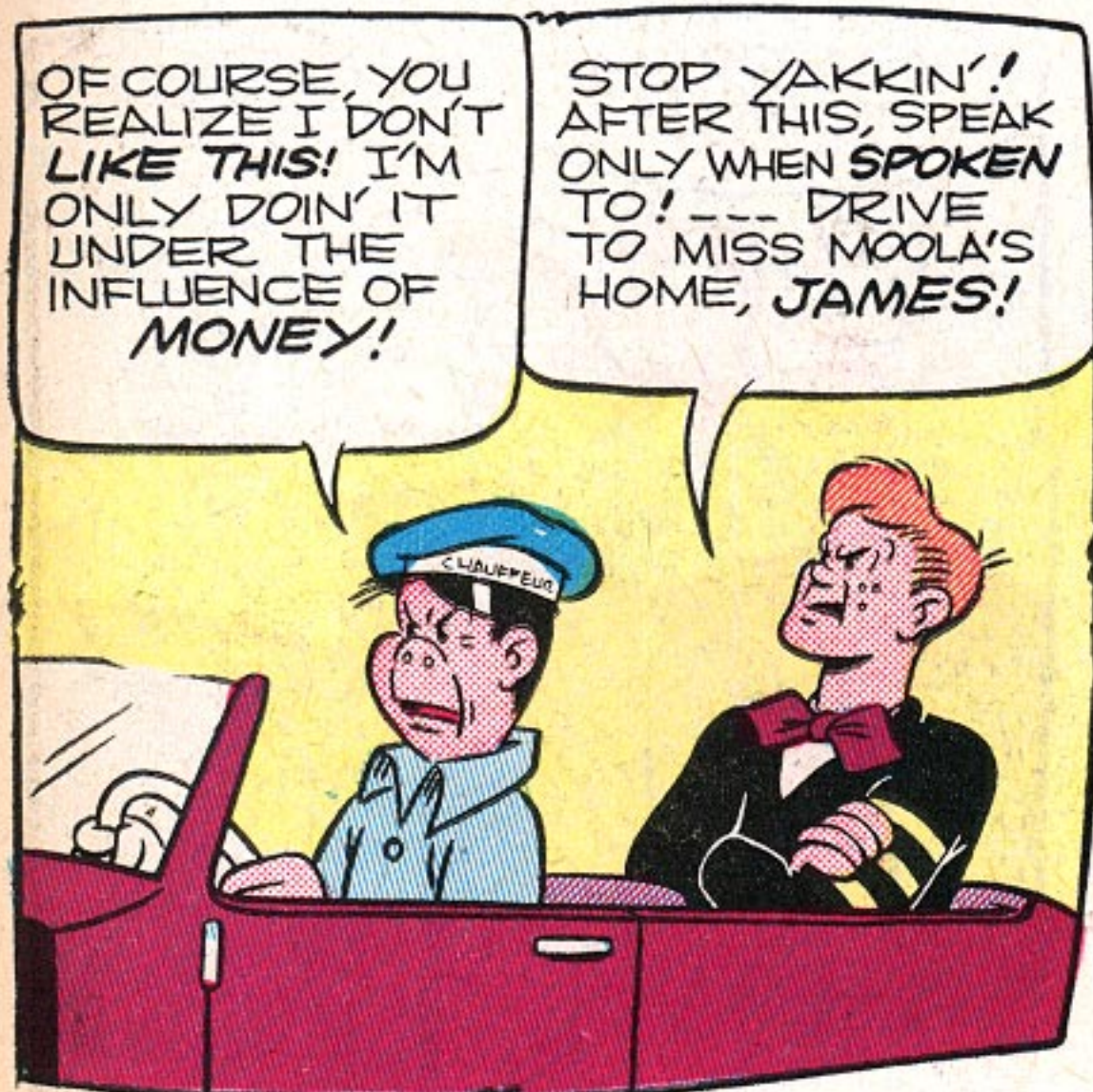
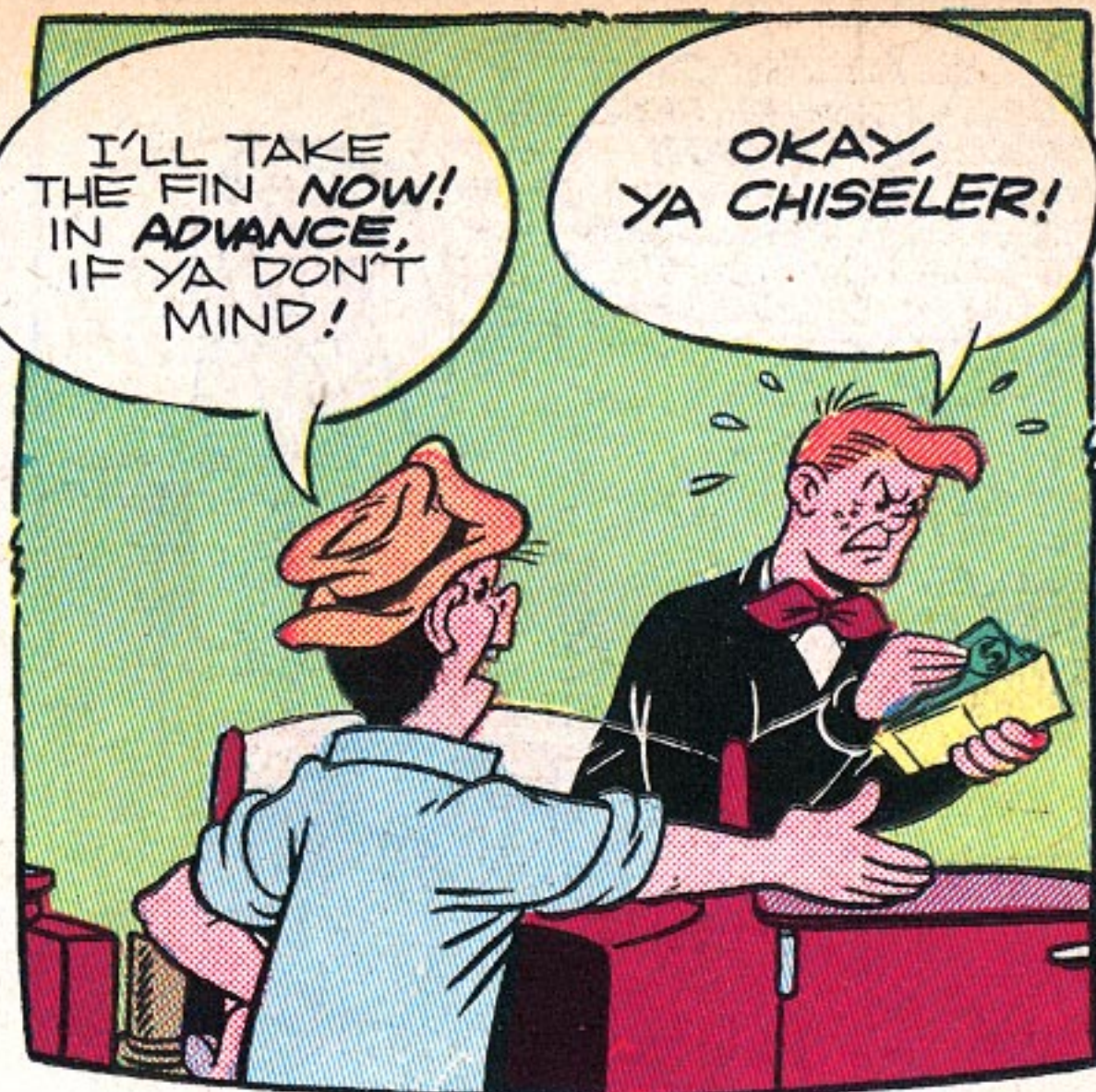
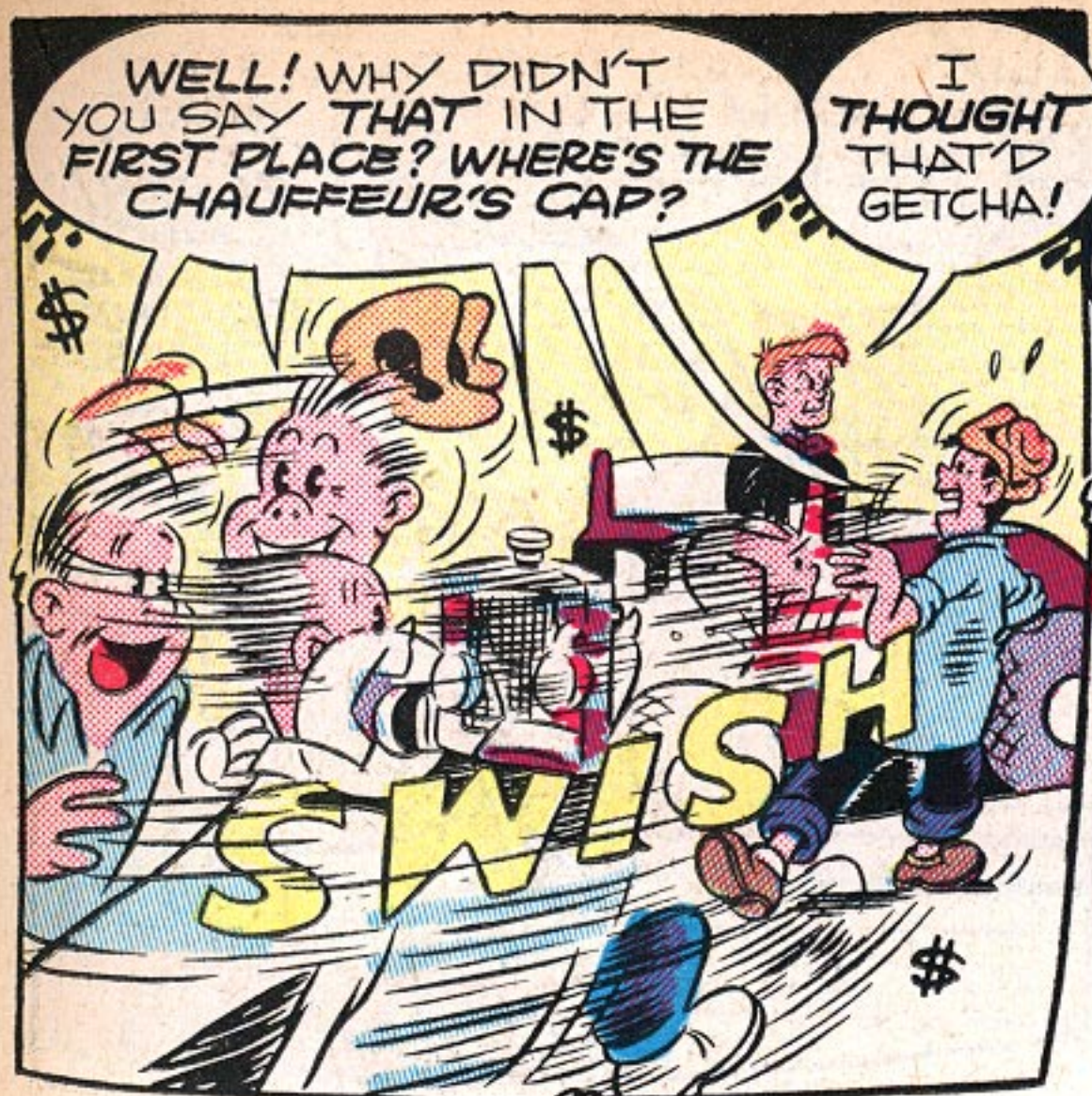
YEH! **I'LL BET!** IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA CHAUFFEUR YOU AROUND WHILE YOU SIT IN THE BACK SEAT AN' SMOOCH WITH THAT PRETTY LIL' RICH BLONDE, YOU'RE OFF **THE BEAM!**

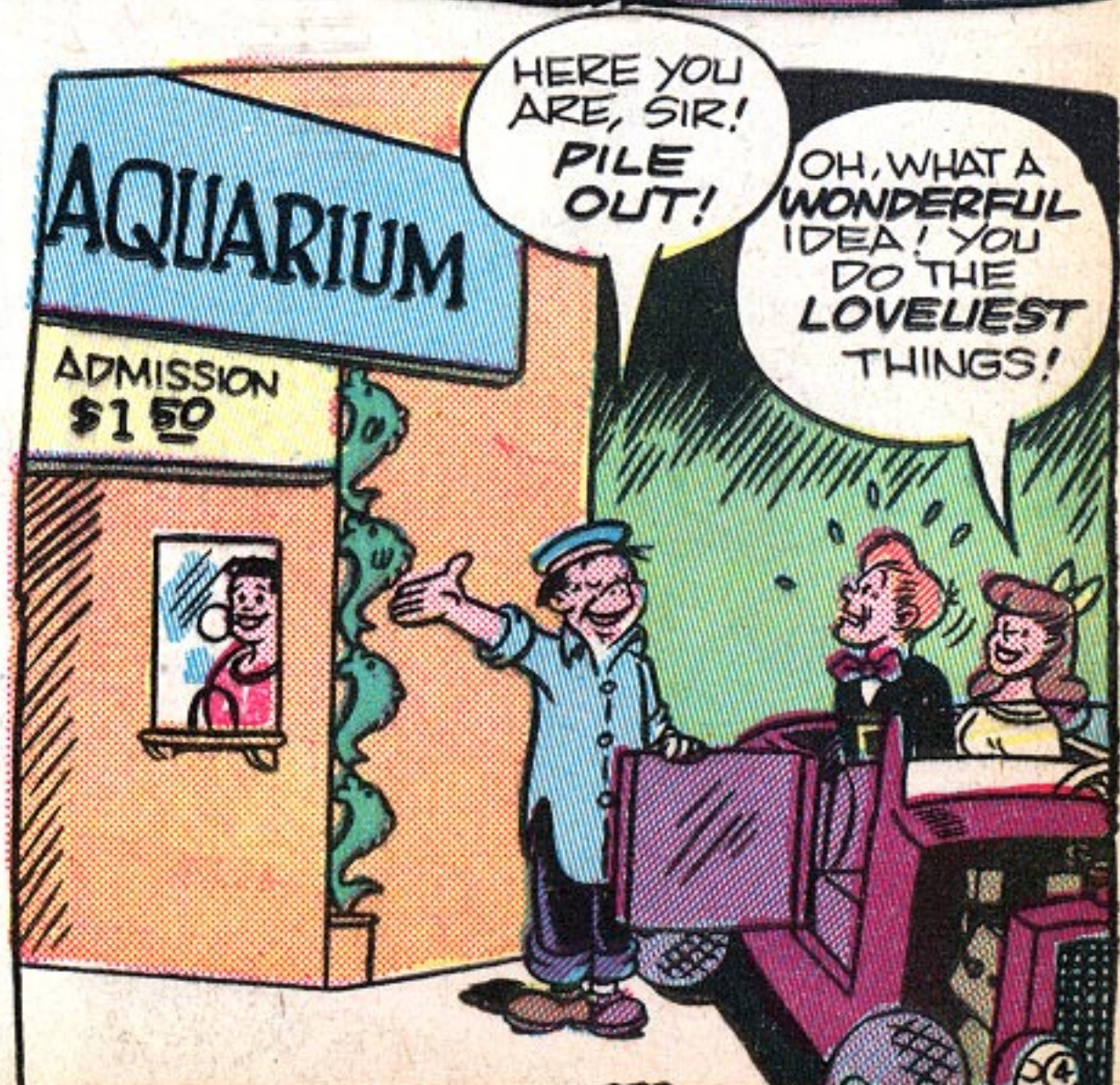
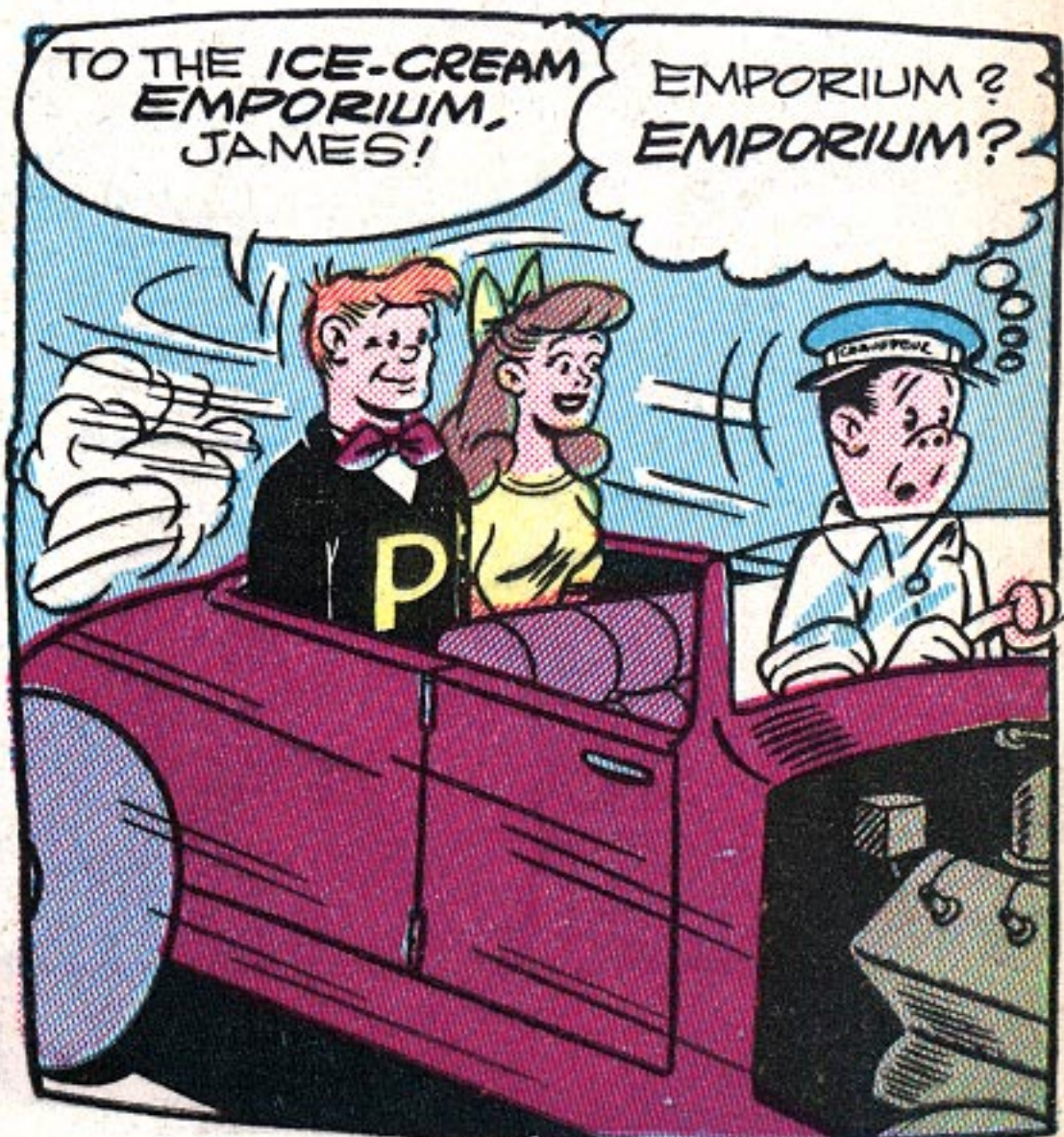
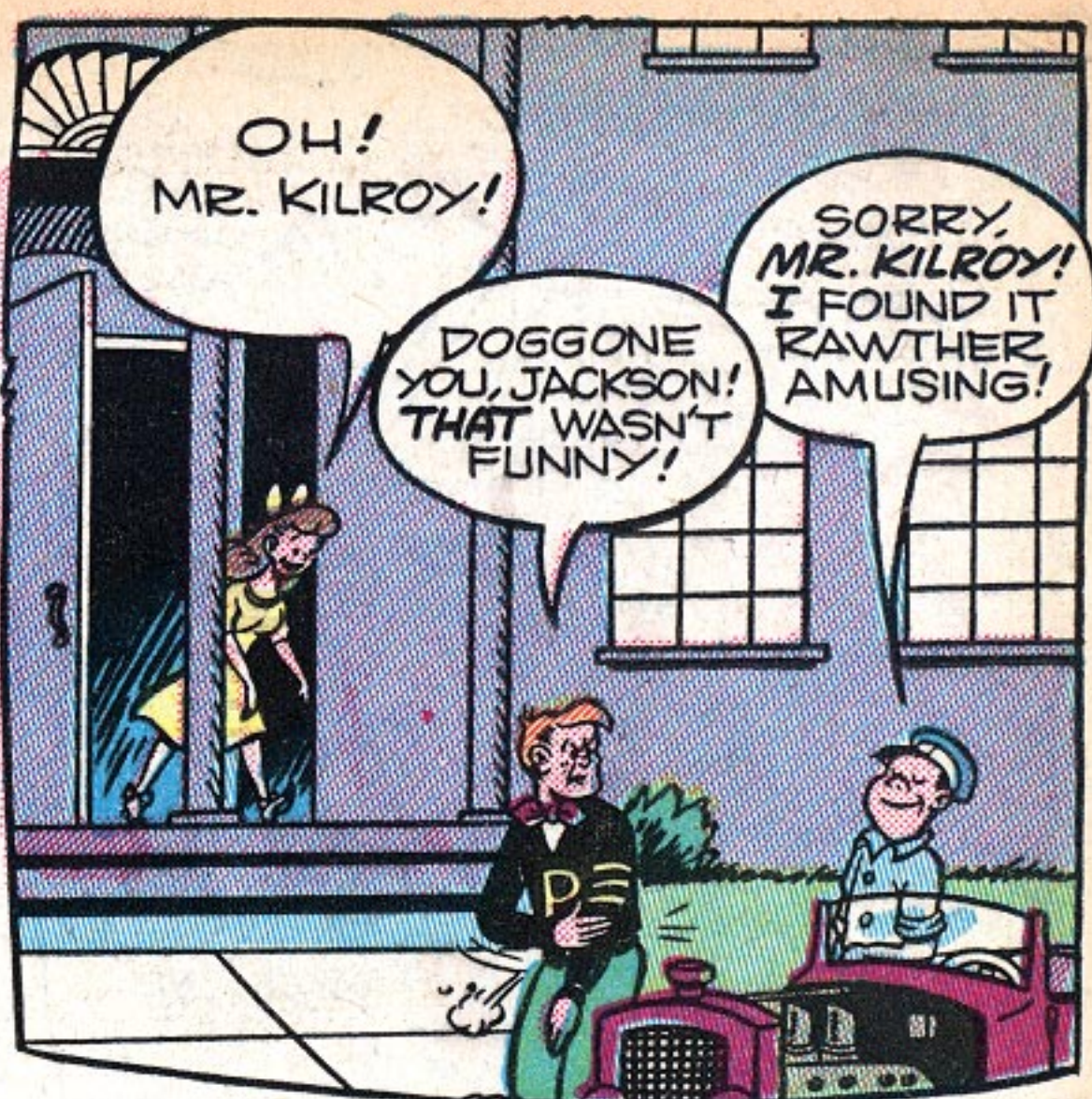


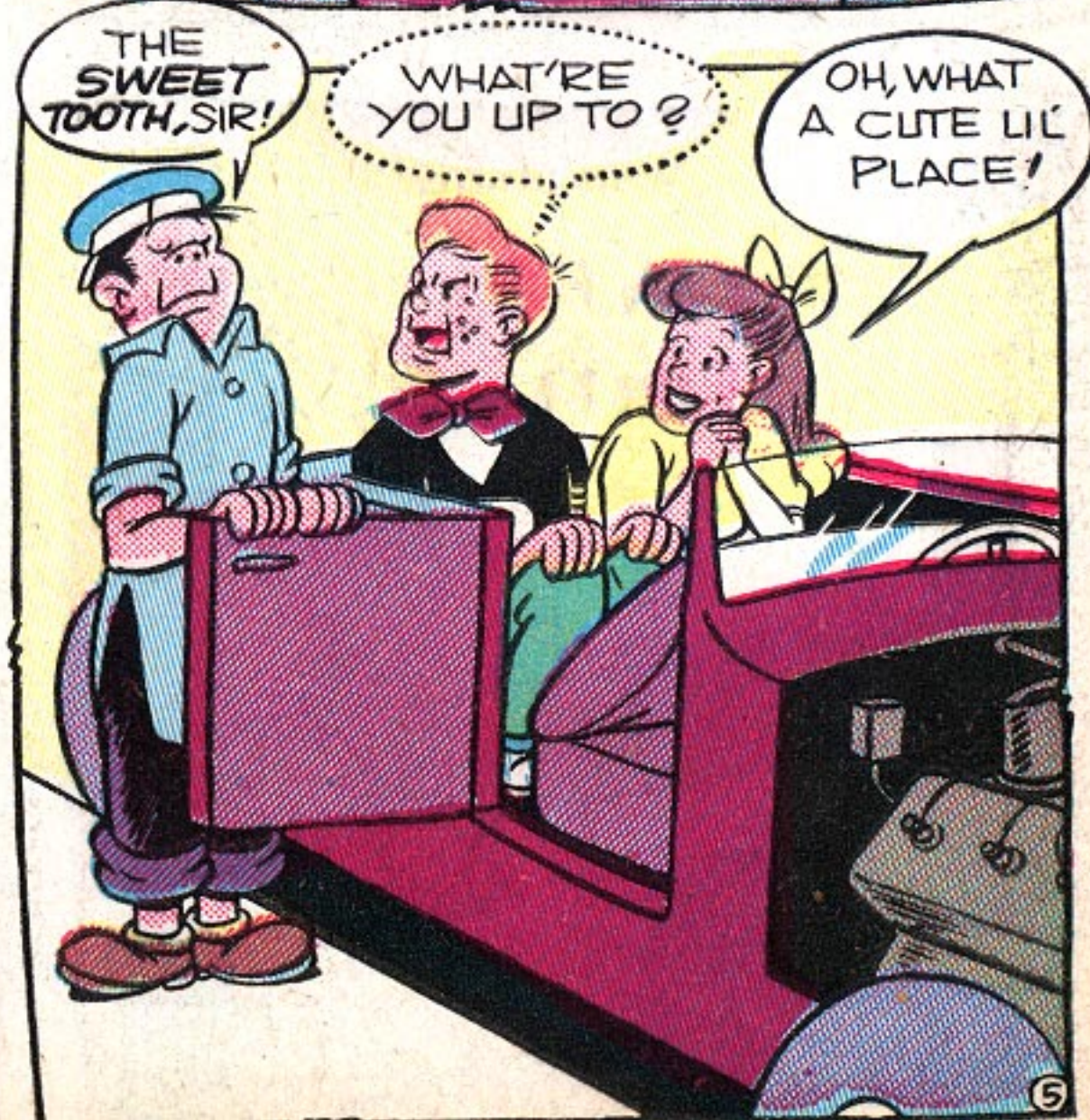
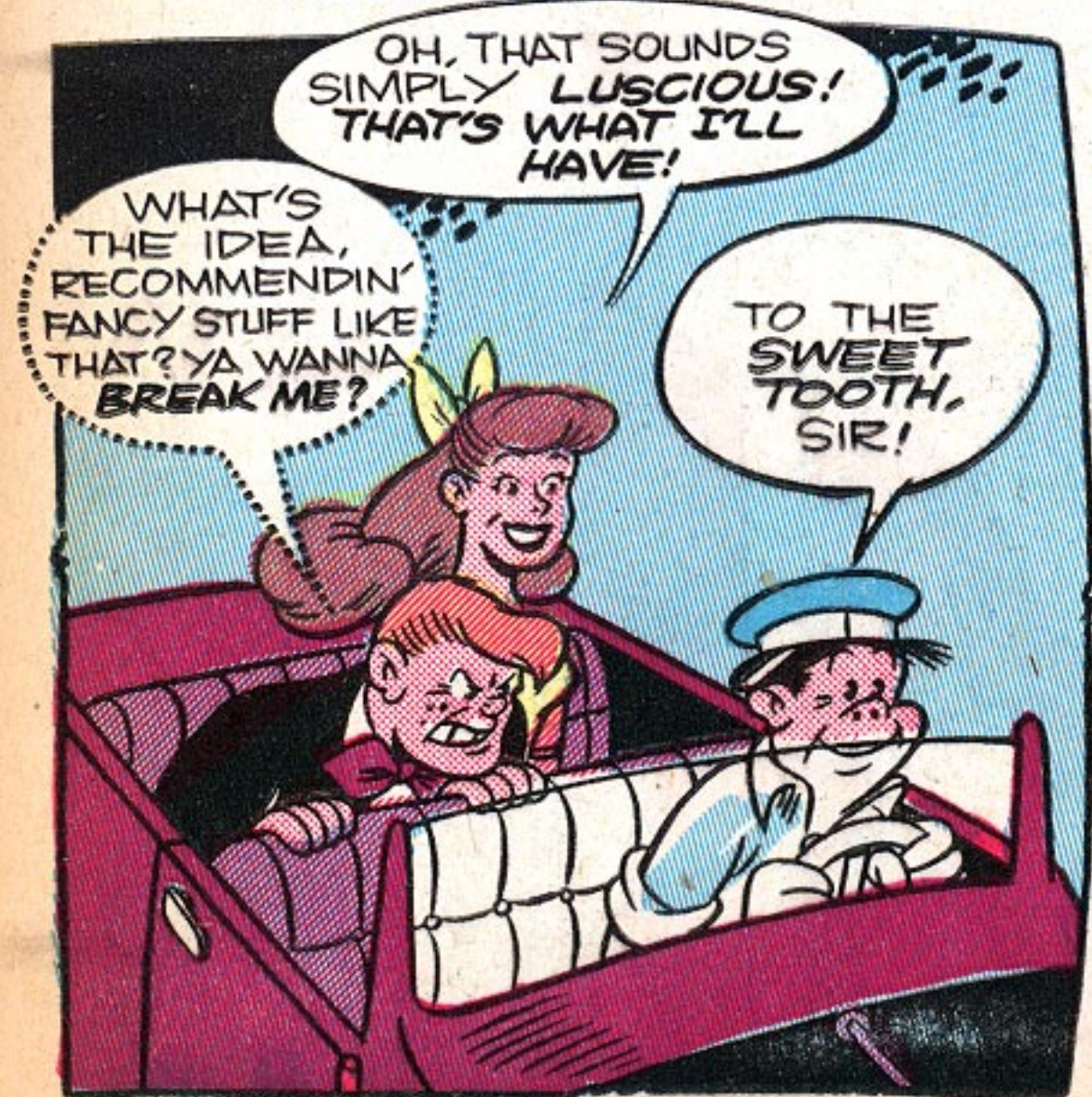
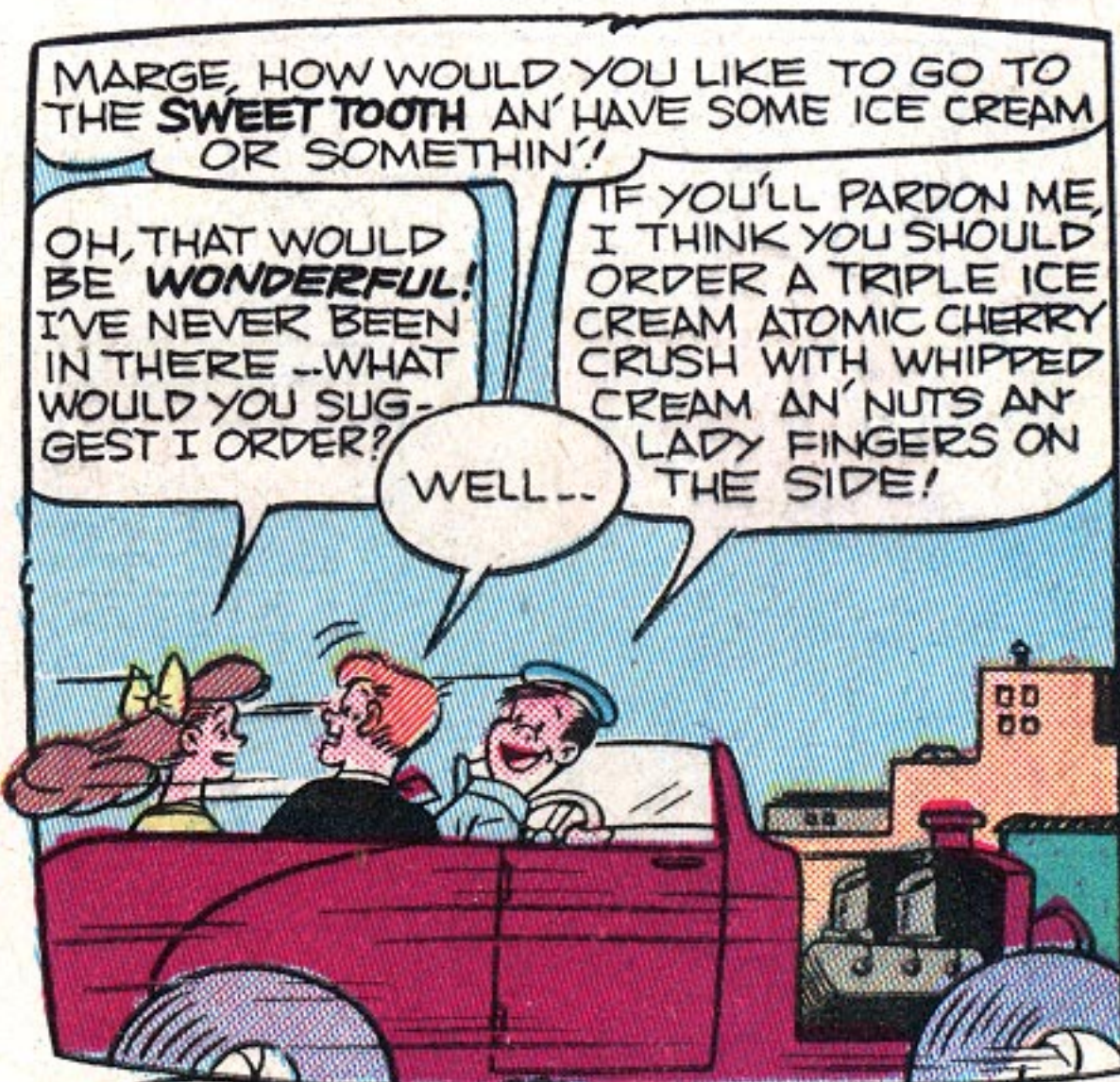
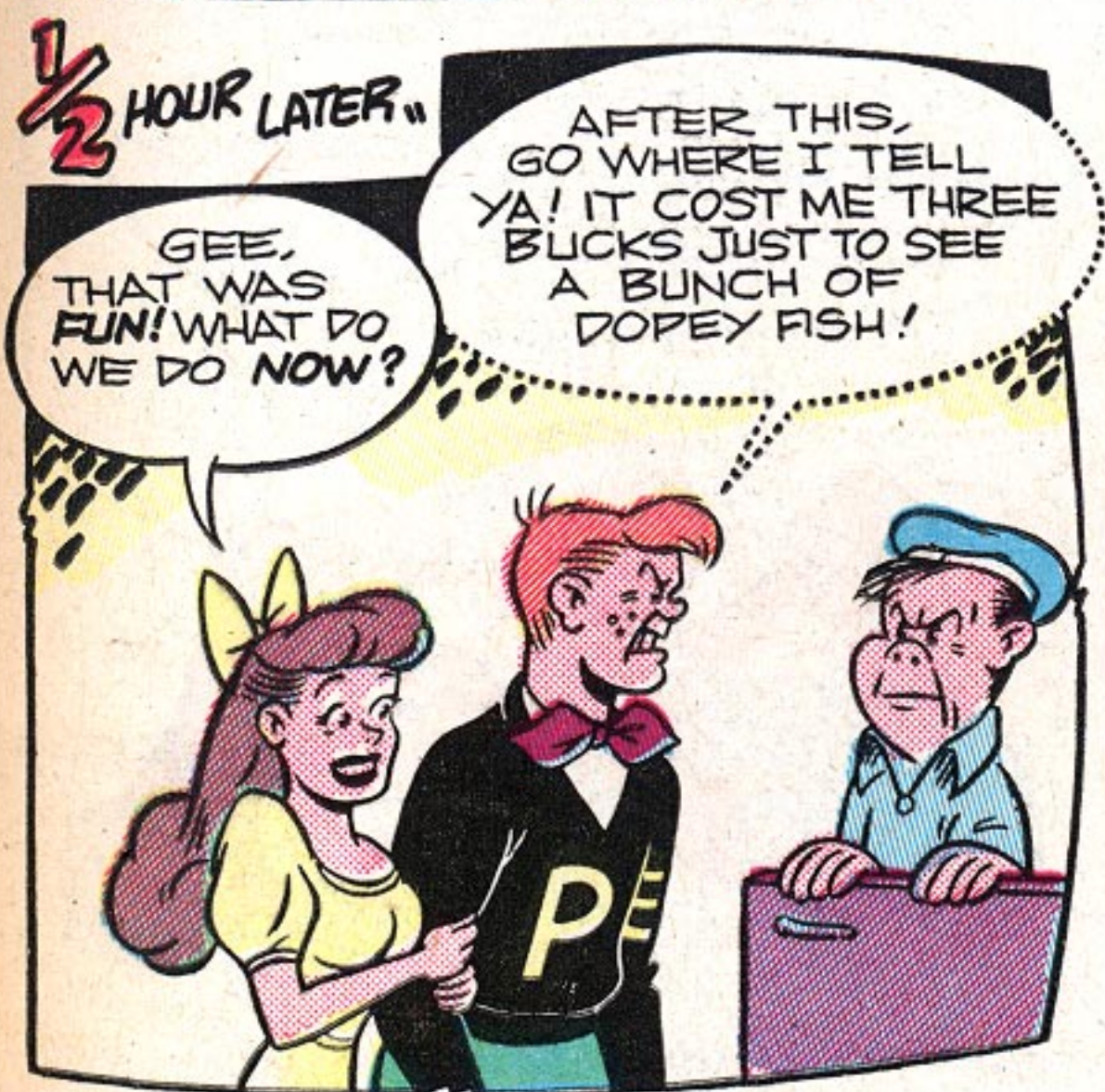
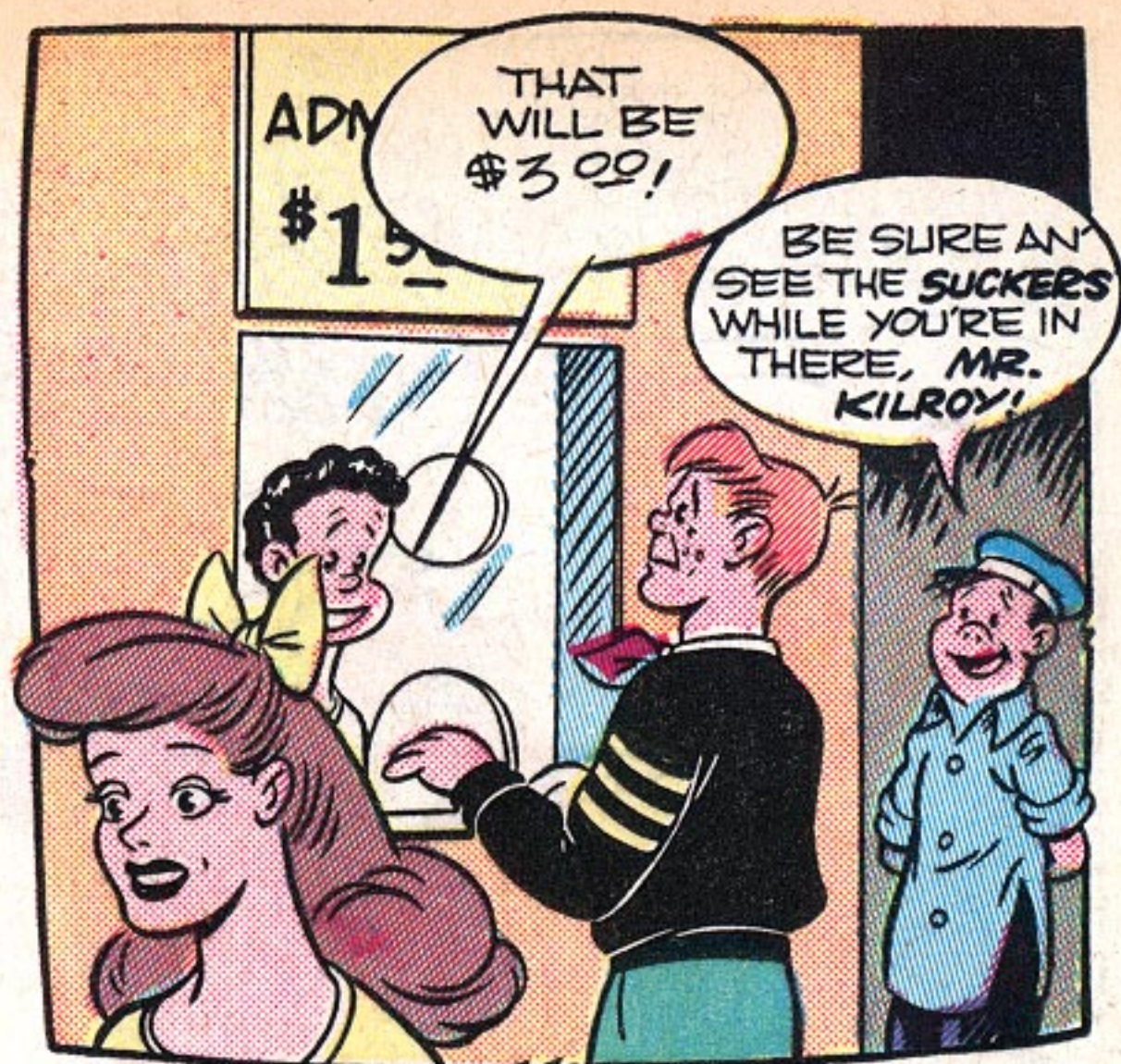
WAIT THERE! I WANNA GETCHA A PIN CUSHION TO REST YOUR PIN-HEAD ON!

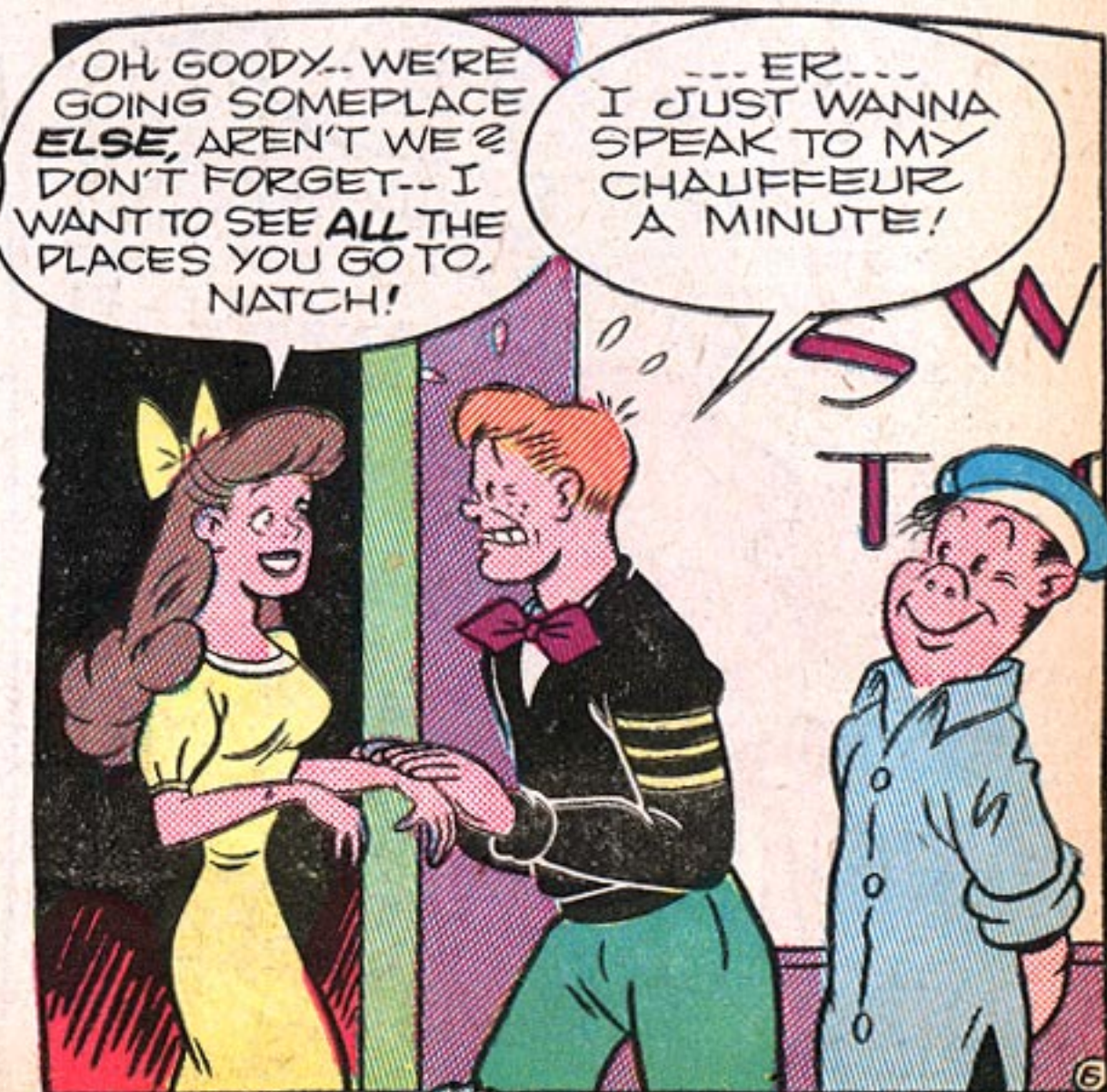
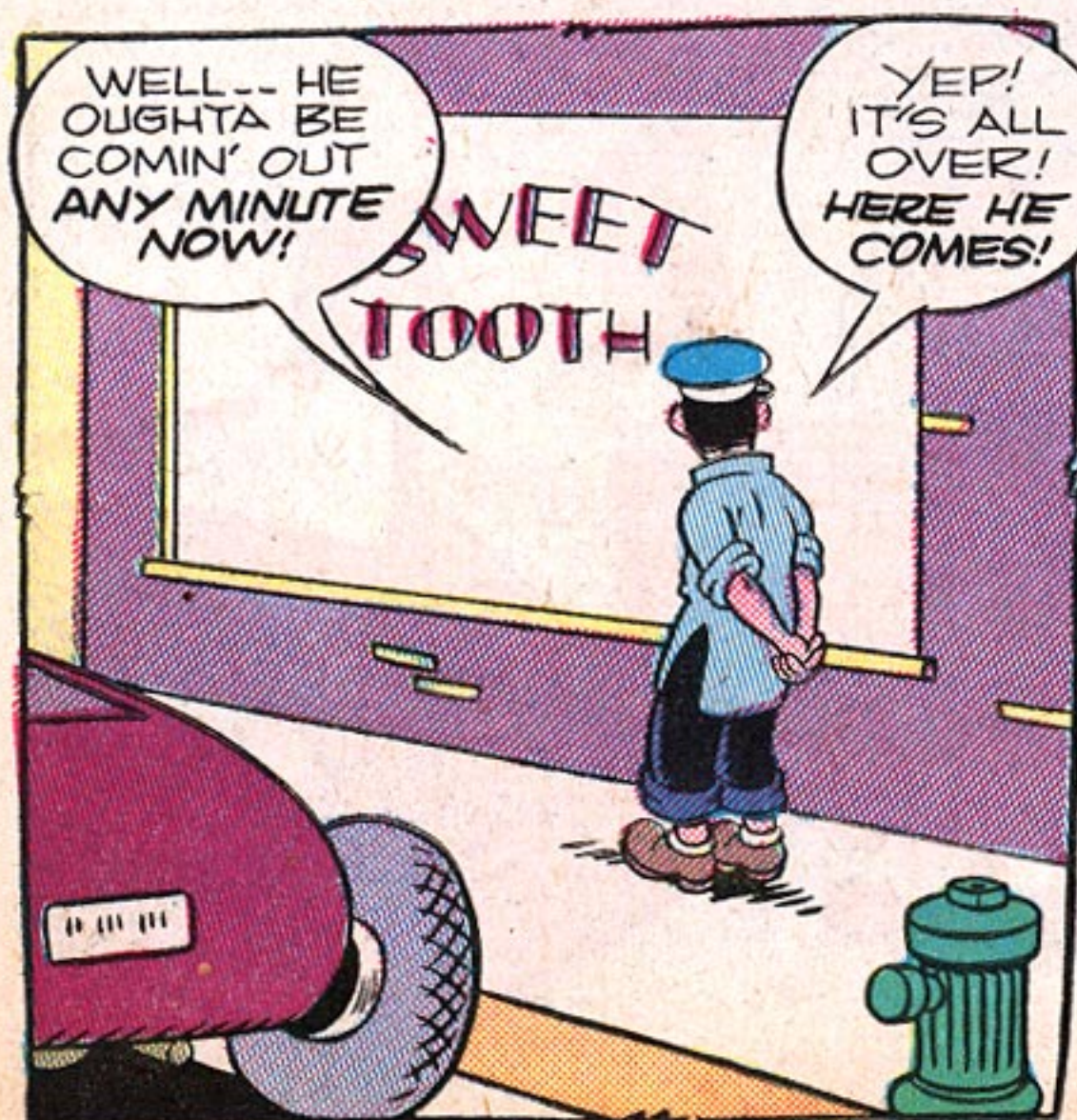
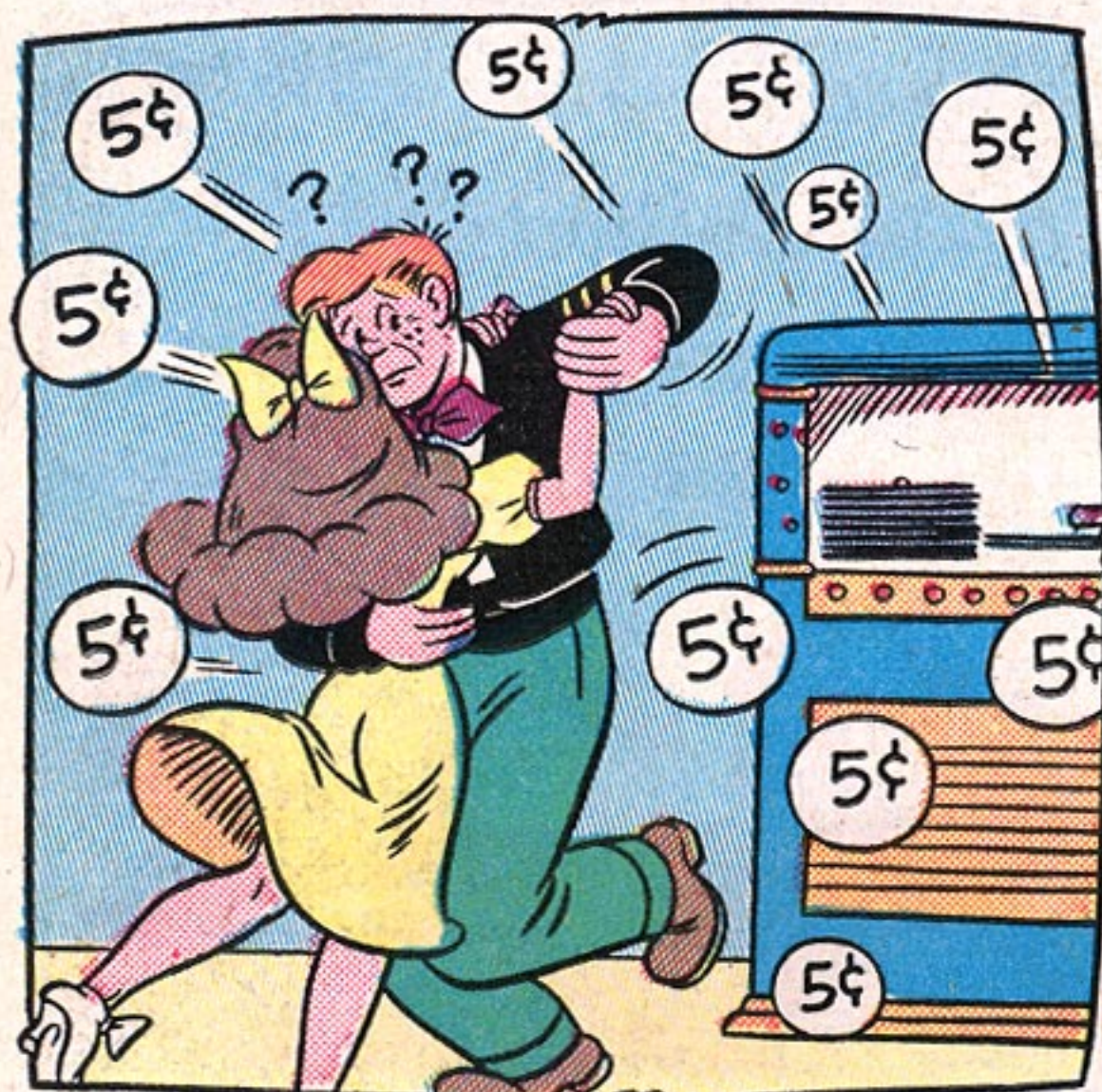
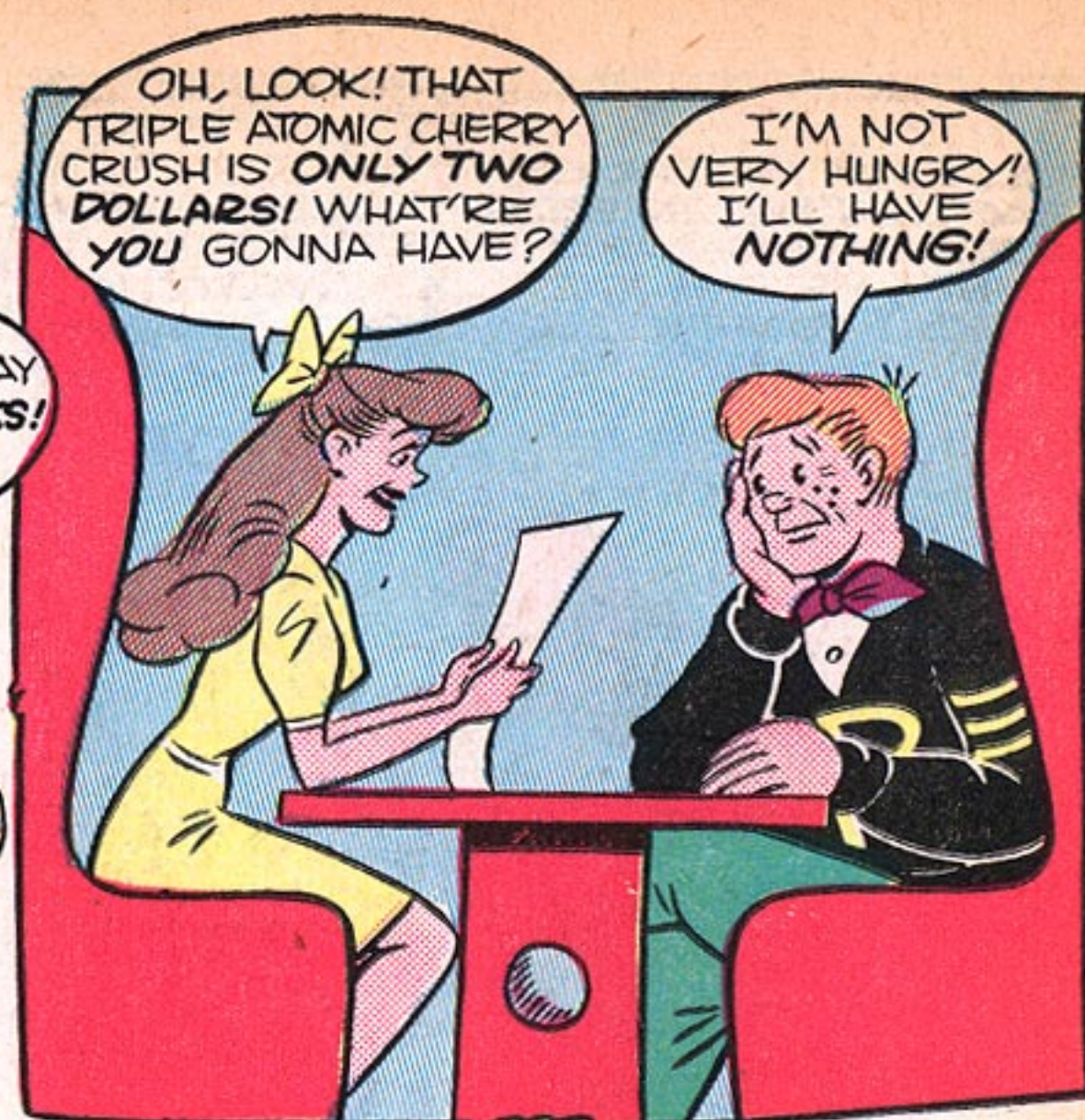
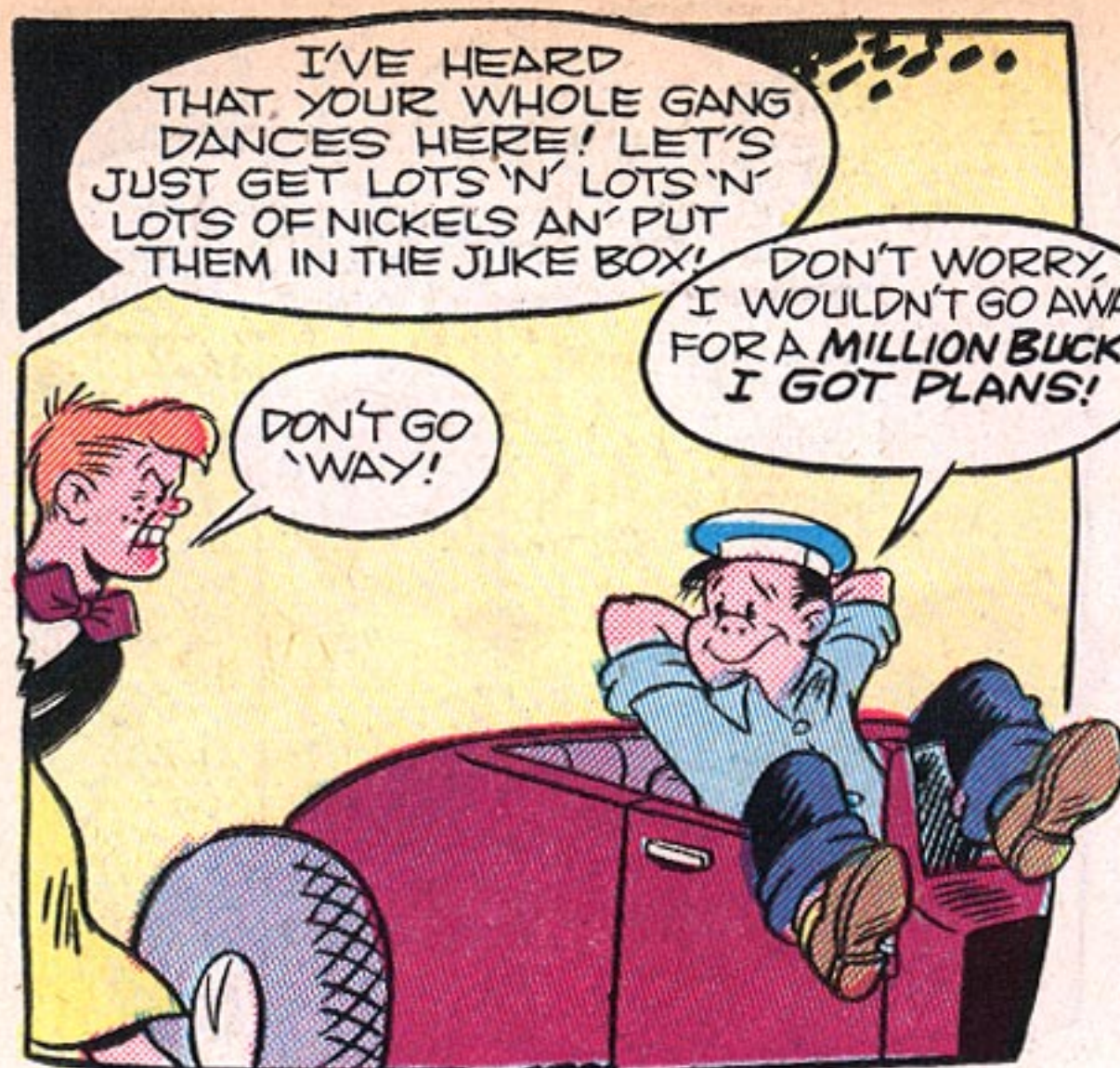
...I'LL PAY YA THEN--I'LL GIVE YA **FIVE BUCKS!**





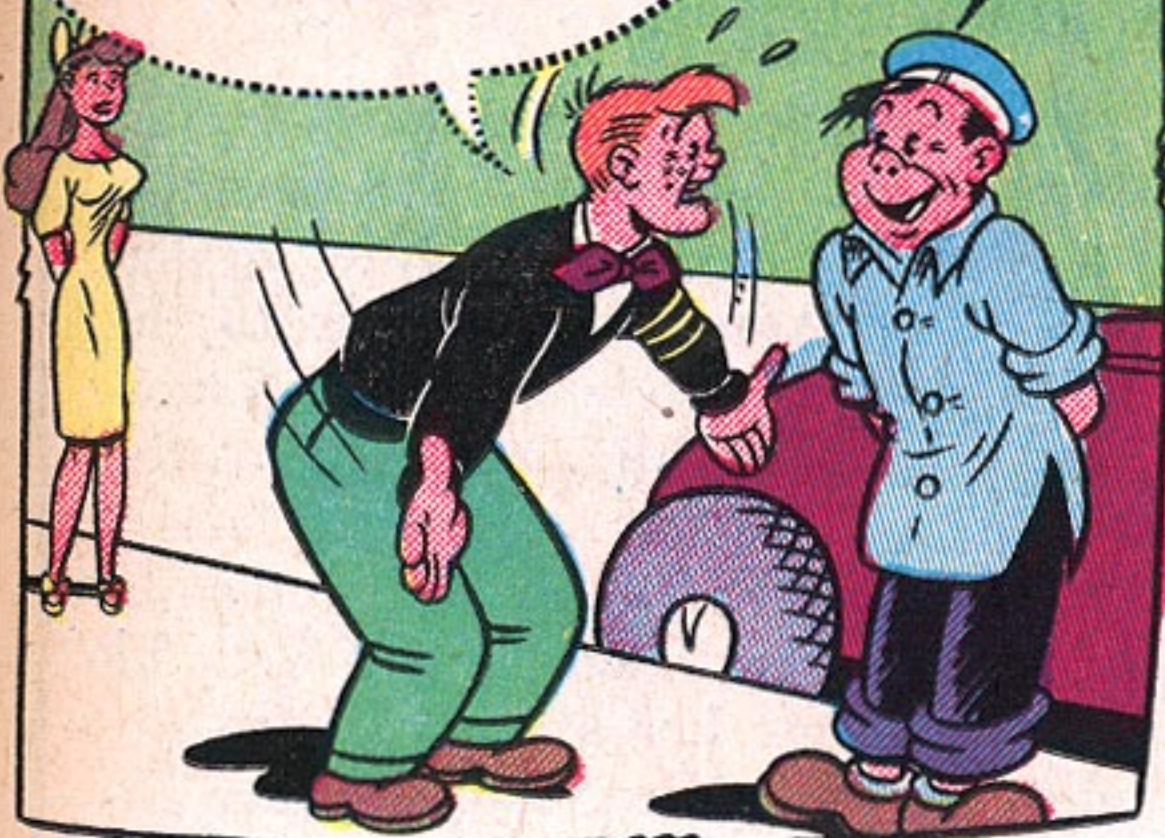






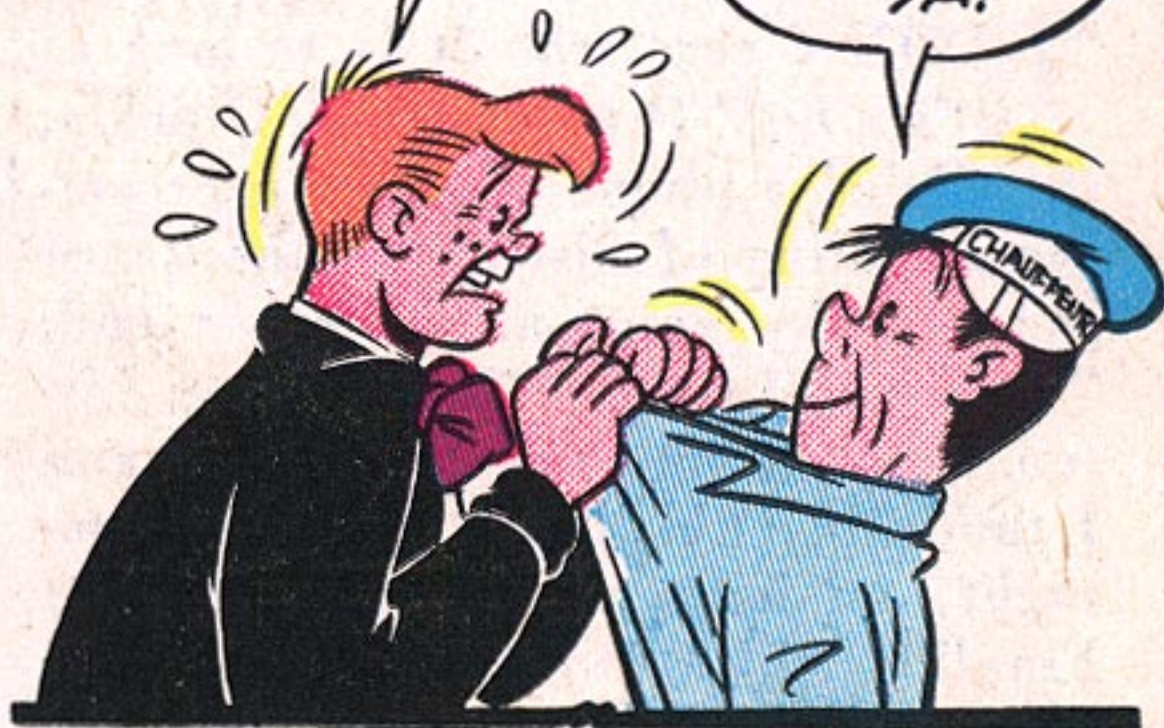
HOLY COW! THIS CHICK IS
FRACTURIN' ME! I'M BROKE
ALREADY! HOW ABOUT
LOANIN' ME THE FIVE
BUCKS I GAVE YOU TO
PLAY CHAUFFEUR?

THAT KINDA PUTS
YOU IN A TOUGH
SPOT, DOESN'T IT?
NO MONEY--



COME ON, JAMES--
ER--I MEAN JACKSON!
YA GOTTA HELP
ME! THIS IS NO
TIME TO BE
FUNNY!

OKAY,
GET UP OFF
YOUR KNEES!
I'LL HELP
YA!



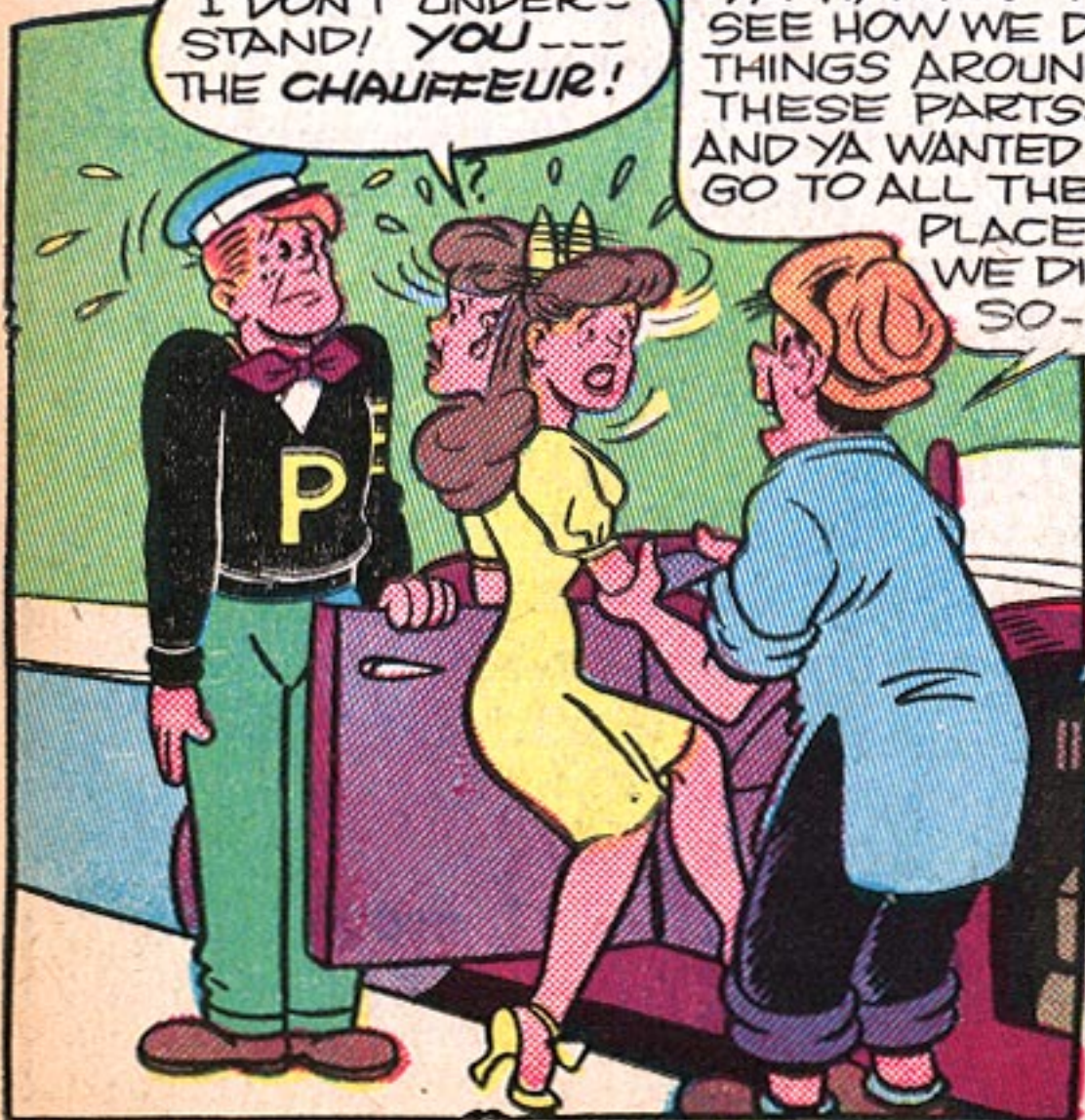
YA WANT THE GIRL TO
HAVE A **GOOD TIME**,
DONTCHA? WELL, I GOT
AN IDEA THAT WON'T
COST YA ANOTHER RED
CENT! AN' I EVEN
GET TO KEEP THE FIVE
YA GAVE ME! **ARE YA**
WILLIN'TA LEAVE
EVERYTHIN' TO ME?

SURE! **SURE!**
WHAT EVER
YA
SAY!!

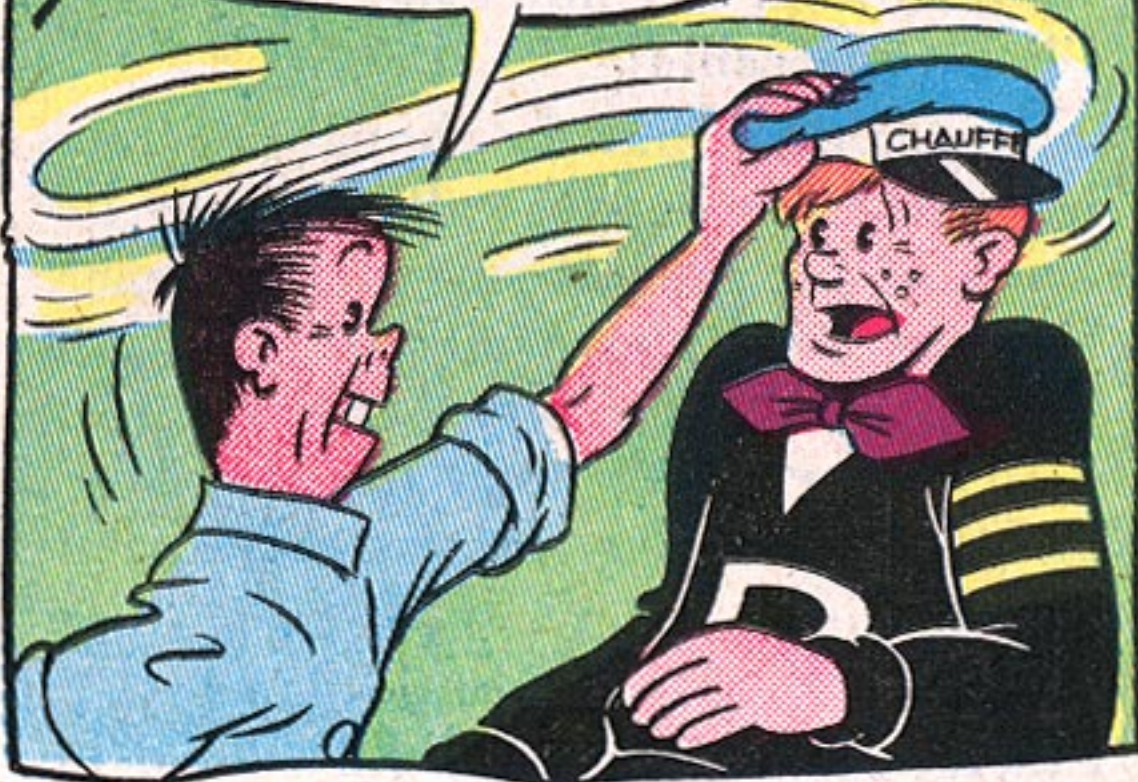


BUT NATCH,
I DON'T UNDER-
STAND! **YOU**---
THE **CHAUFFEUR!**

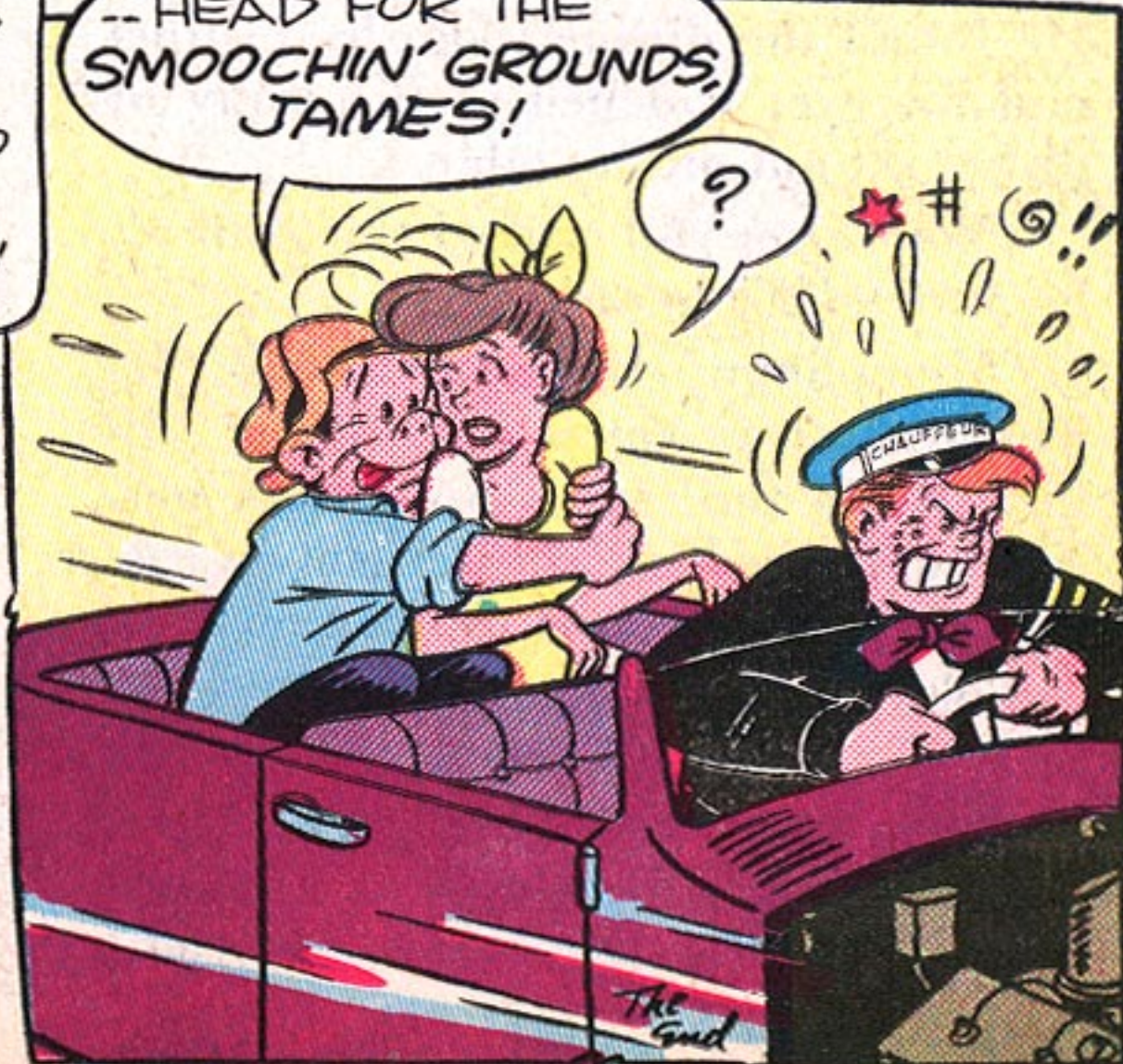
WELL, GORGEOUS,
YA WANTED TO
SEE HOW WE DID
THINGS AROUND
THESE PARTS--
AND YA WANTED TO
GO TO ALL THE
PLACES
WE DID!
SO---



OKAY! **START PLAYIN'**
CHAUFFEUR AN' I'LL
HANDLE THE
CHICK!



-- **HEAD FOR THE**
SMOOCHIN' GROUNDS,
JAMES!



The **WAY** to his **HEART**

"I DON'T care *who* it is as long as it's a *he*!" Prue declared. Quickly, she dialed a phone number, overcoming a feeling of distaste as she heard the squeaky voice at the other end. "Tubby?" she said. "This is Prue. Listen. I'm cooking an *elegant* dinner and I thought you'd like to come over tonight and help me eat it. You will? Fine!"

Now, Prue didn't think it was fine at all, but what could she do? She had no date for the school dance, although she had waited up until the very last minute and never stopped hoping.

"But the dance is *tomorrow*!" she wailed, "and if I don't have an escort, I'll be miserable!"

It was then that she thought of Tubby Sanders, who was called Tubby because of his general size and tendency to prize food above all else. She had heard her mother say, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," and that gave her this last-minute inspiration.

Tubby Sanders rang the doorbell at exactly six o'clock. Late for school he might be, but never late for dinner! He found the dining room by instinct and his eyes widened at the array of dishes set out on the table.

"You mean you cooked this stuff all by *yourself*?" he asked.

"Mmm-hmm." Indeed Prue had. She had used every spice in the spice cabinet, made the sauces as rich as possible, and piled whipped cream on custard and meringue on top of that!

Tubby ate as he had never eaten before. There was no one to suggest that perhaps he had had enough. And so, Tubby ate and ate and ate . . . until his eyes were glazed and his voice seemed to be coming from far away.

Prue decided that the time for action had come. "Tubby," she murmured, offering him a third helping of dessert, "have you asked anyone to the dance yet? The school dance, tomorrow?" She flirted her eyelashes at the stupefied Tubby.

It worked! Before huffing and puffing his way home, Tubby told Prue he would call for her at eight sharp the following night. Prue had won her all-important escort!

"It was worth washing all those dishes. *And* the pots!" Prue reflected the following day, as she primped for the dance. "It will even be worth going with Tubby Sanders!" Prue brushed her hair, giving it fifty strokes. She felt very much the woman of the world, having tried strategy on an unsuspecting male . . . with success!

As Prue debated whether her mother would notice a touch of mascara on her lashes, she heard the phone ring in the hall below. A few minutes later, her mother came up the stairs and entered Prue's room.

"That was Tubby Sanders," Prue's mother said.

"I guess he wanted to know what kind of flowers to bring, huh?"

"No, dear." Mother's voice was quietly sympathetic. "He's got an upset stomach and can't go out at all tonight. He thinks it was something he ate!"

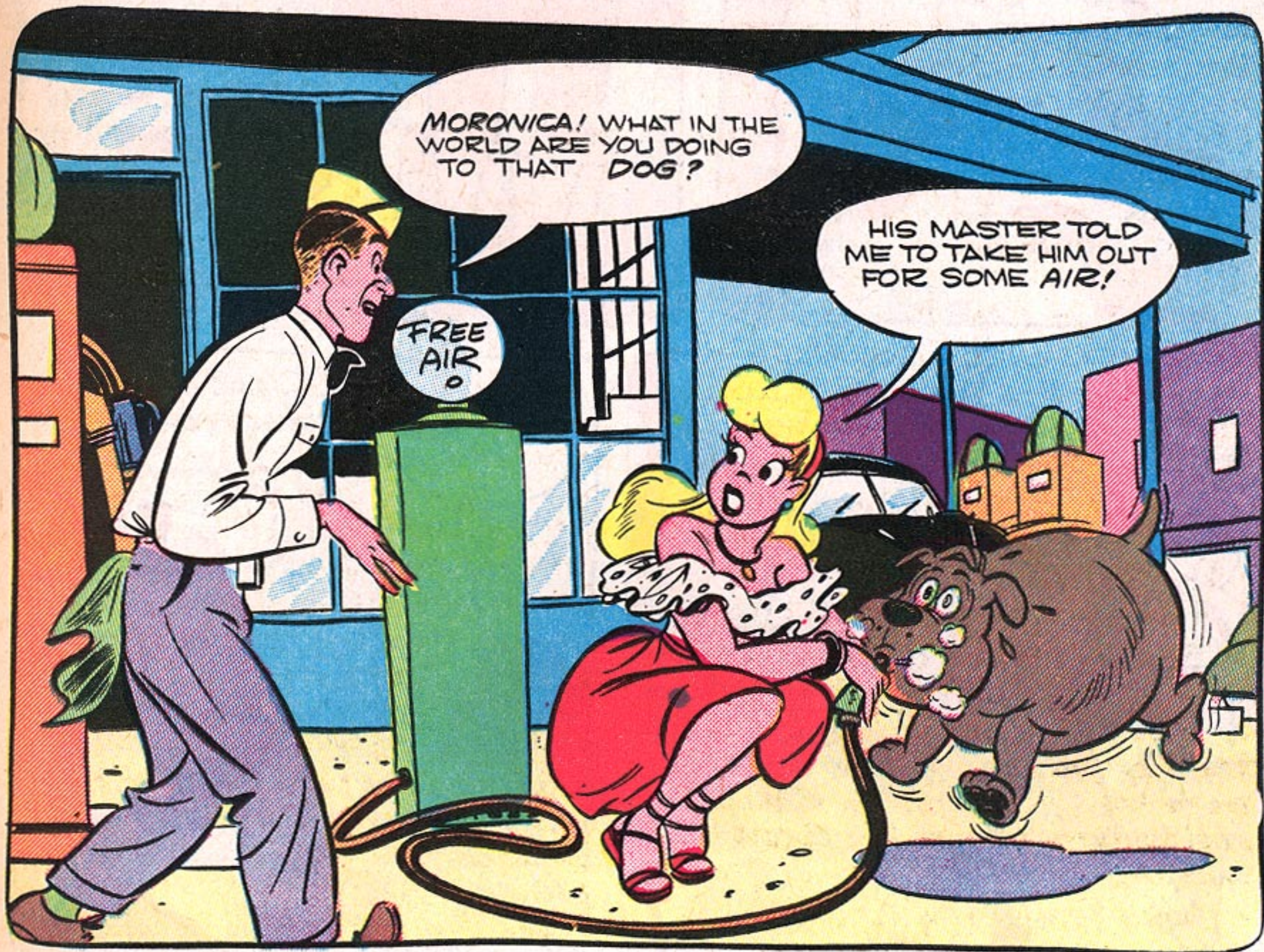
Prue blushed. Strategy! Woman of the world! Well, maybe she didn't have an escort to the dance, but she'd learned *one* thing. As she removed her party dress, she said hesitatingly, "Mother, there's something I'd like to have for my birthday, if you don't mind."

"What is it, dear?" mother asked.

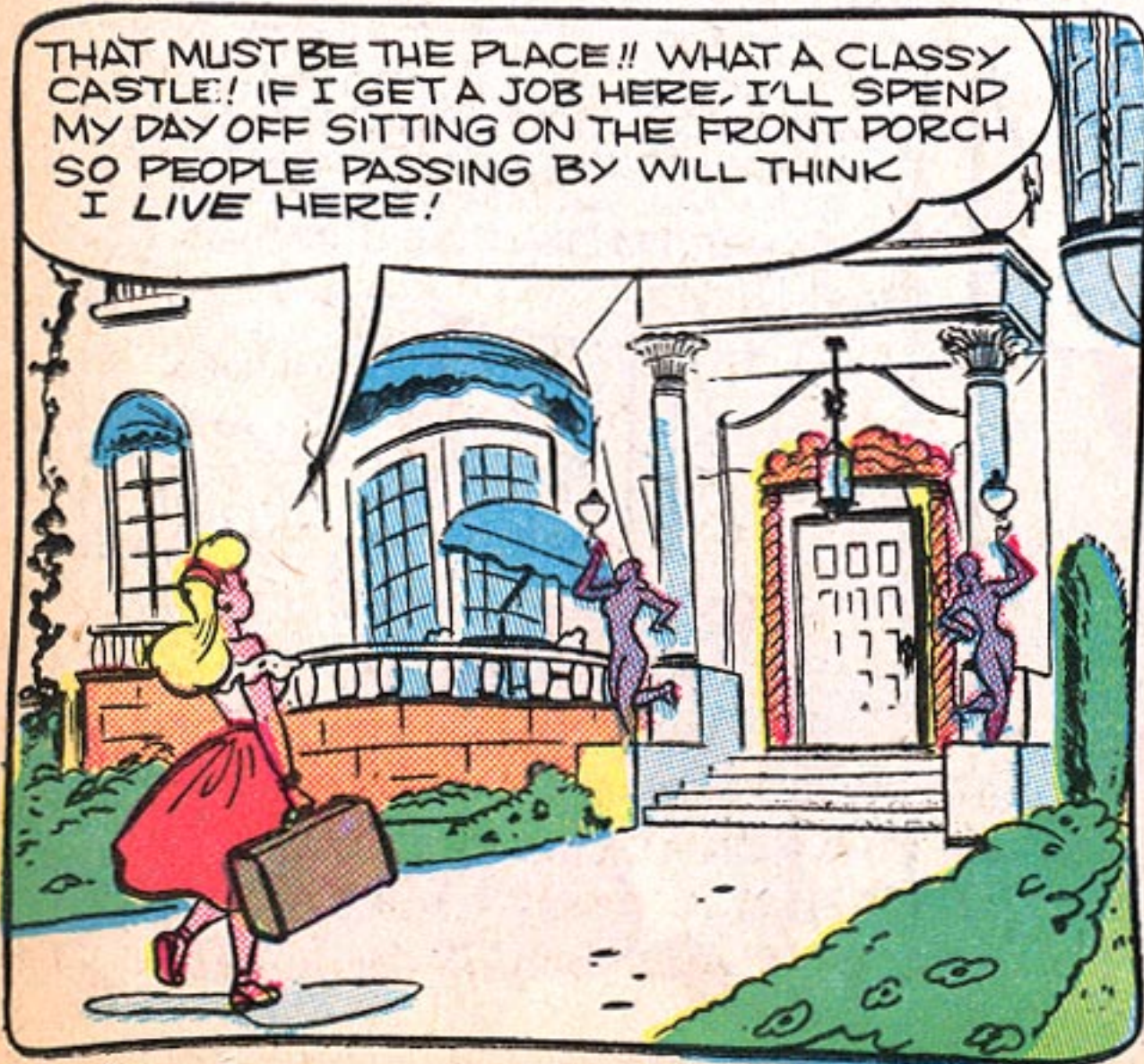
"A good cook book!" Prue confessed.

MORONICA

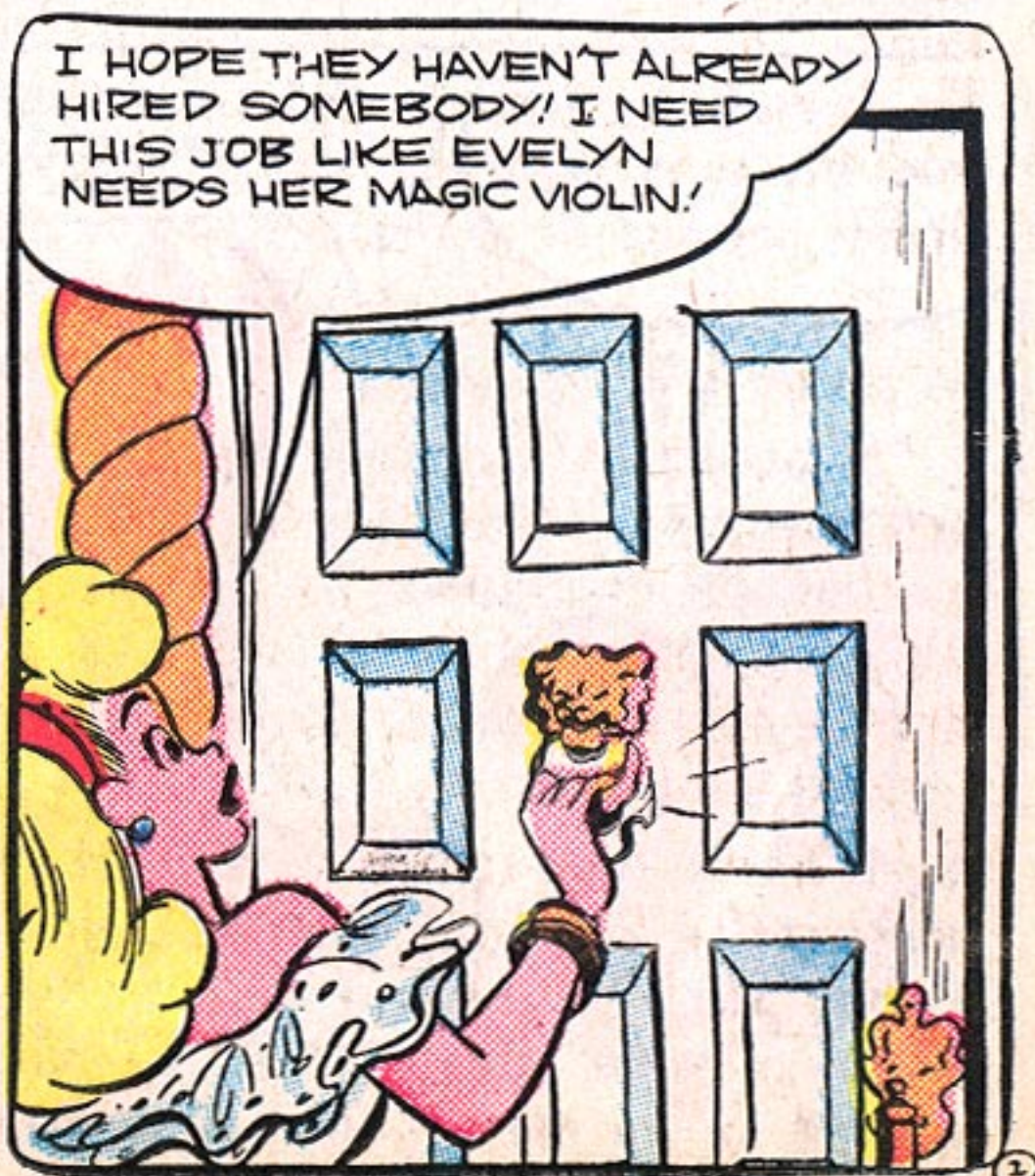
MISS
NIT-WIT
OF
1950

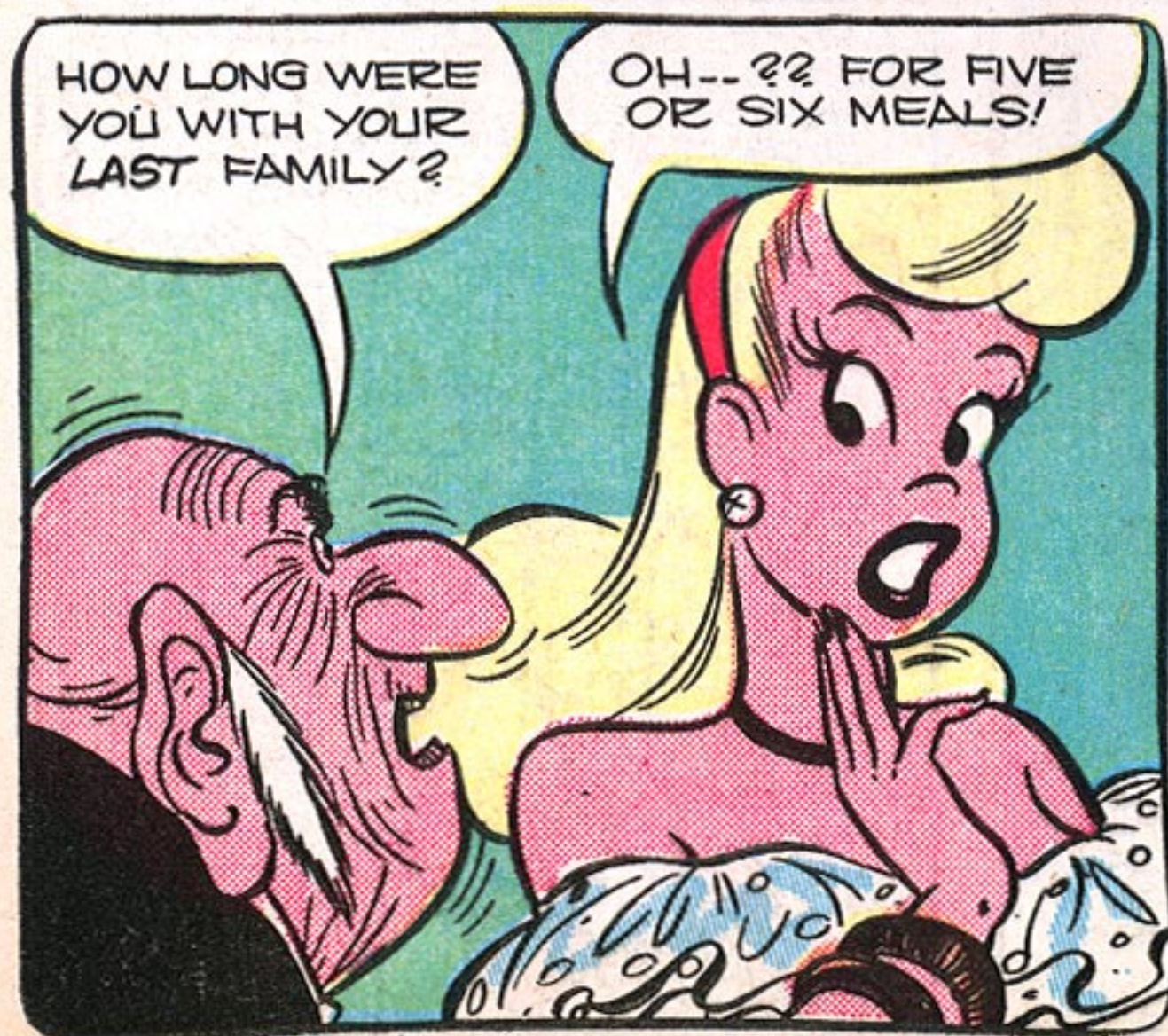
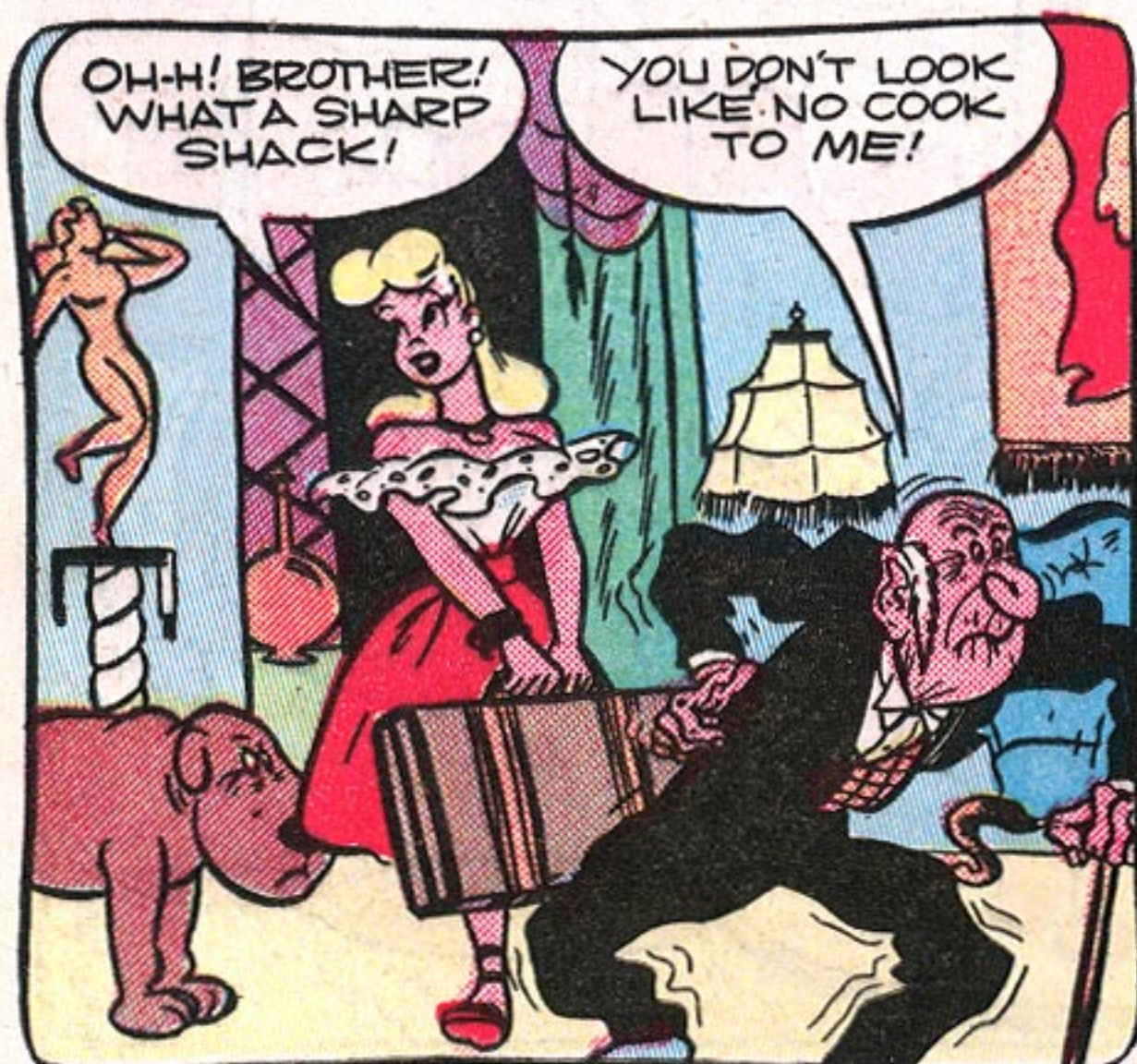
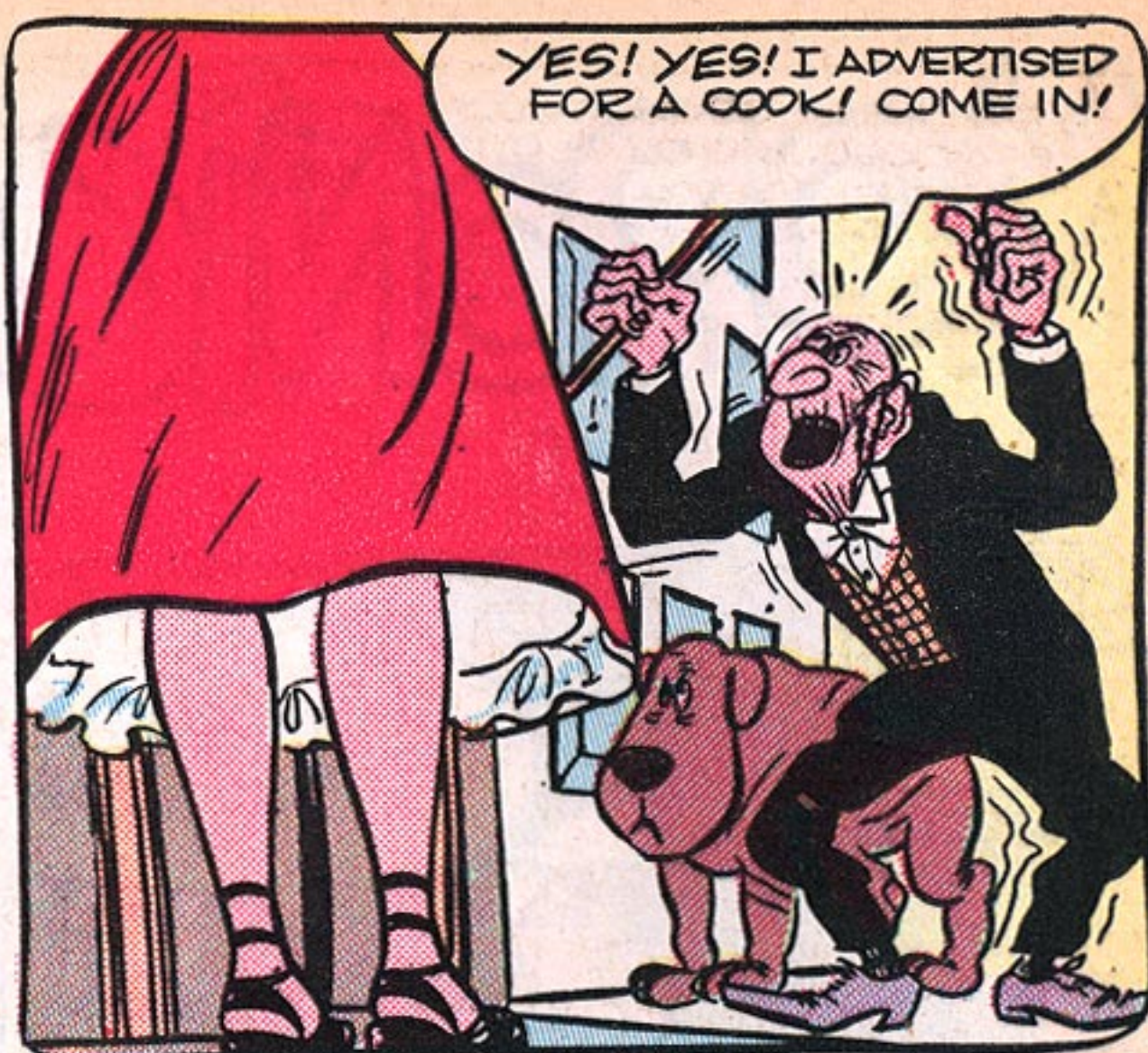


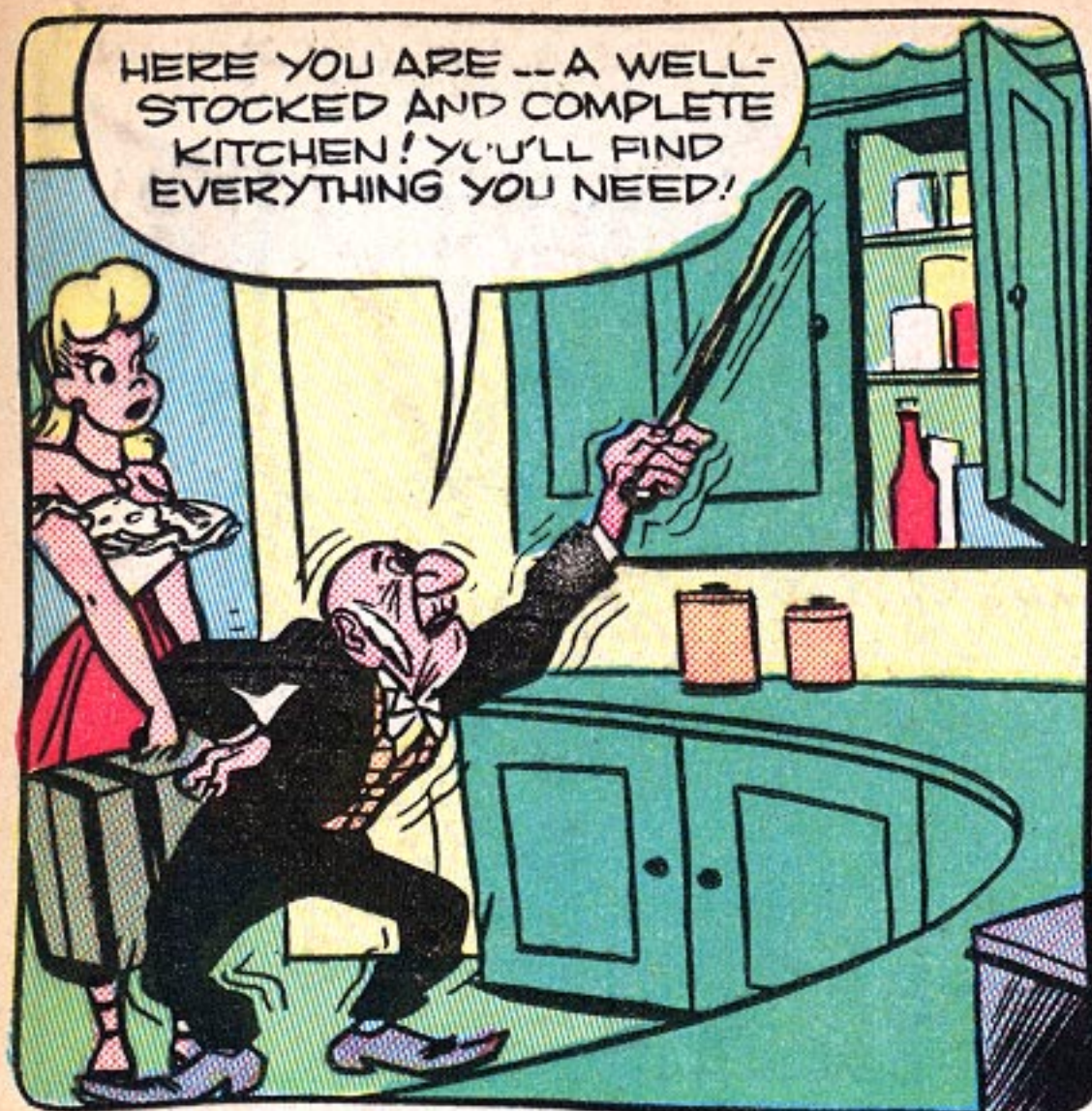
THAT MUST BE THE PLACE!! WHAT A CLASSY CASTLE!! IF I GET A JOB HERE, I'LL SPEND MY DAY OFF SITTING ON THE FRONT PORCH SO PEOPLE PASSING BY WILL THINK I LIVE HERE!



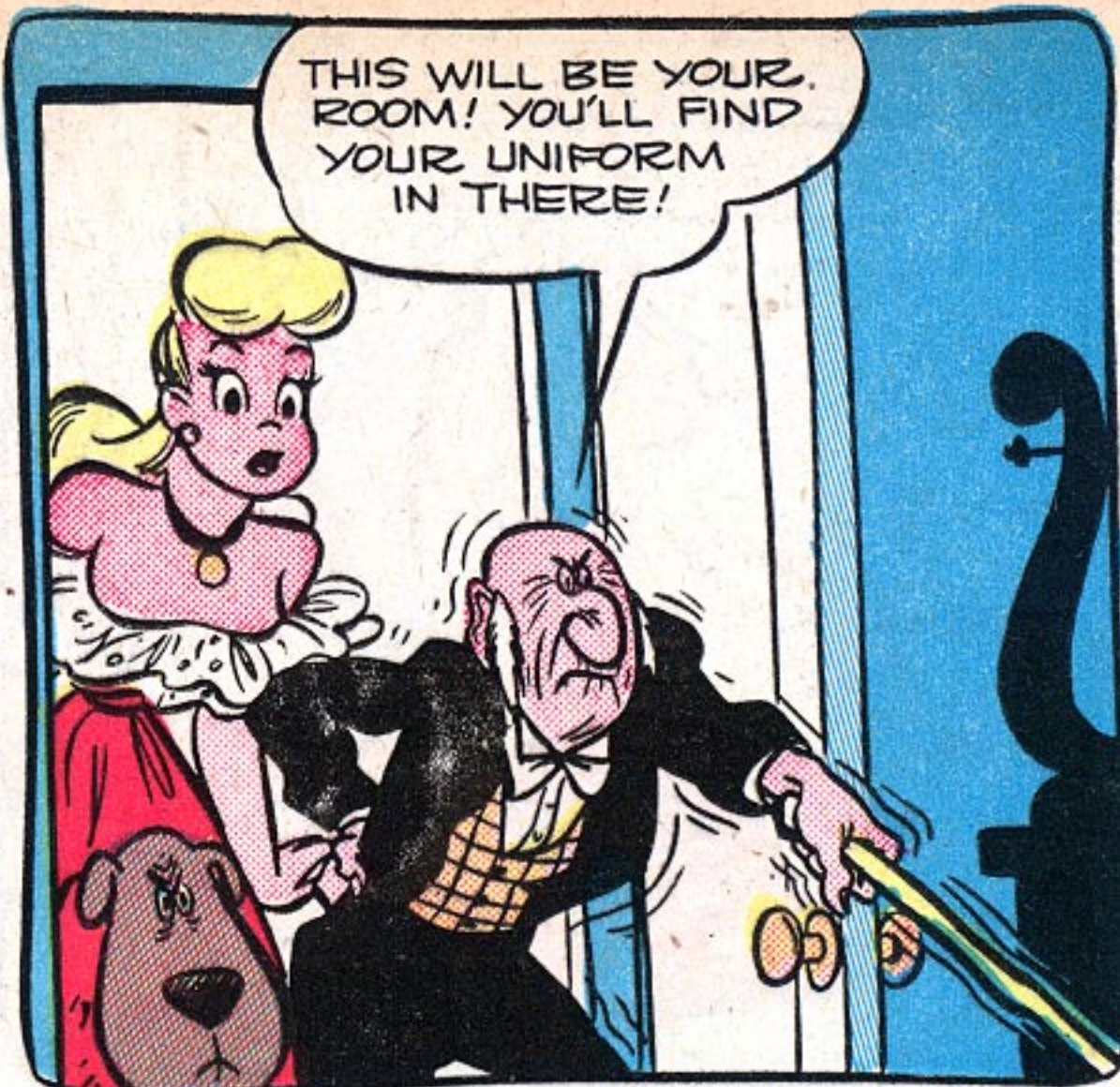
I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T ALREADY HIRED SOMEBODY! I NEED THIS JOB LIKE EVELYN NEEDS HER MAGIC VIOLIN!



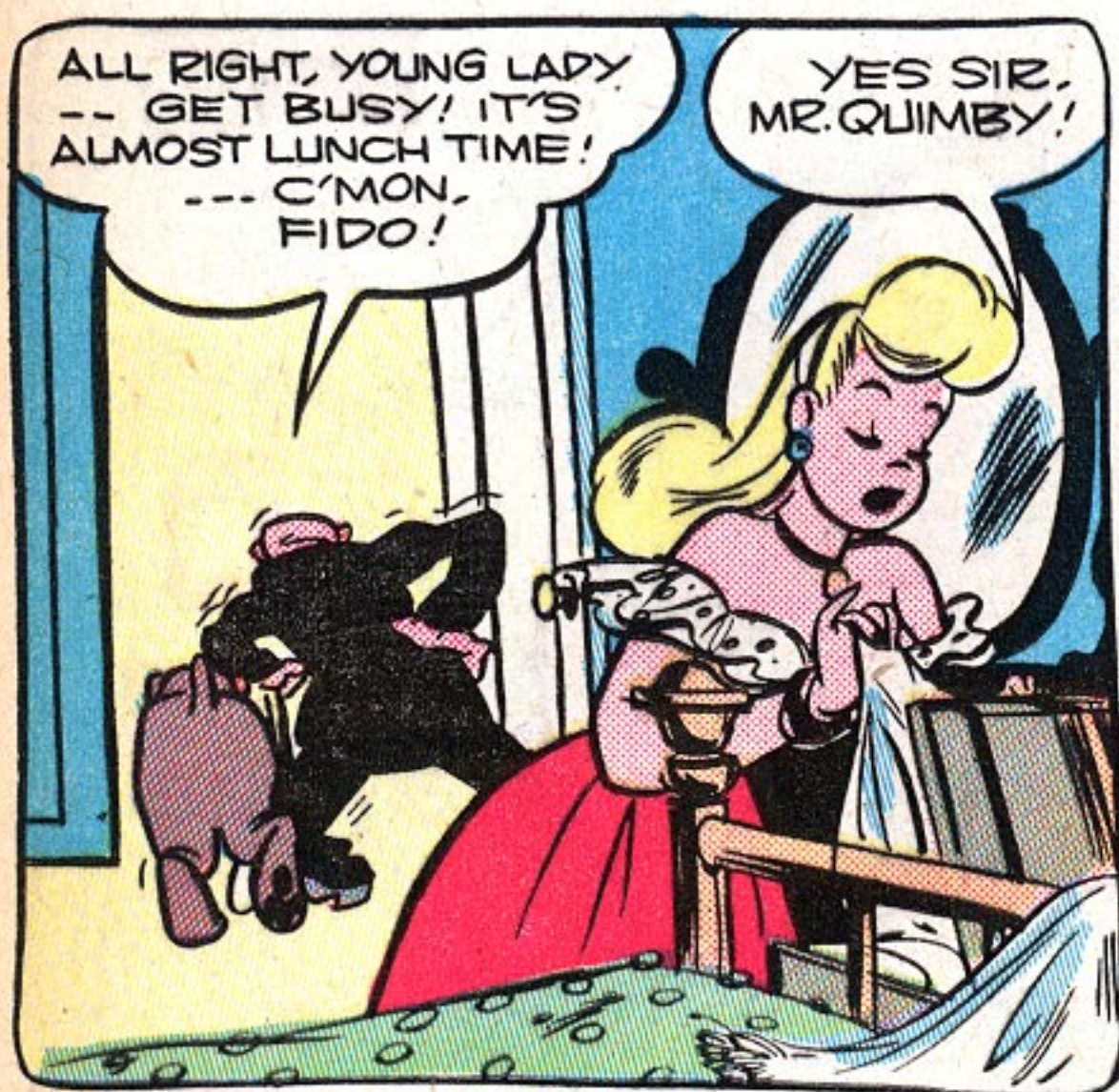




HERE YOU ARE -- A WELL-STOCKED AND COMPLETE KITCHEN! YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING YOU NEED!

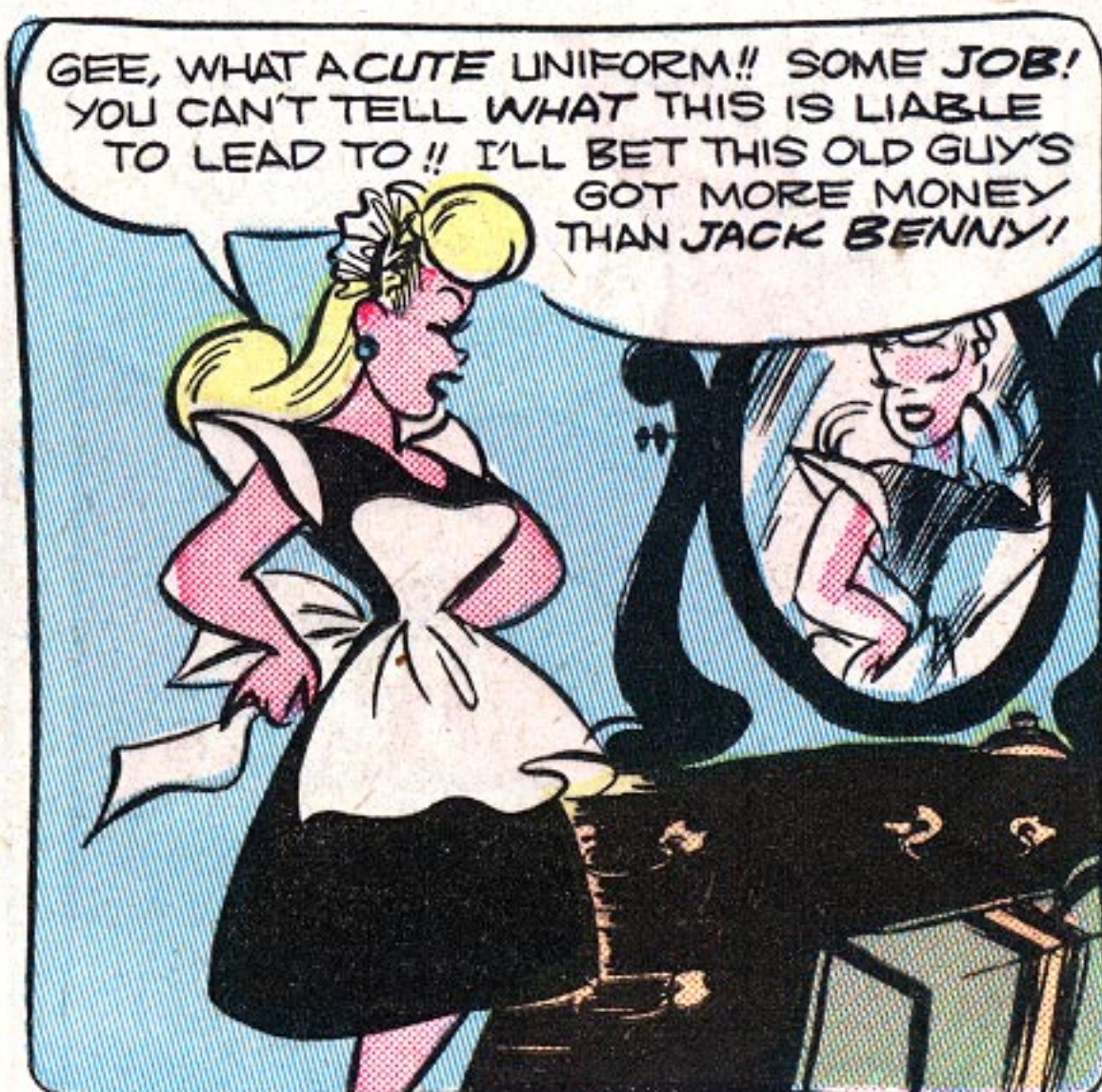


THIS WILL BE YOUR ROOM! YOU'LL FIND YOUR UNIFORM IN THERE!

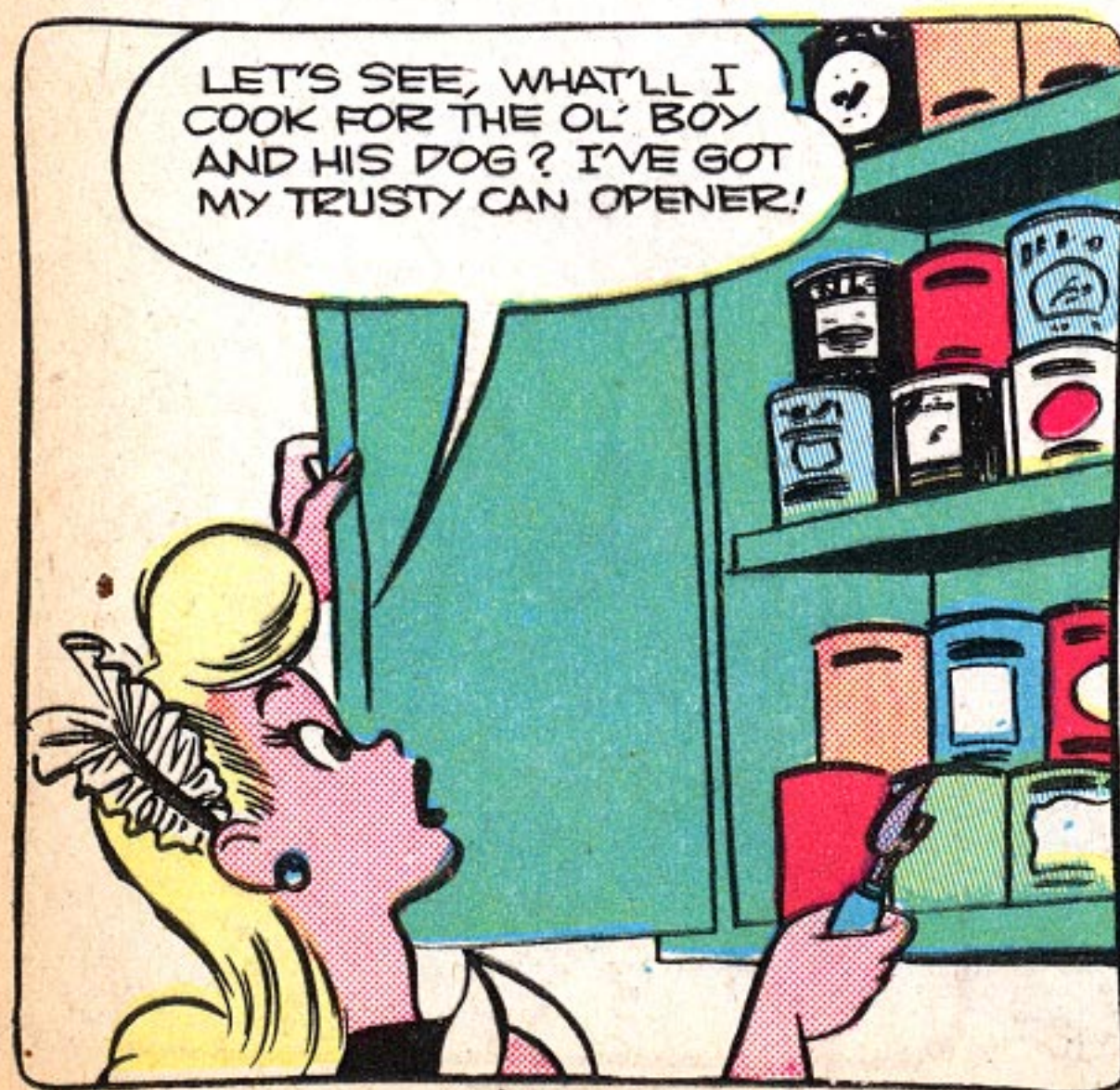


ALL RIGHT, YOUNG LADY -- GET BUSY! IT'S ALMOST LUNCH TIME! --- C'MON, FIDO!

YES SIR, MR. QUIMBY!



GEE, WHAT A CUTE UNIFORM!! SOME JOB! YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT THIS IS LIABLE TO LEAD TO!! I'LL BET THIS OLD GUY'S GOT MORE MONEY THAN JACK BENNY!



LET'S SEE, WHAT'LL I COOK FOR THE OL' BOY AND HIS DOG? I'VE GOT MY TRUSTY CAN OPENER!

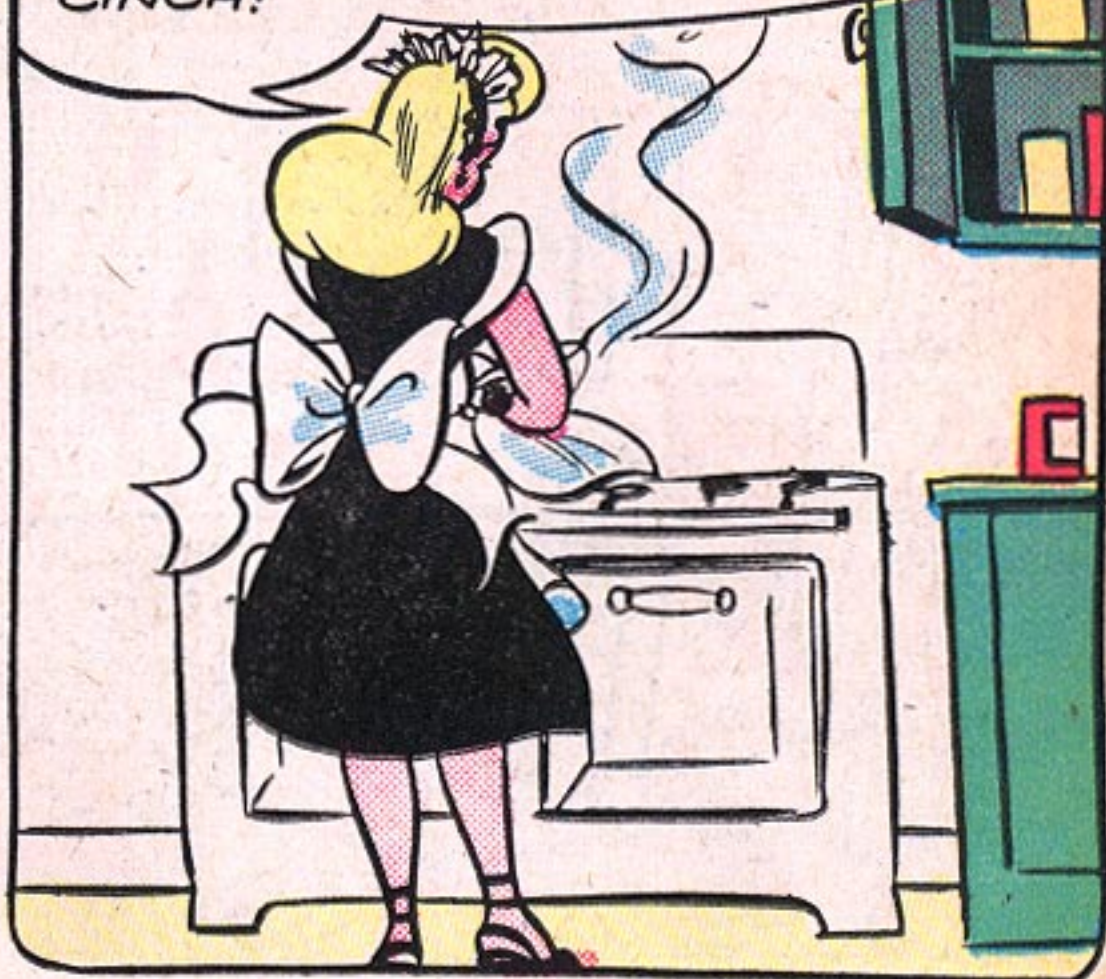


THIS OUGHTA BE EASY TO COOK! "BAKER'S BEEF HASH -- TO PREPARE, SIMPLY PLACE CAN IN BOILING WATER!"

LET'S SEE NOW, A -- B... HERE IT IS...
HOW TO BOIL WATER!



GOSH, IS THIS ALL THERE IS TO BOILING
WATER? THIS COOKING ROUTINE IS
GOING TO BE A
CINCH!



I'LL JUST PUT
THIS CAN OF HASH
IN THE WATER --
AN' IN A FEW
MINUTES, OL' MAN
QUIMBY'S LUNCH WILL
BE READY TO SERVE!



NOW WHAT DO I FIX
FOR THE DOG?

OH--THERE'S
SOME CANNED
DOG FOOD!



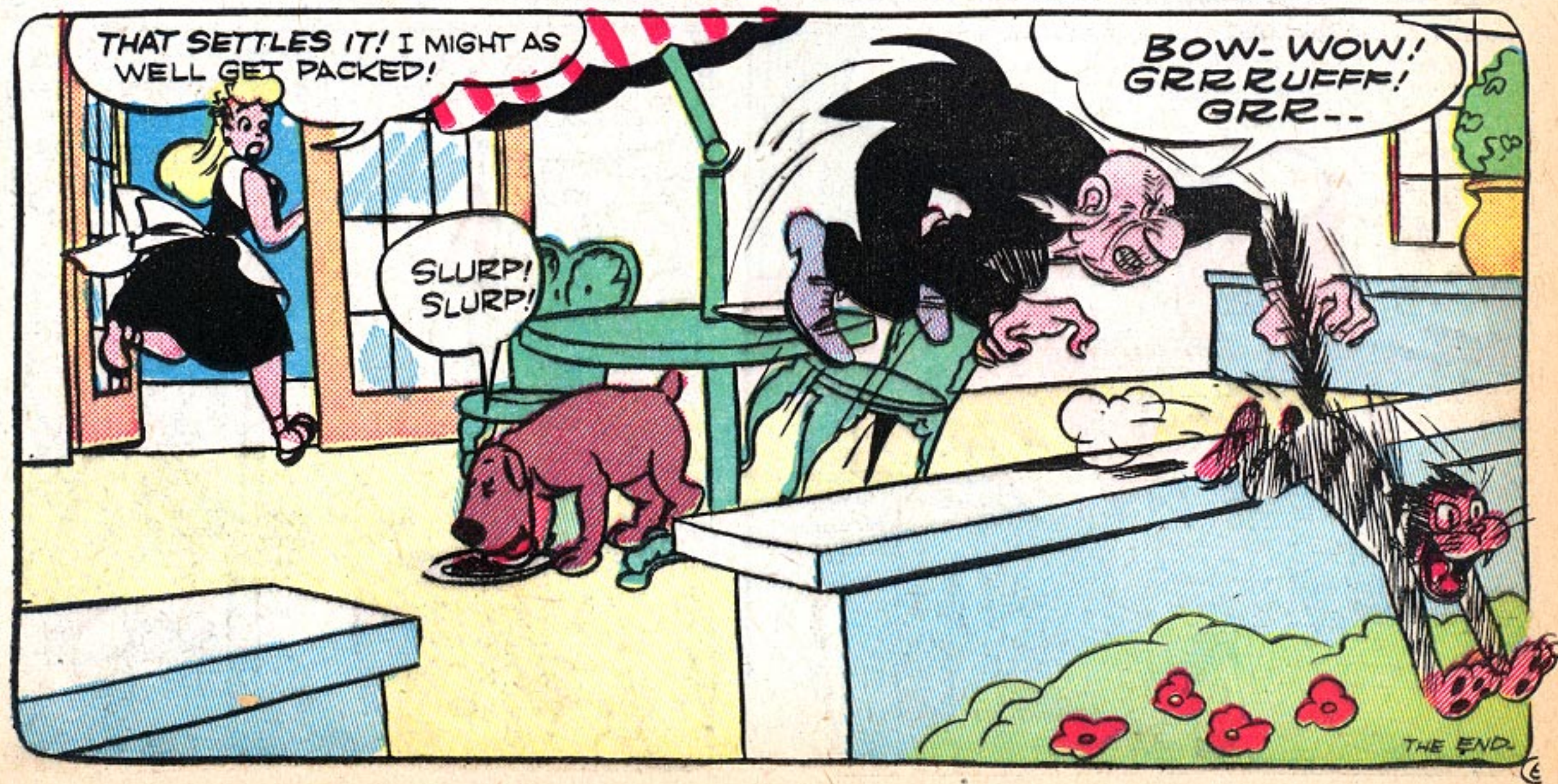
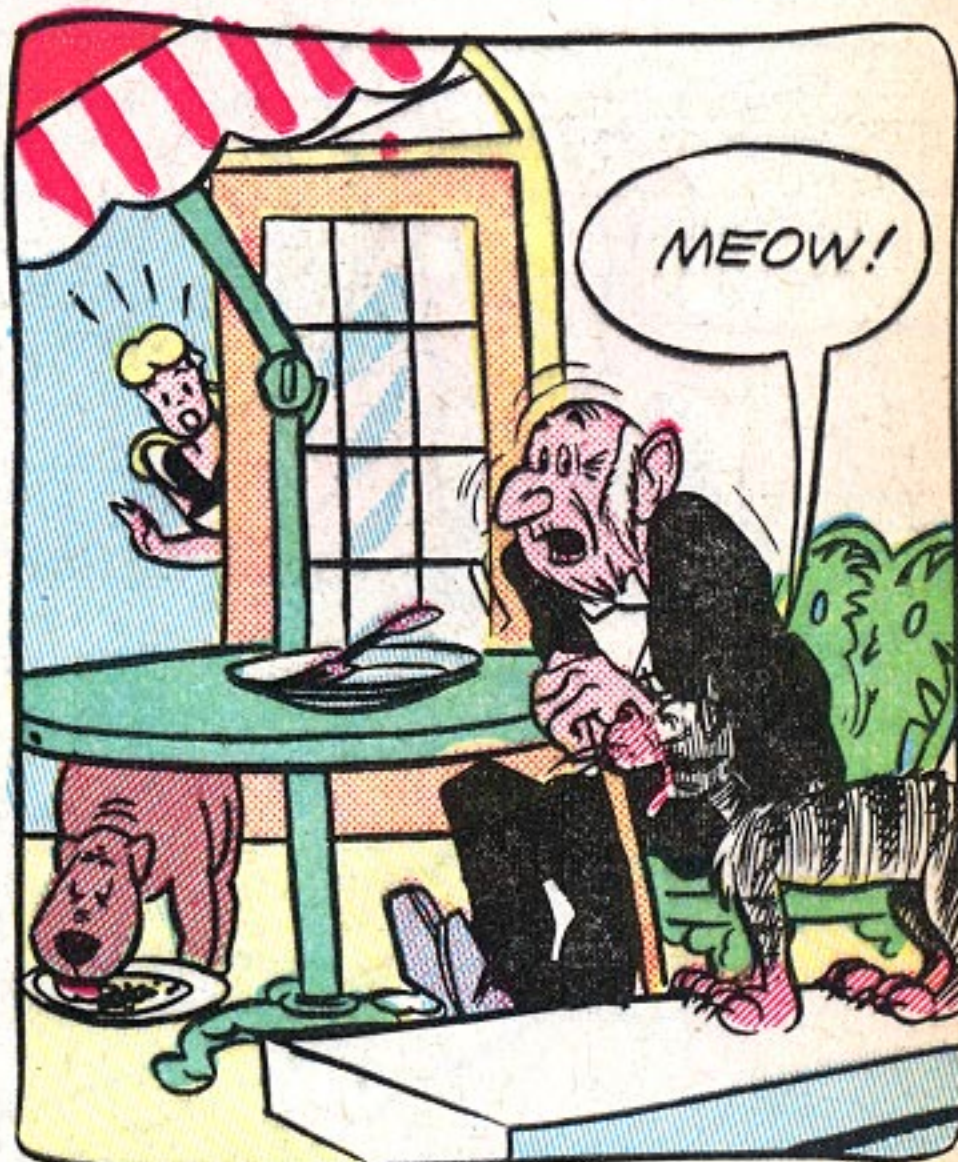
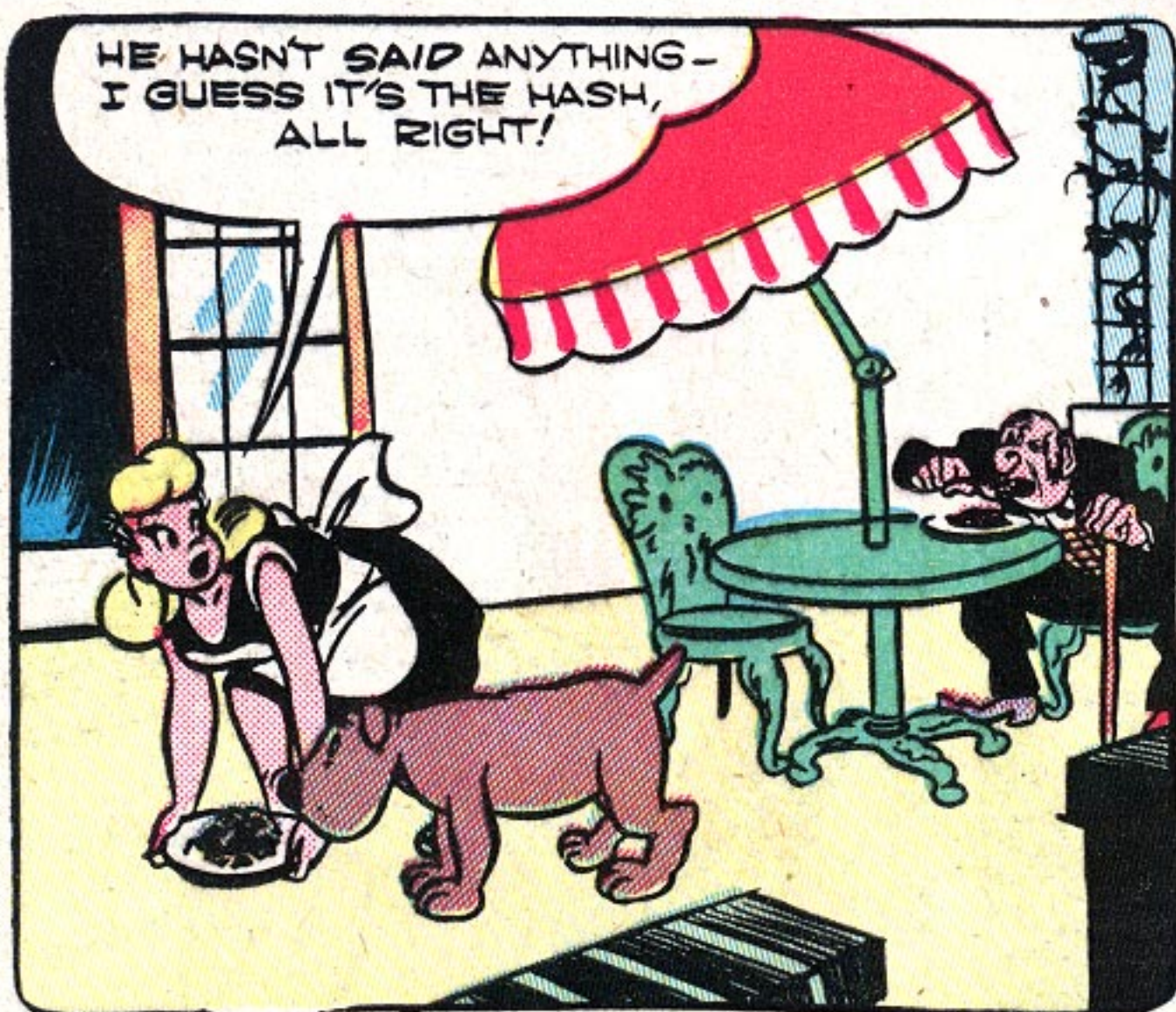
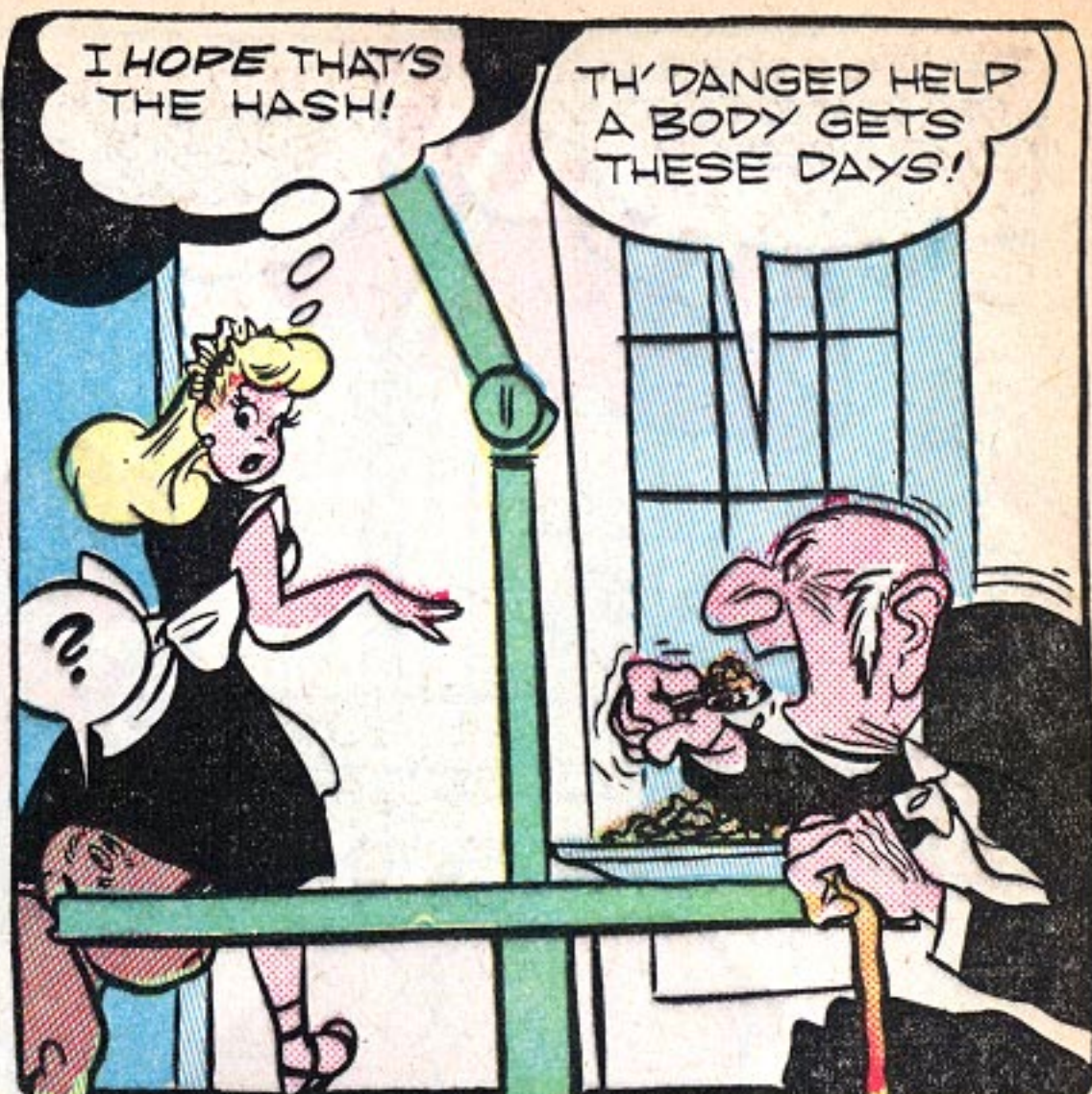
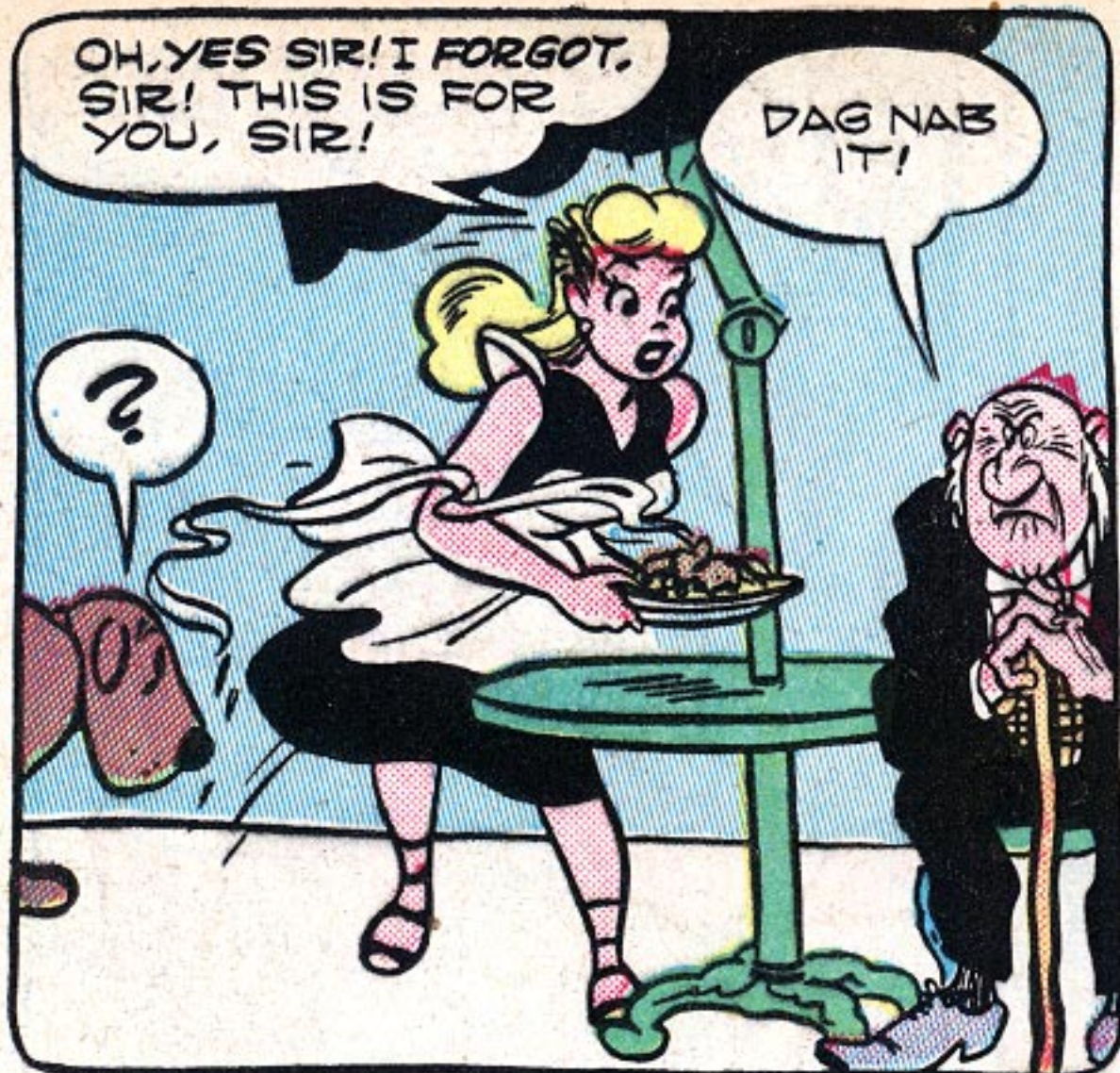
"TO PREPARE, PLACE
CAN IN BOILING
WATER FOR THREE
MINUTES!"



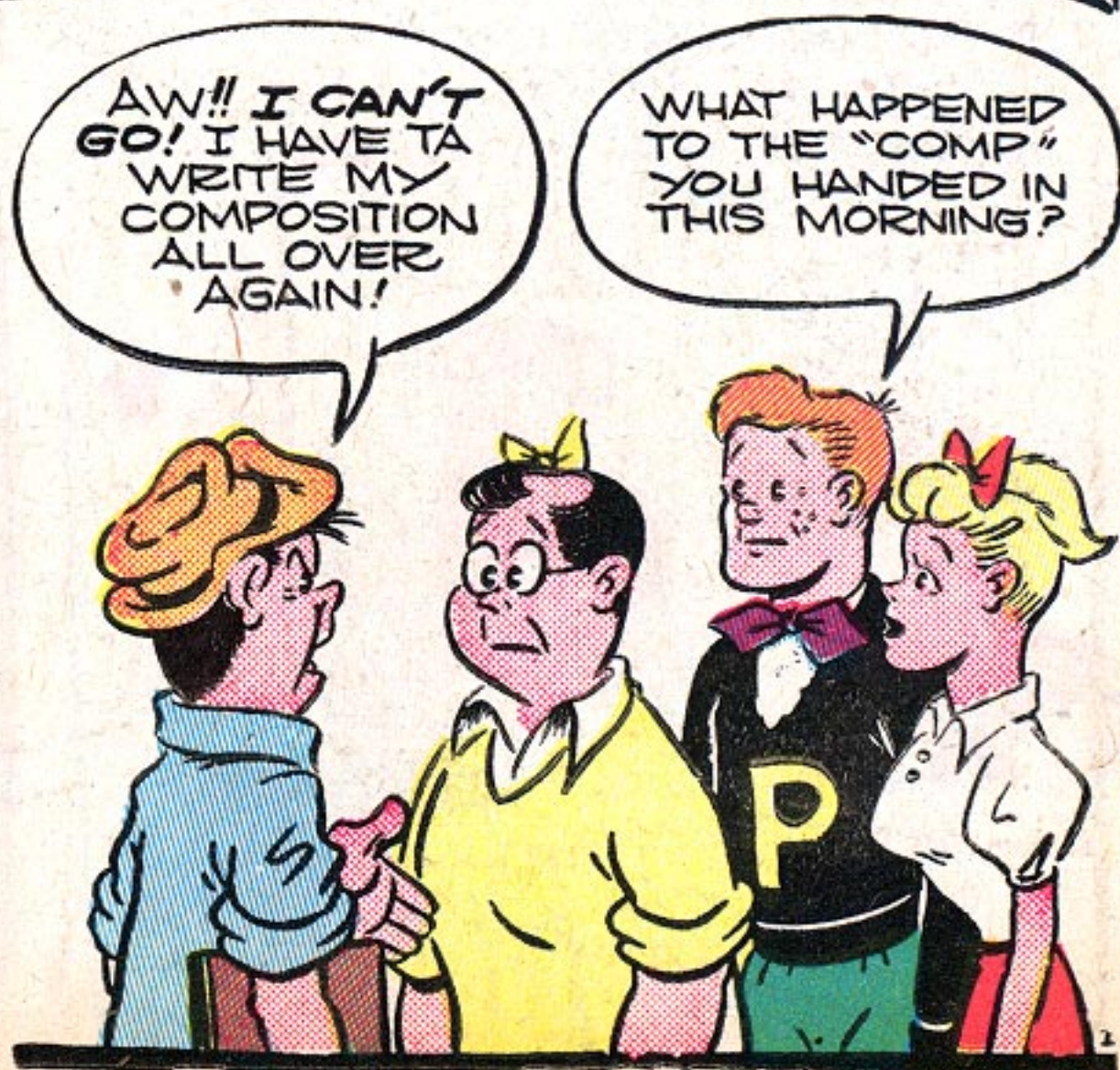
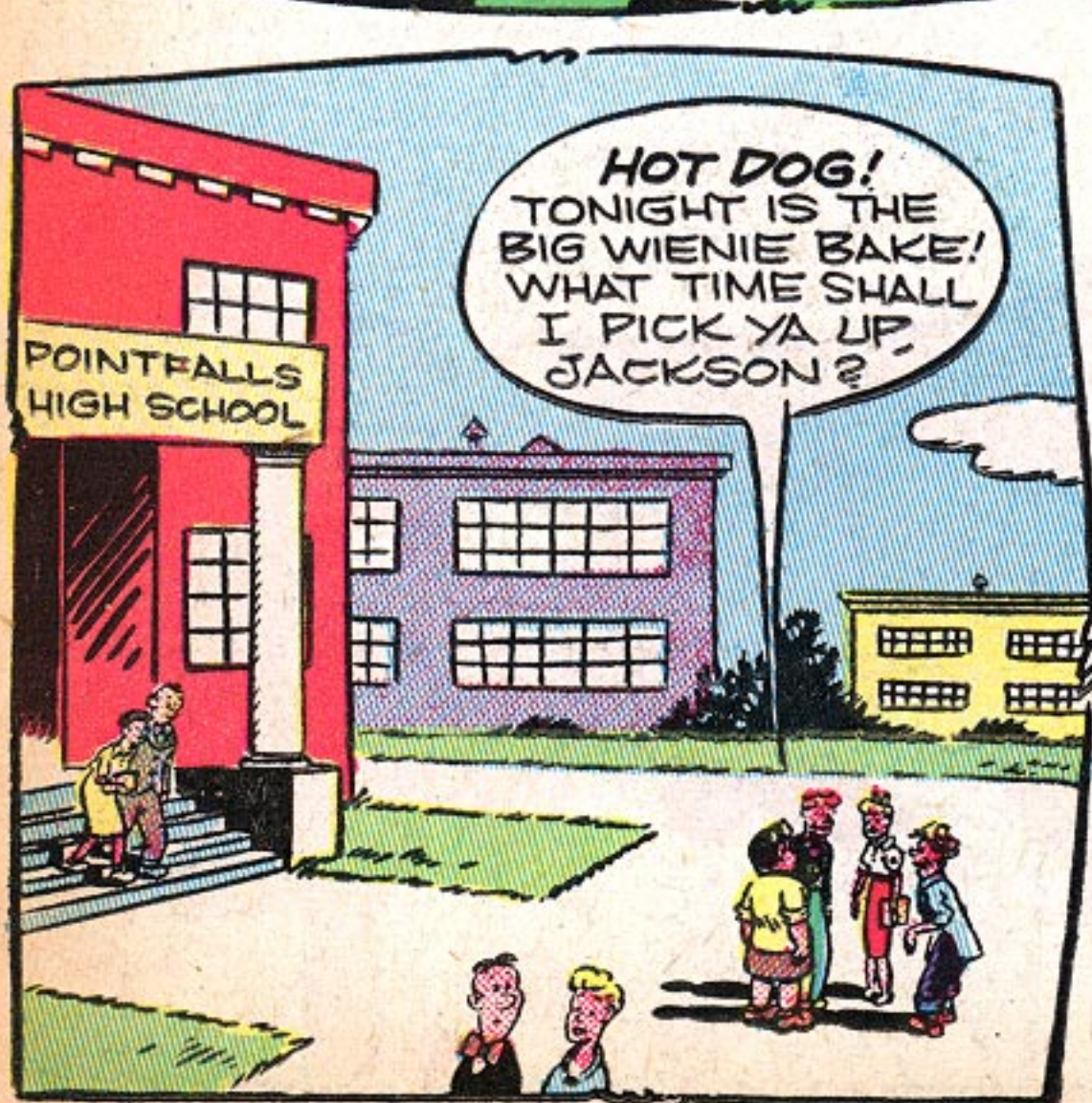
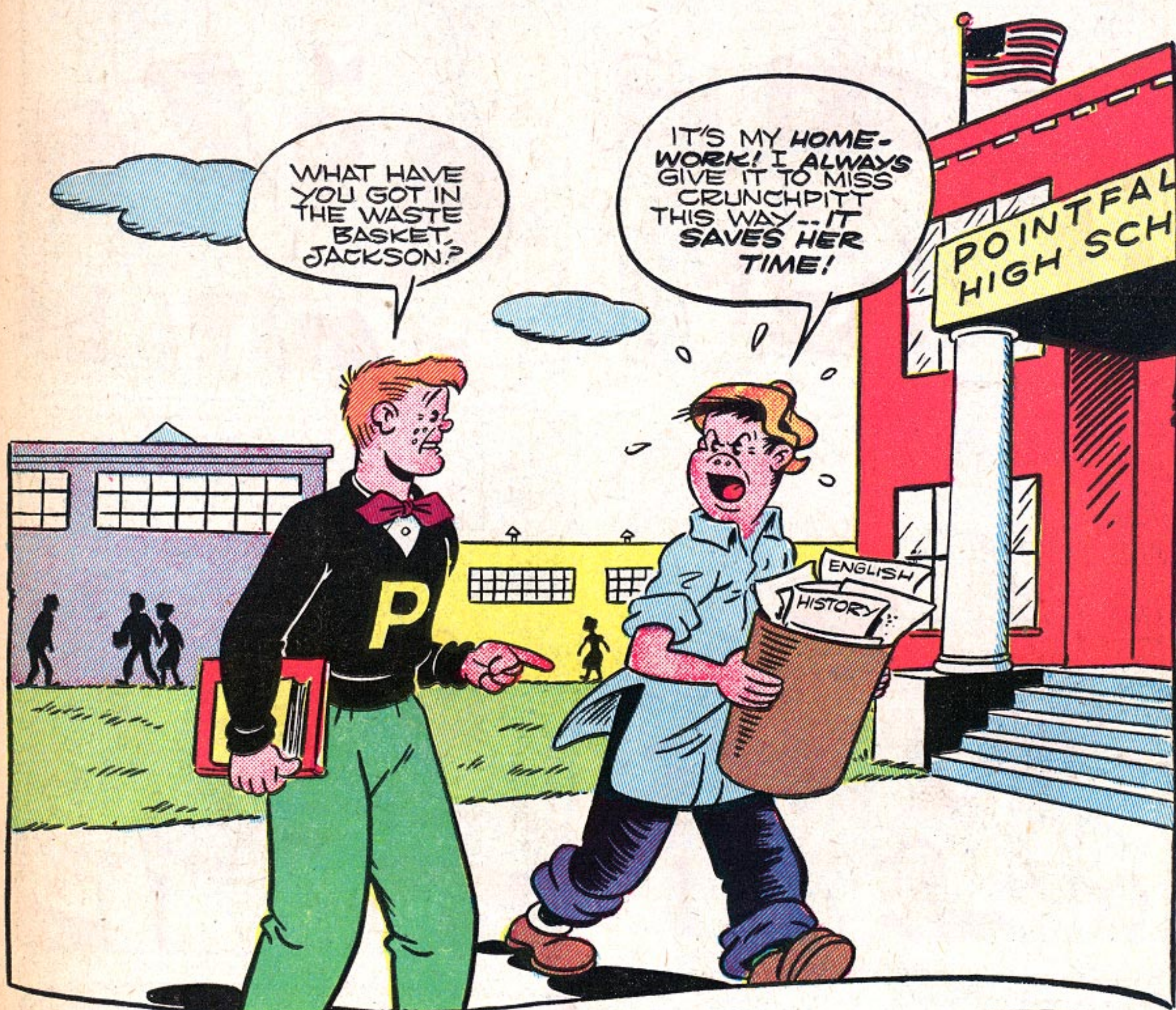
I'LL JUST HEAT IT IN THE
SAME WATER WITH THE
OL' MAN'S HASH!

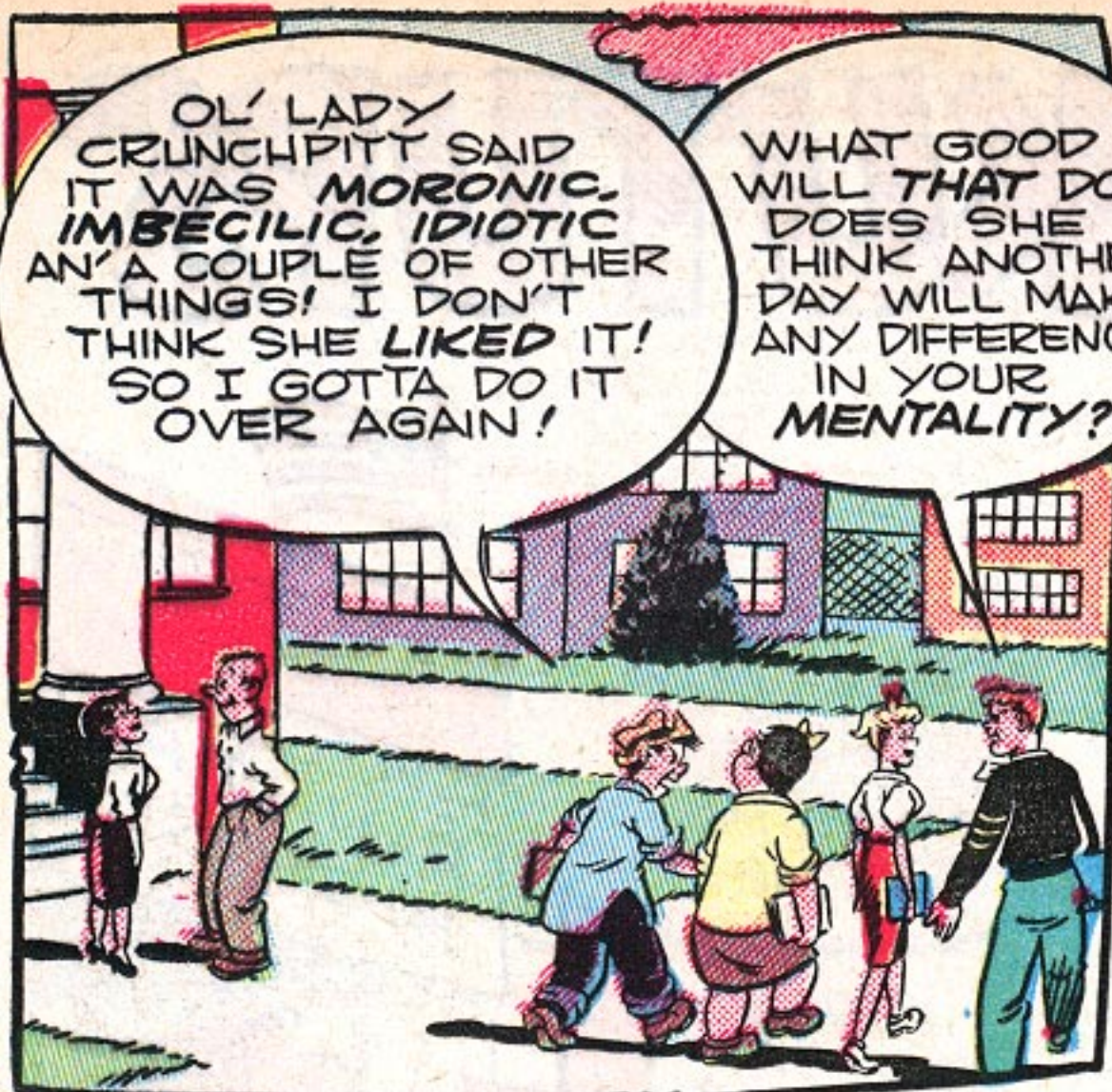






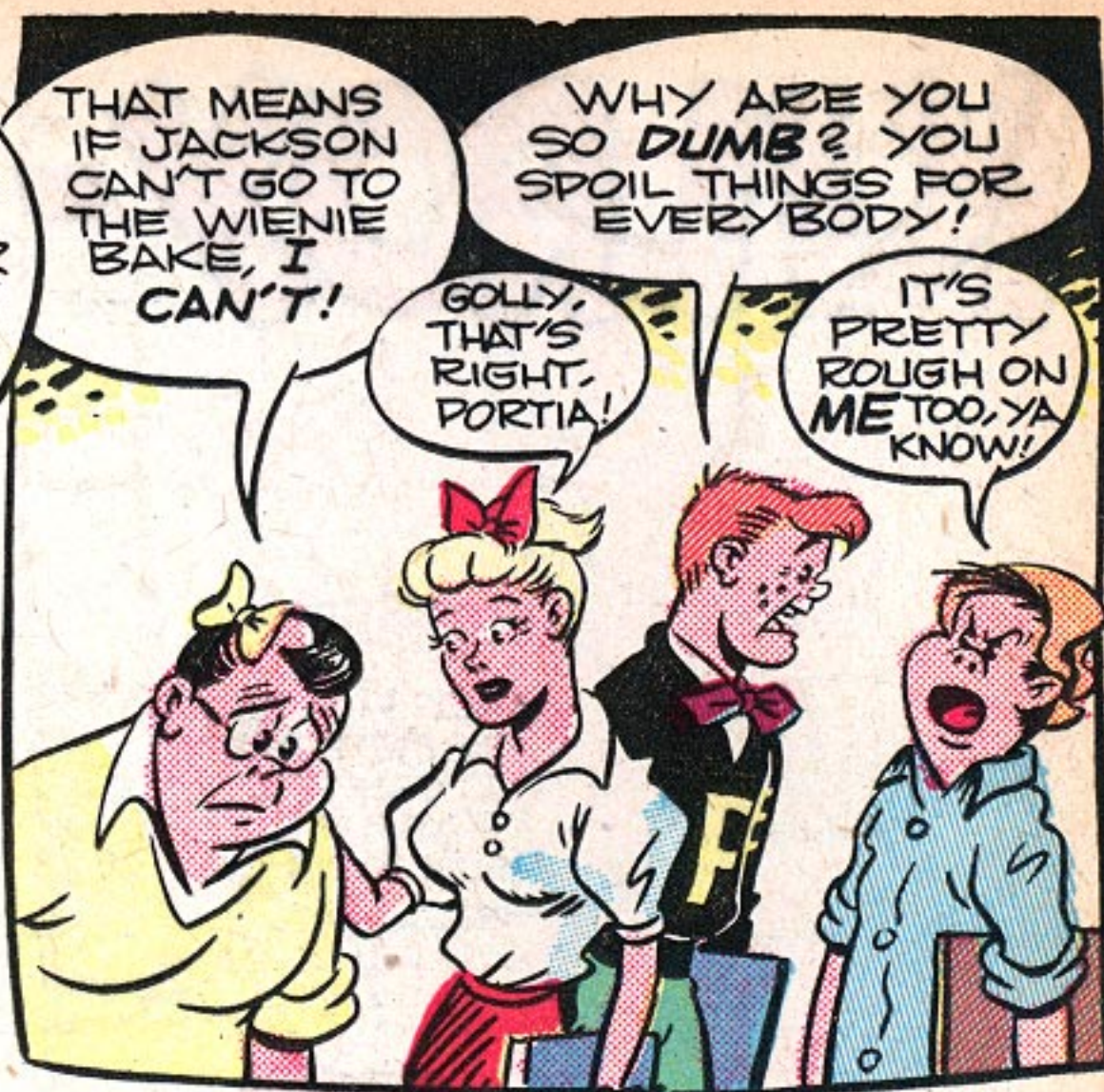
KILROY-KUTUPS





OL' LADY CRUNCHPITT SAID IT WAS MORONIC, IMBECILIC, IDIOTIC AN' A COUPLE OF OTHER THINGS! I DON'T THINK SHE LIKED IT! SO I GOTTA DO IT OVER AGAIN!

WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO? DOES SHE THINK ANOTHER DAY WILL MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IN YOUR MENTALITY?

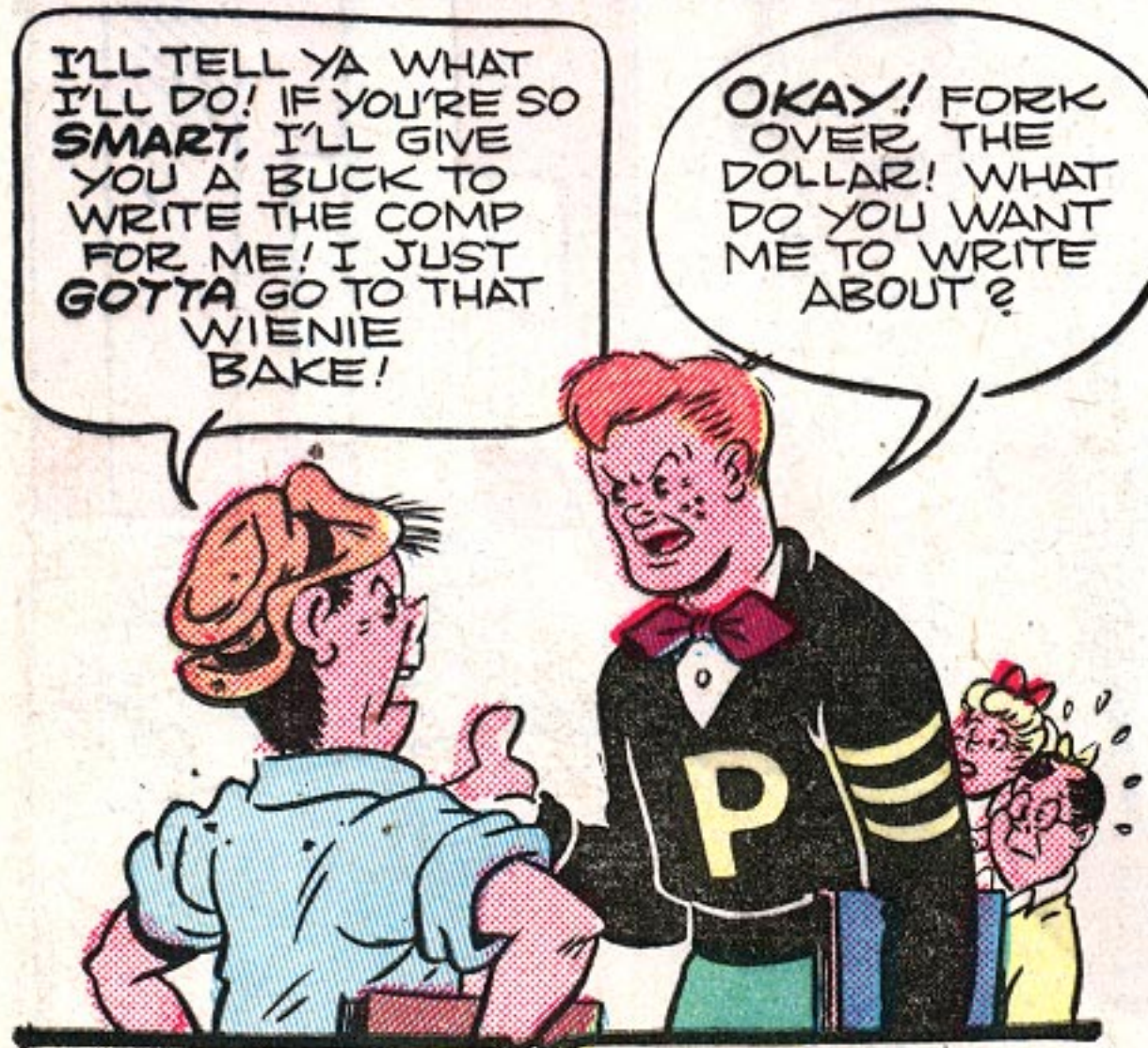


THAT MEANS IF JACKSON CAN'T GO TO THE WIENIE BAKE, I CAN'T!

WHY ARE YOU SO DUMB? YOU SPOIL THINGS FOR EVERYBODY!

GOLLY, THAT'S RIGHT, PORTIA!

IT'S PRETTY ROUGH ON ME TOO, YA KNOW!



I'LL TELL YA WHAT I'LL DO! IF YOU'RE SO SMART, I'LL GIVE YOU A BUCK TO WRITE THE COMP FOR ME! I JUST GOTTA GO TO THAT WIENIE BAKE!

OKAY! FORK OVER THE DOLLAR! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO WRITE ABOUT?



WRITE ABOUT ANYTHING! THE TIME YOU WENT FISHIN' OR HUNTIN' OR ANYTHING! JUST BE SURE I GET IT BEFORE CLASS TOMORROW!

OKAY! DON'T WORRY!

GOOD! NOW YOU CAN GO TO THE BIG BAKE!



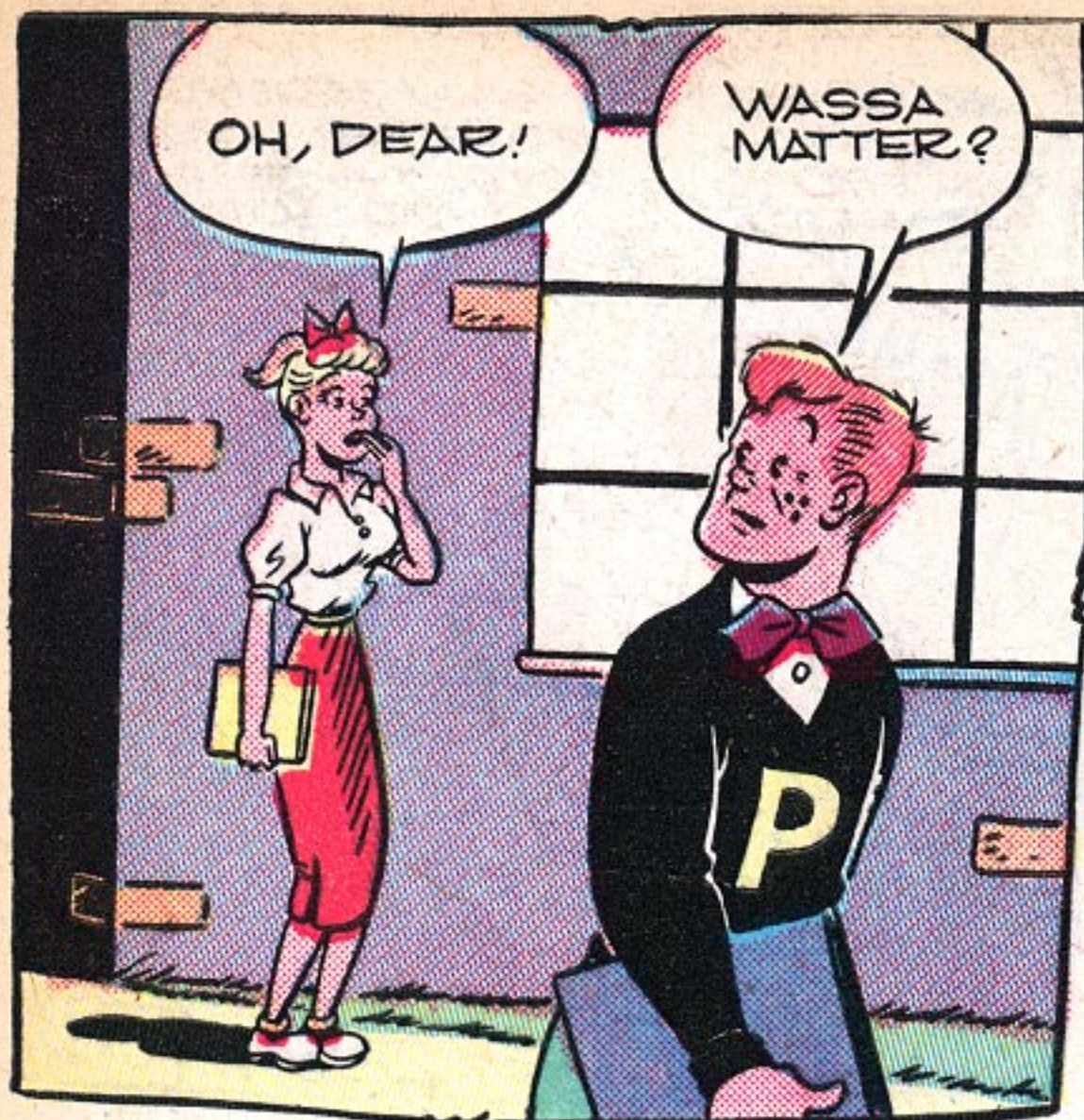
THANKS, NATCH! SEE YA AT THE BIG FAT DOG BAKE!

SEE YOU TONIGHT, PORTIA!

SMACK!

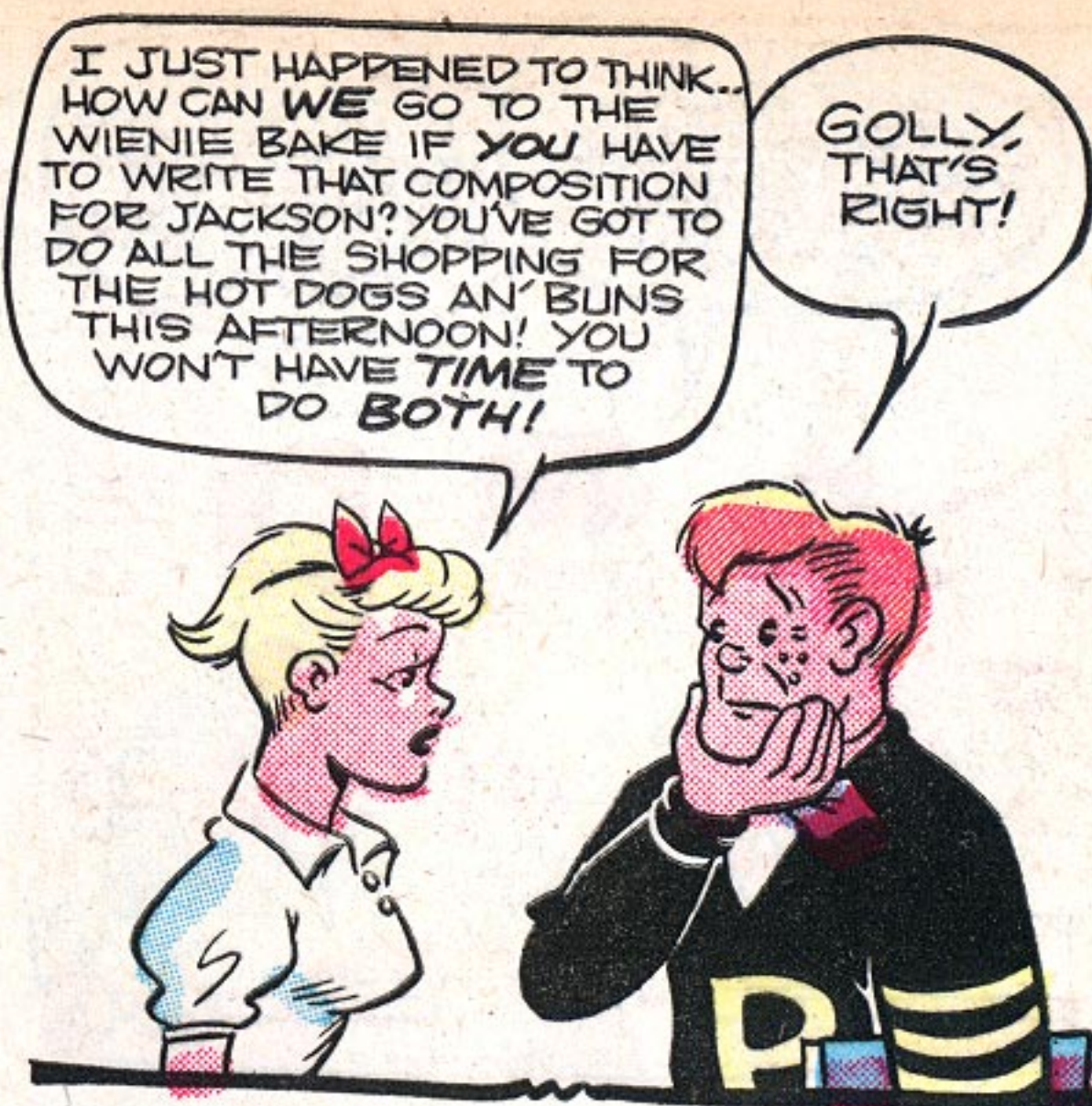


POOR JACKSON! ALWAYS GETTIN' HIMSELF IN SOME KIND OF A MESS! --- COME ON, JUDY, LET'S GO DOWN TO THE SWEET TOOTH AN' SPEND JACKSON'S DOLLAR!



OH, DEAR!

WASSA
MATTER?



I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK...
HOW CAN **WE** GO TO THE
WIENIE BAKE IF **YOU** HAVE
TO WRITE THAT COMPOSITION
FOR JACKSON? YOU'VE GOT TO
DO ALL THE SHOPPING FOR
THE HOT DOGS AN' BUNS
THIS AFTERNOON! YOU
WON'T HAVE **TIME** TO
DO **BOTH**!

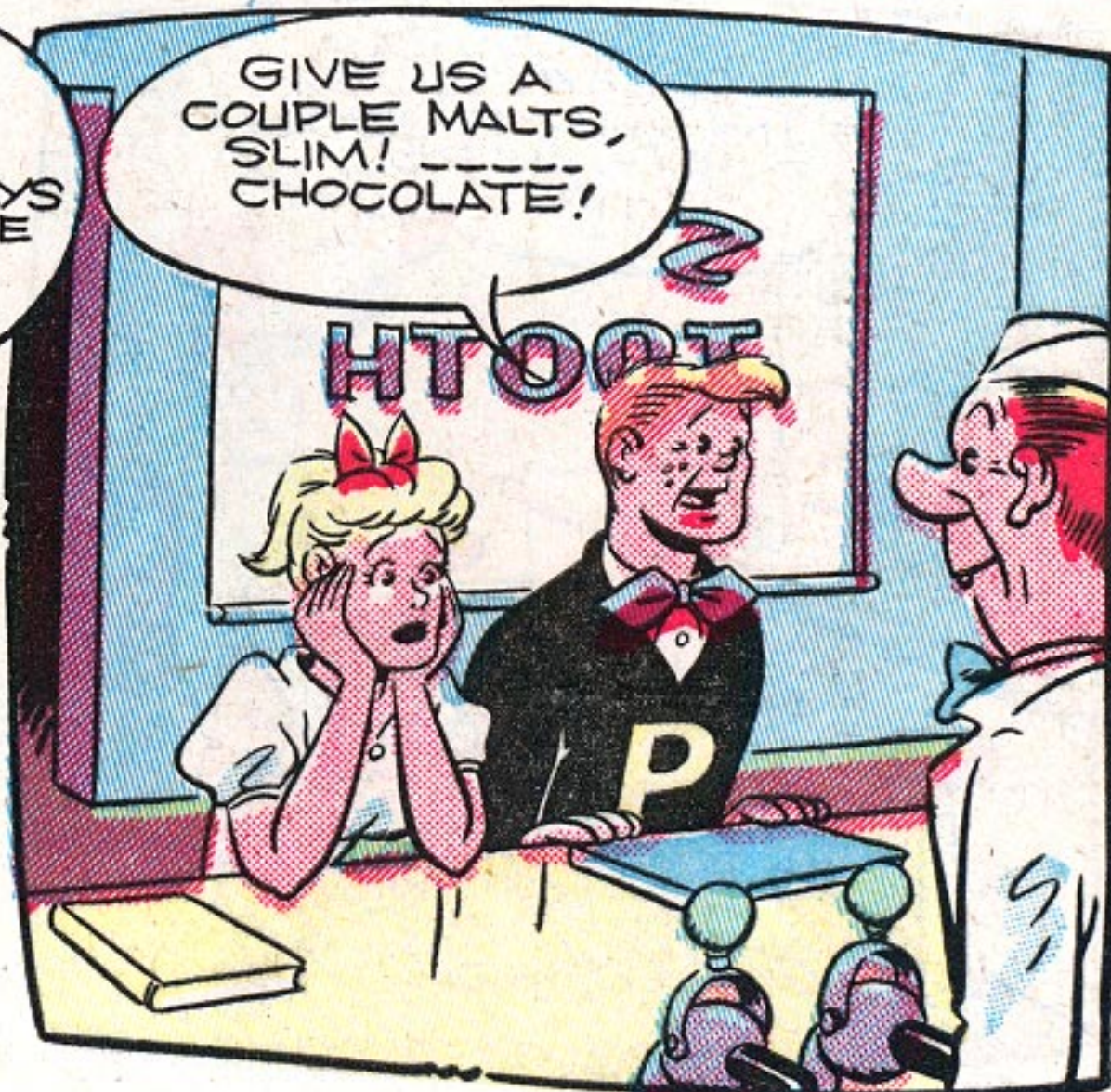
GOLLY,
THAT'S
RIGHT!



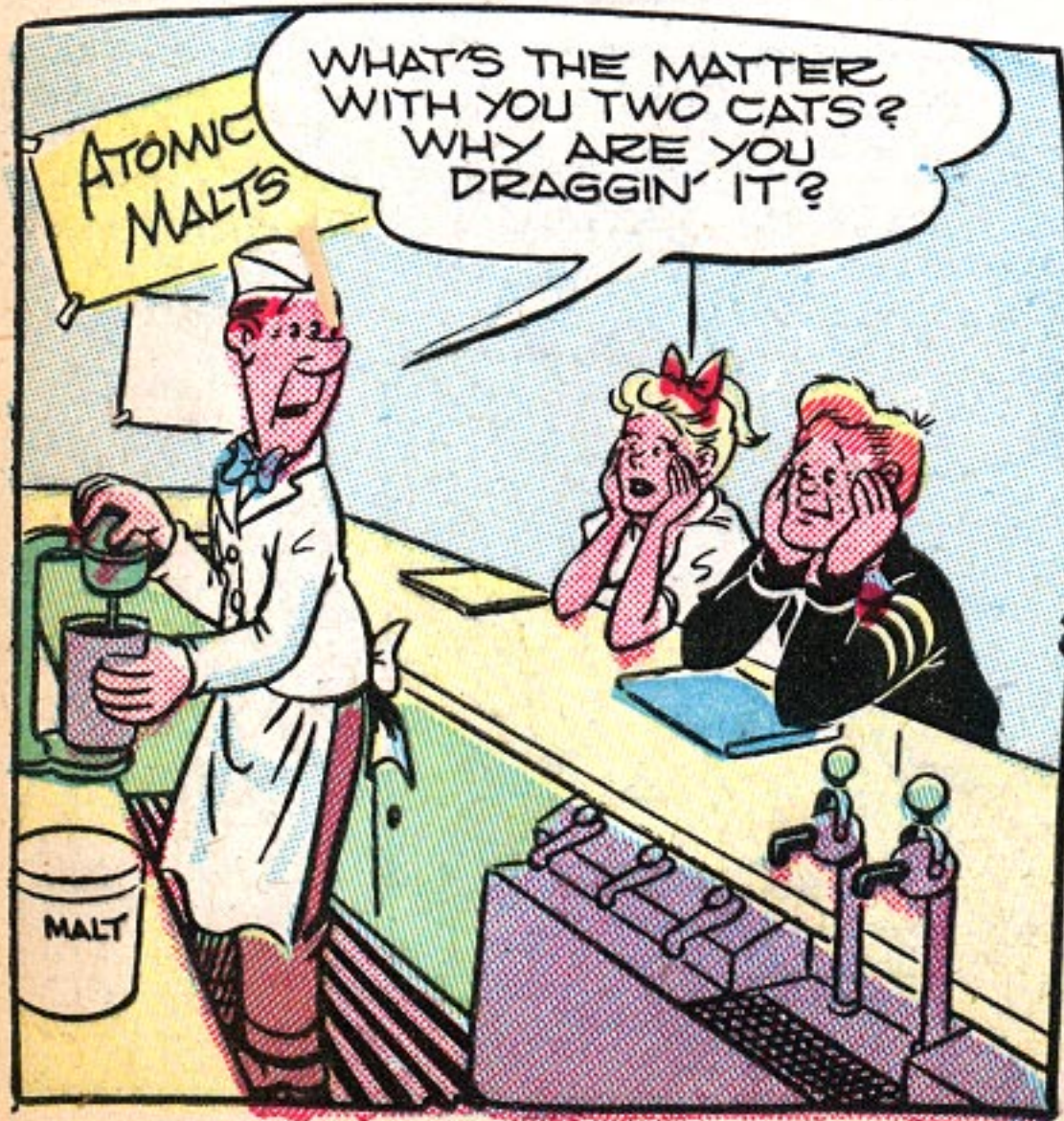
YOU CAN'T LET JACK-
SON DOWN, BECAUSE
THEN PORTIA
COULDN'T GO! AND
IF YOU DO WRITE
THE COMP. THEN
WE CAN'T GO!

MAYBE I COULD
BUY BACK MY
INTRODUCTION TO
JACKSON! HE'S ALWAYS
GETTIN' ME INTO SOME
KIND OF A BIG
HASSEL!*

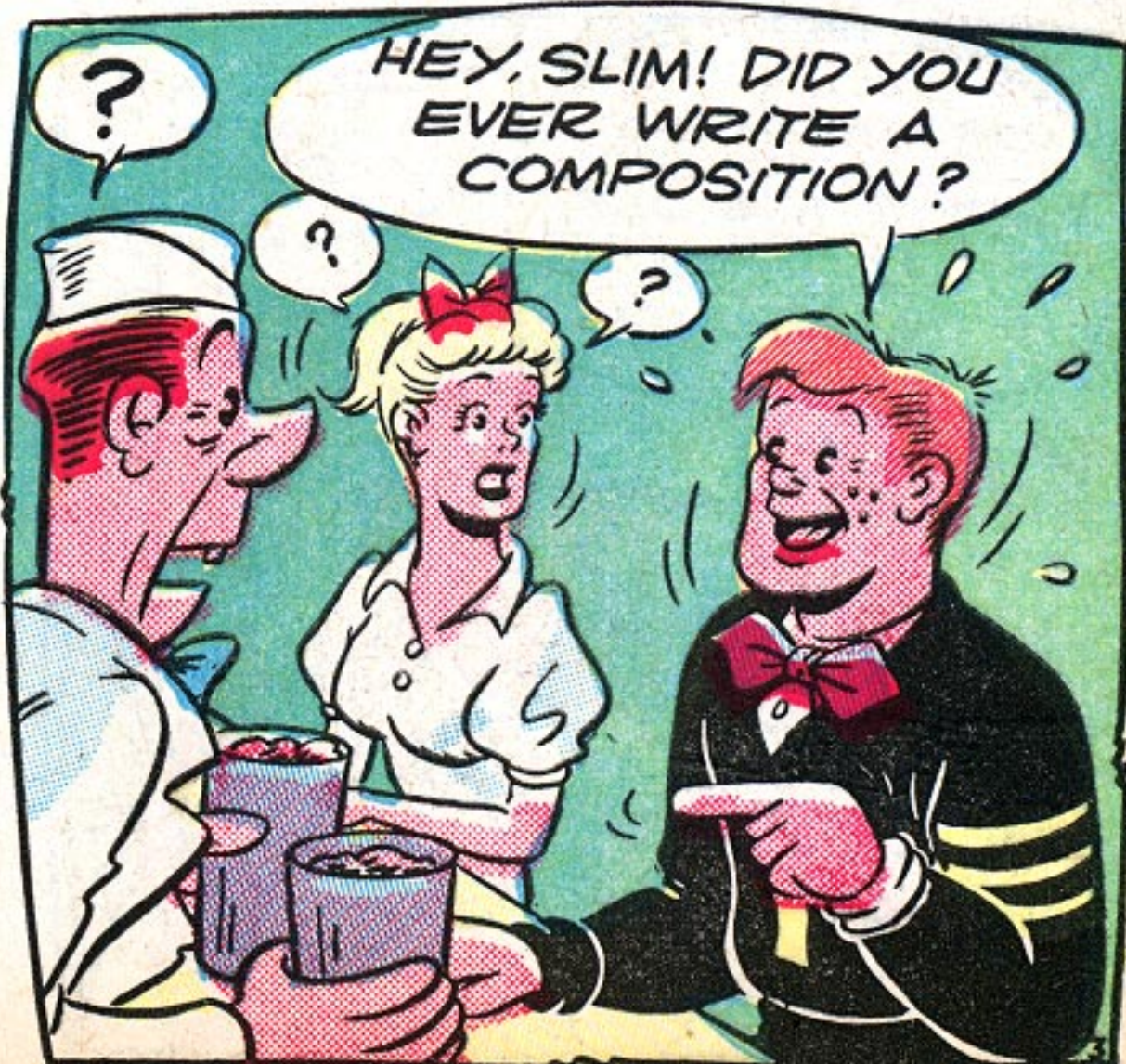
* INVOLVED SITUATION



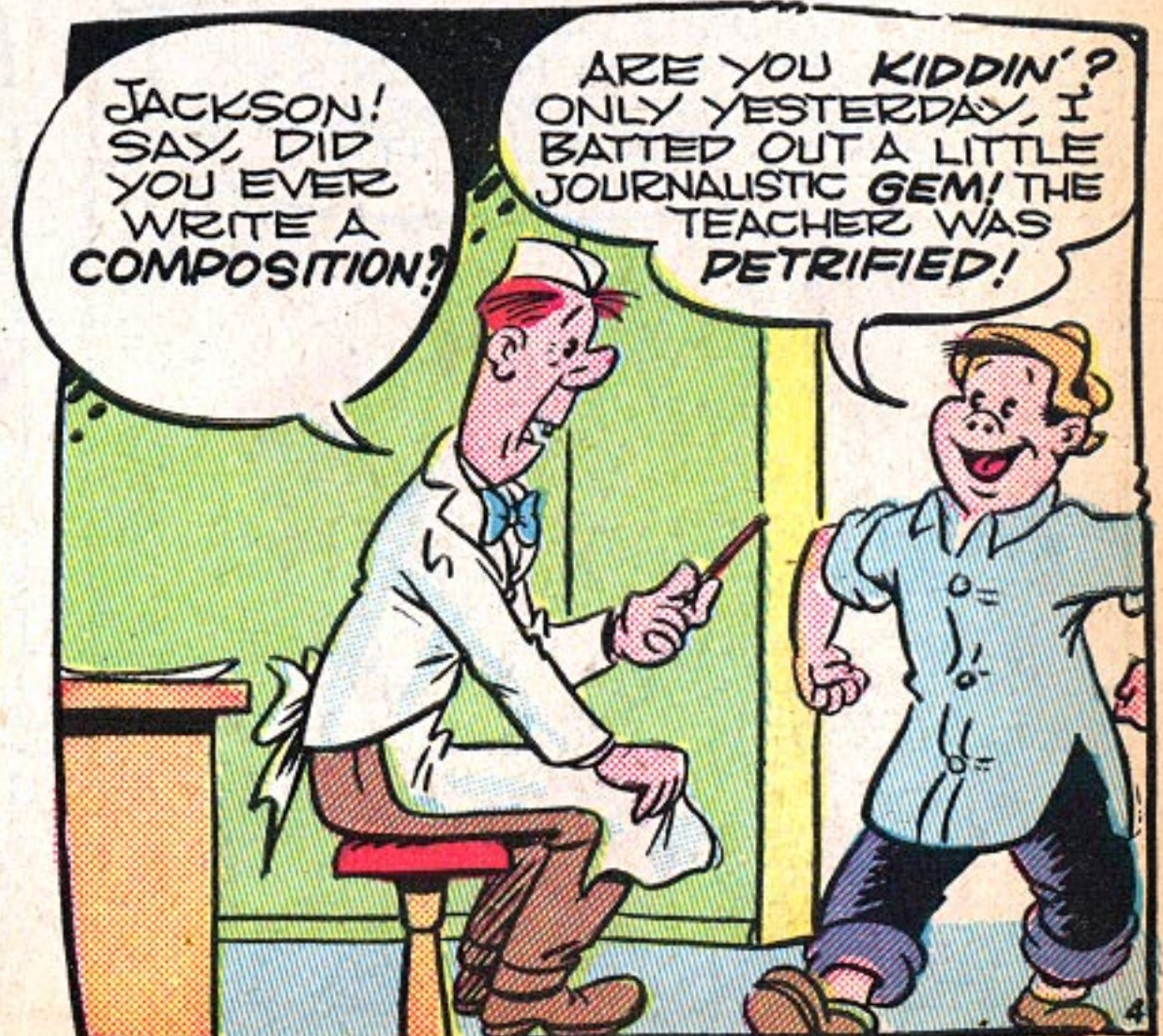
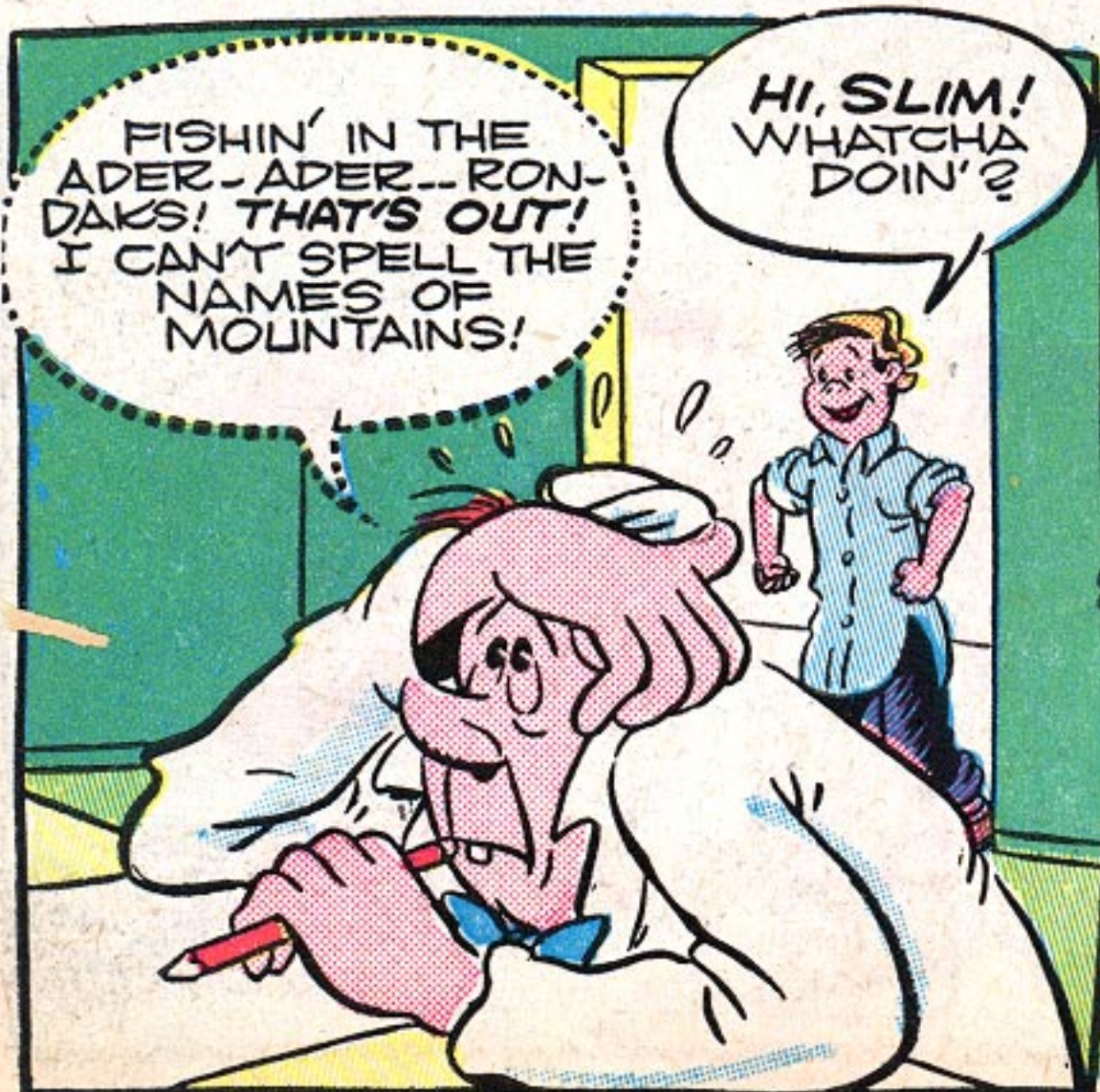
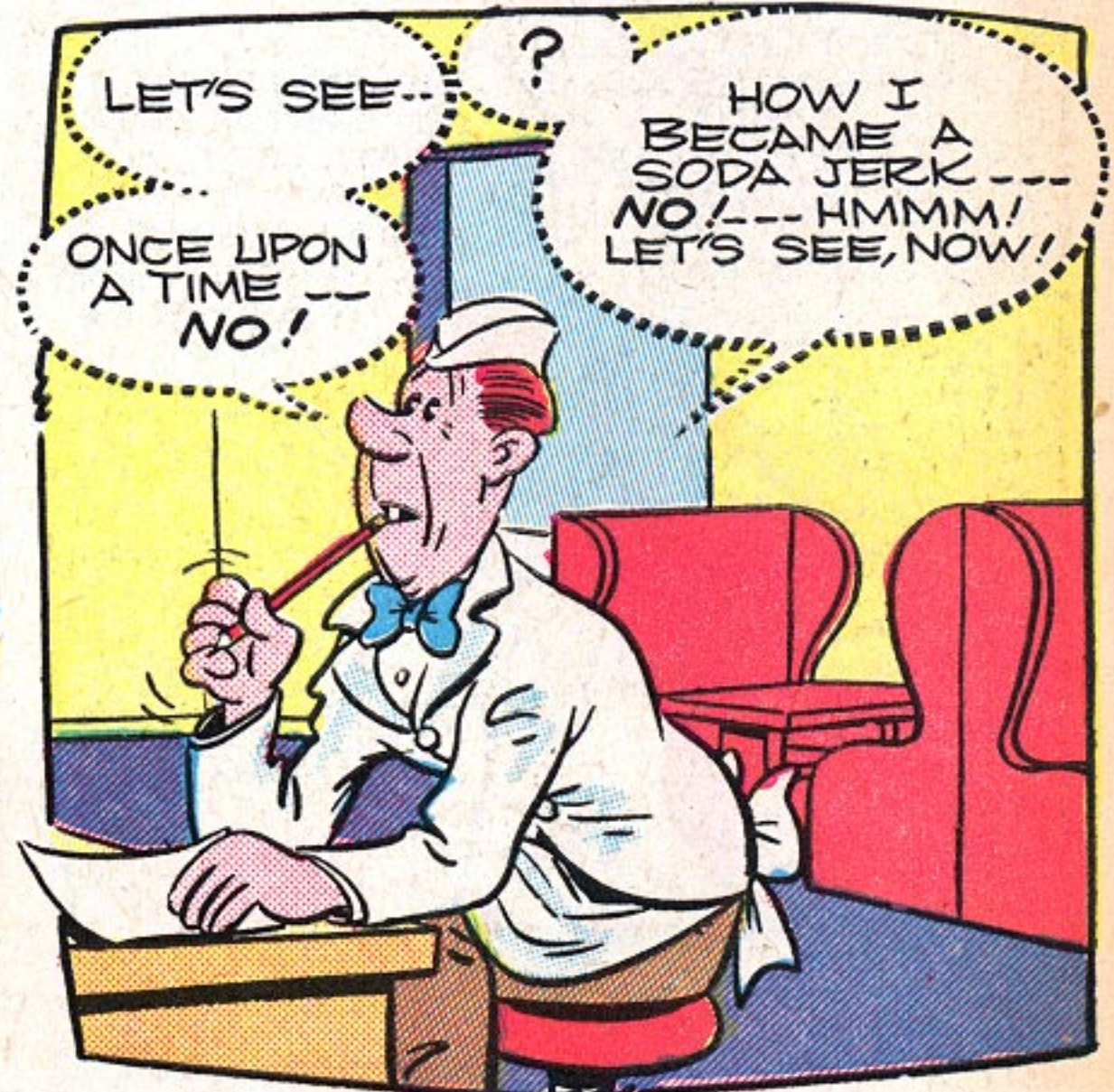
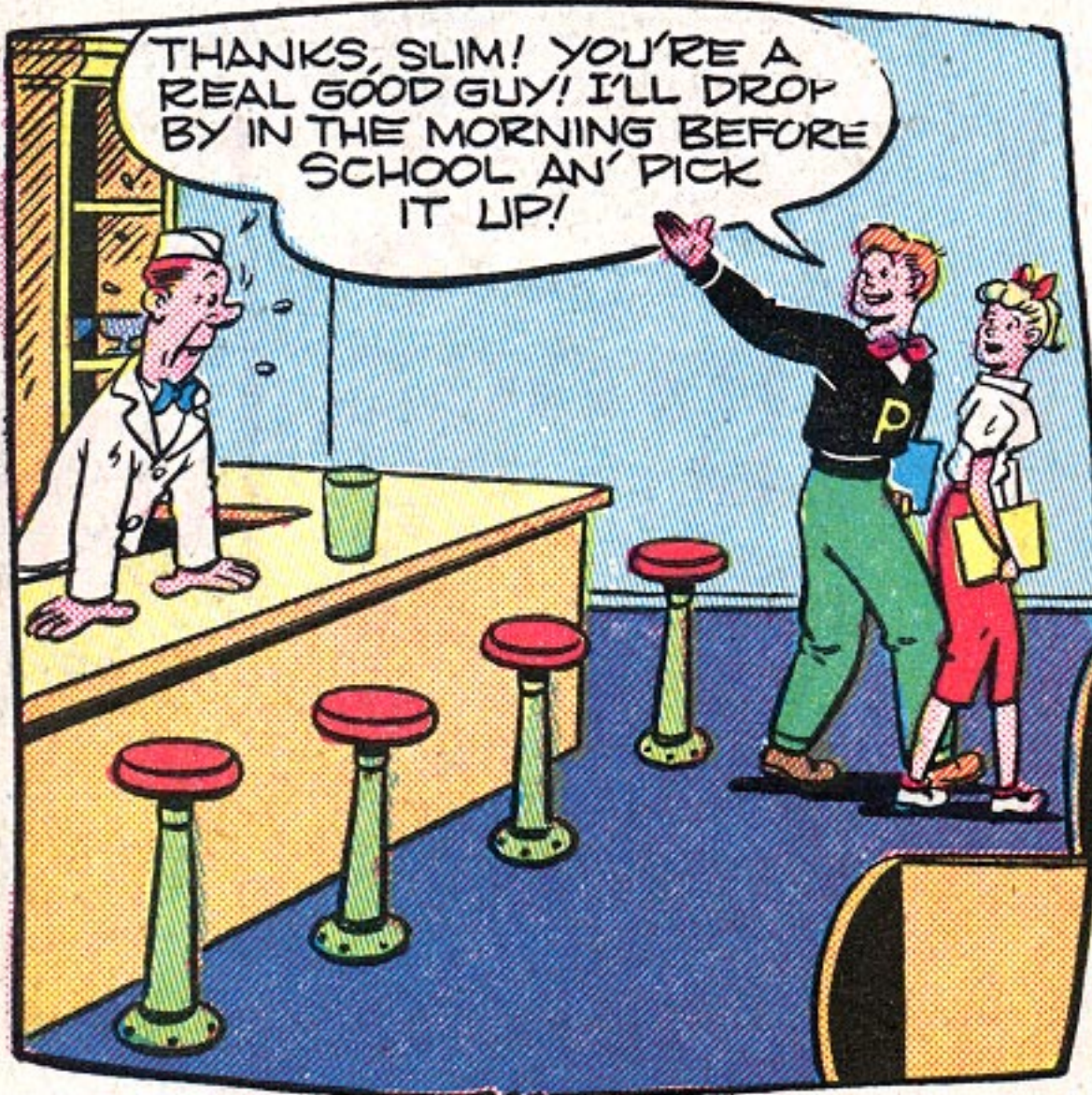
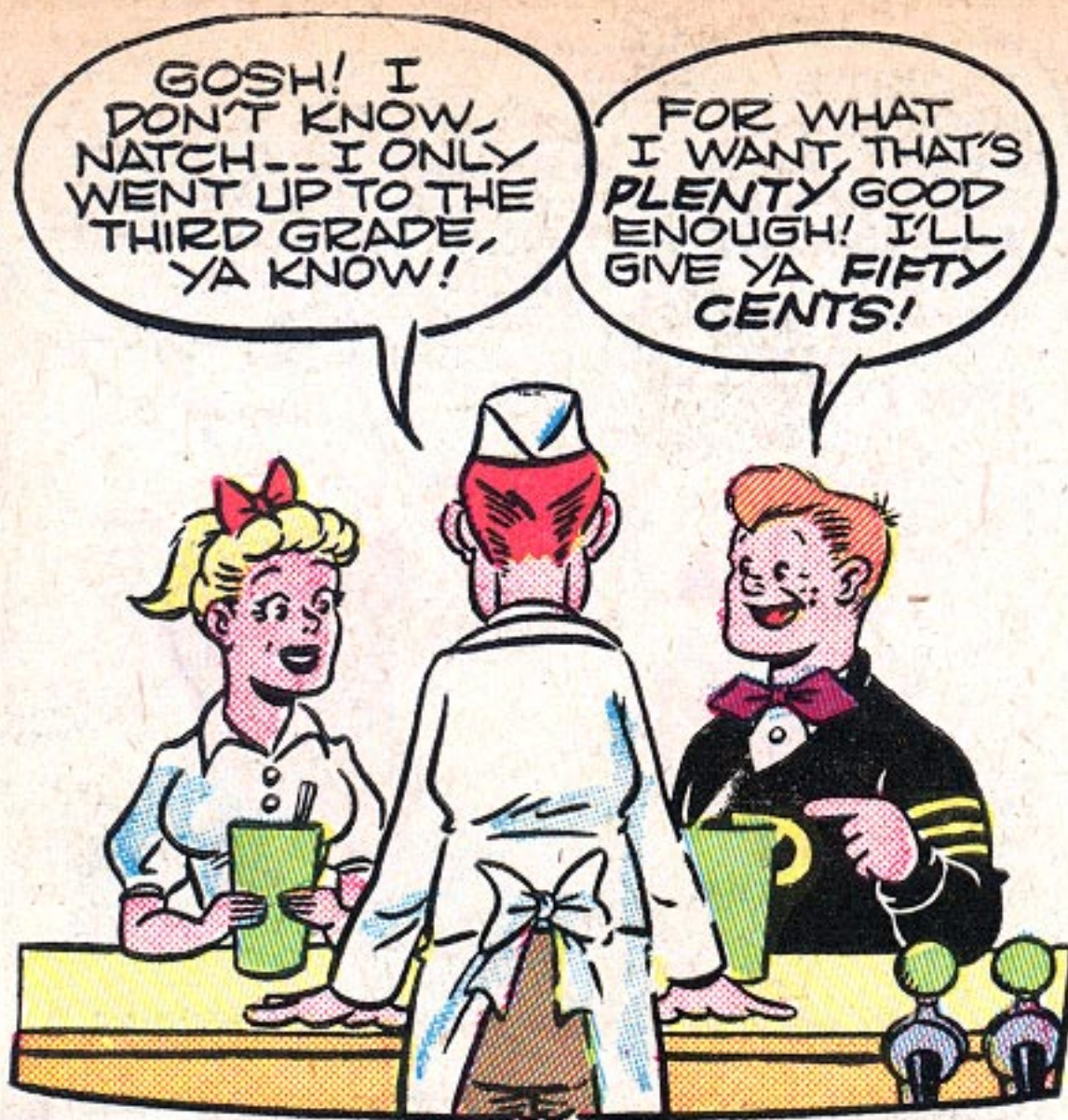
GIVE US A
COUPLE MALTS,
SLIM! -----
CHOCOLATE!

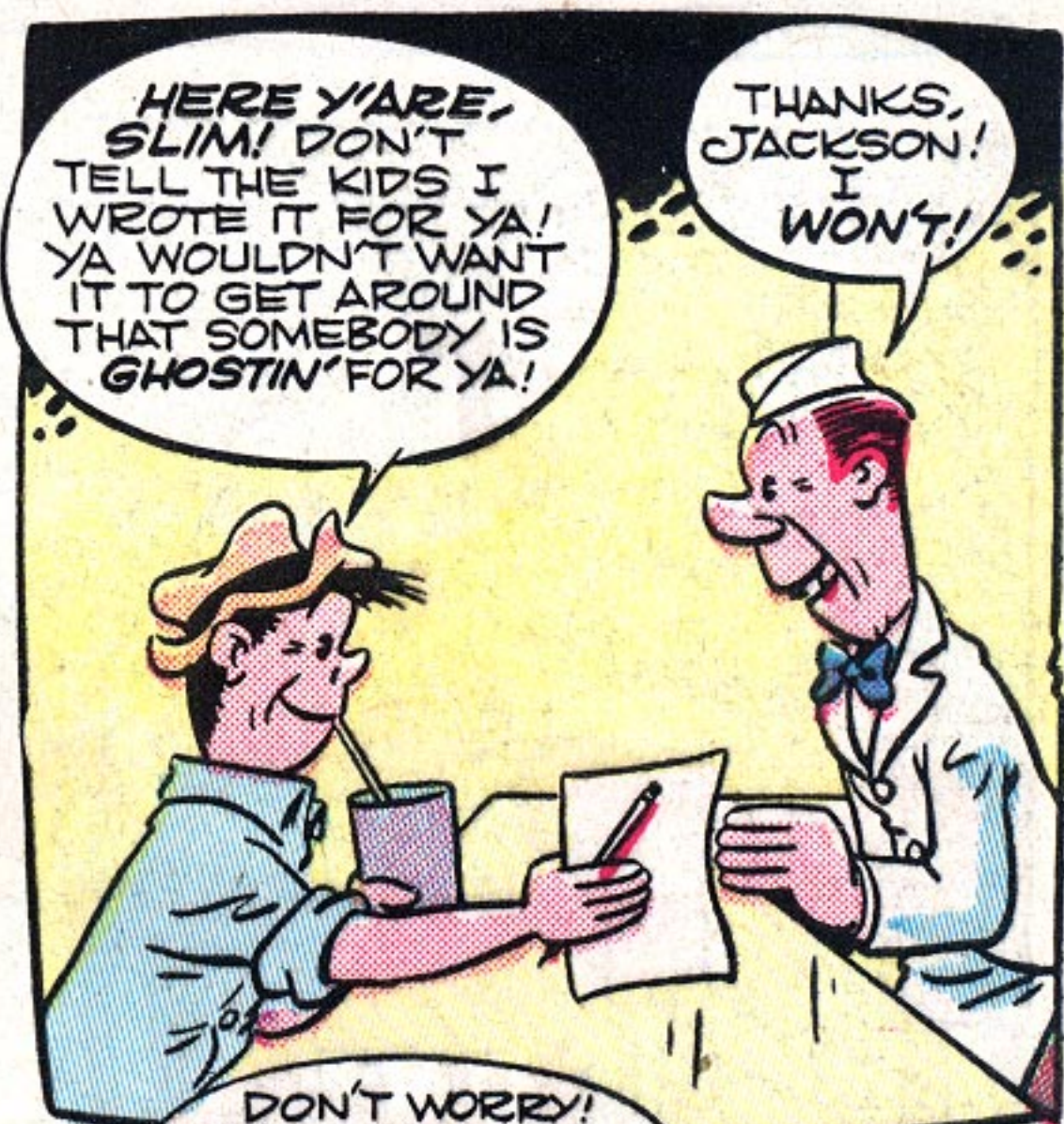
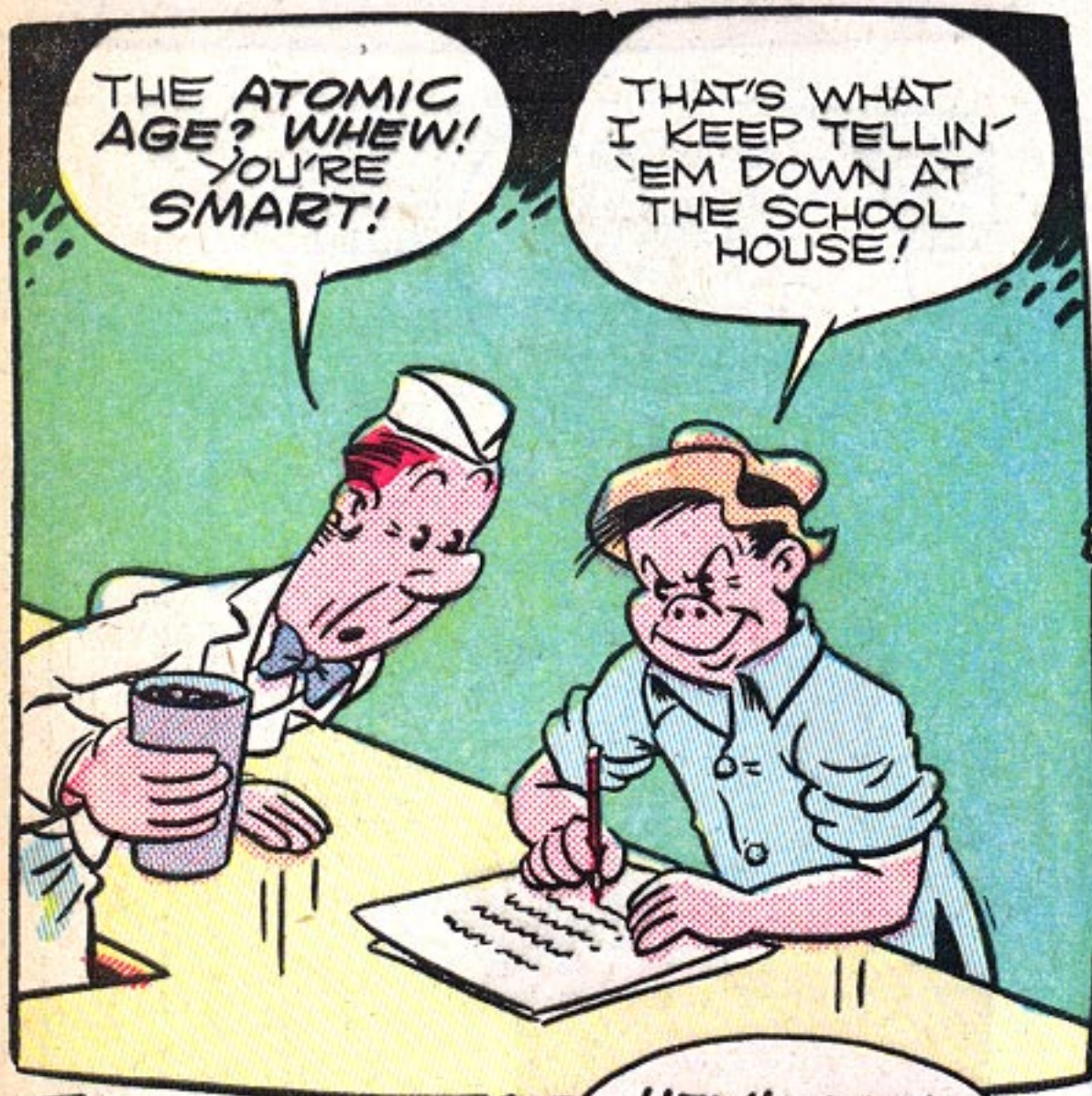
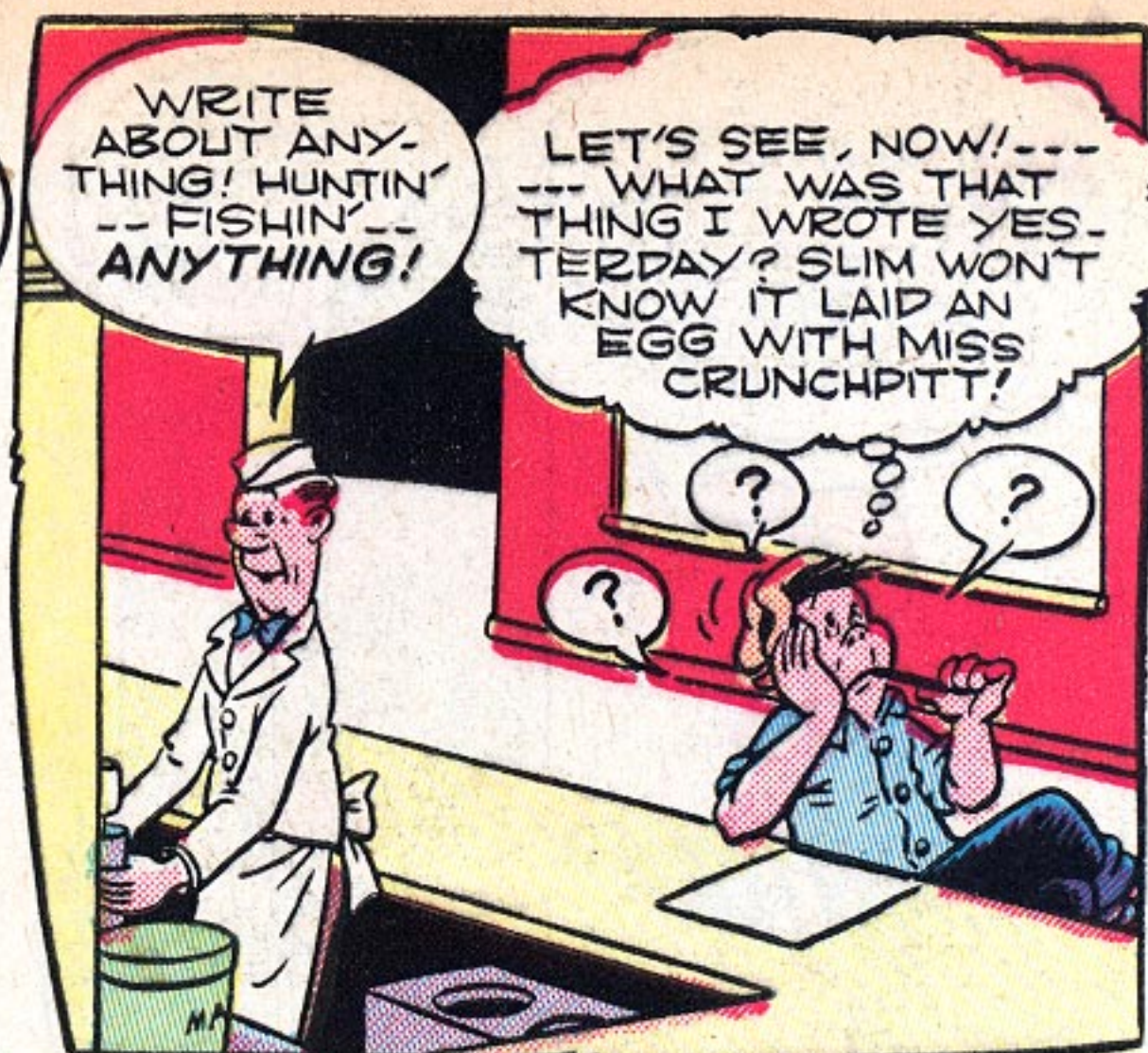
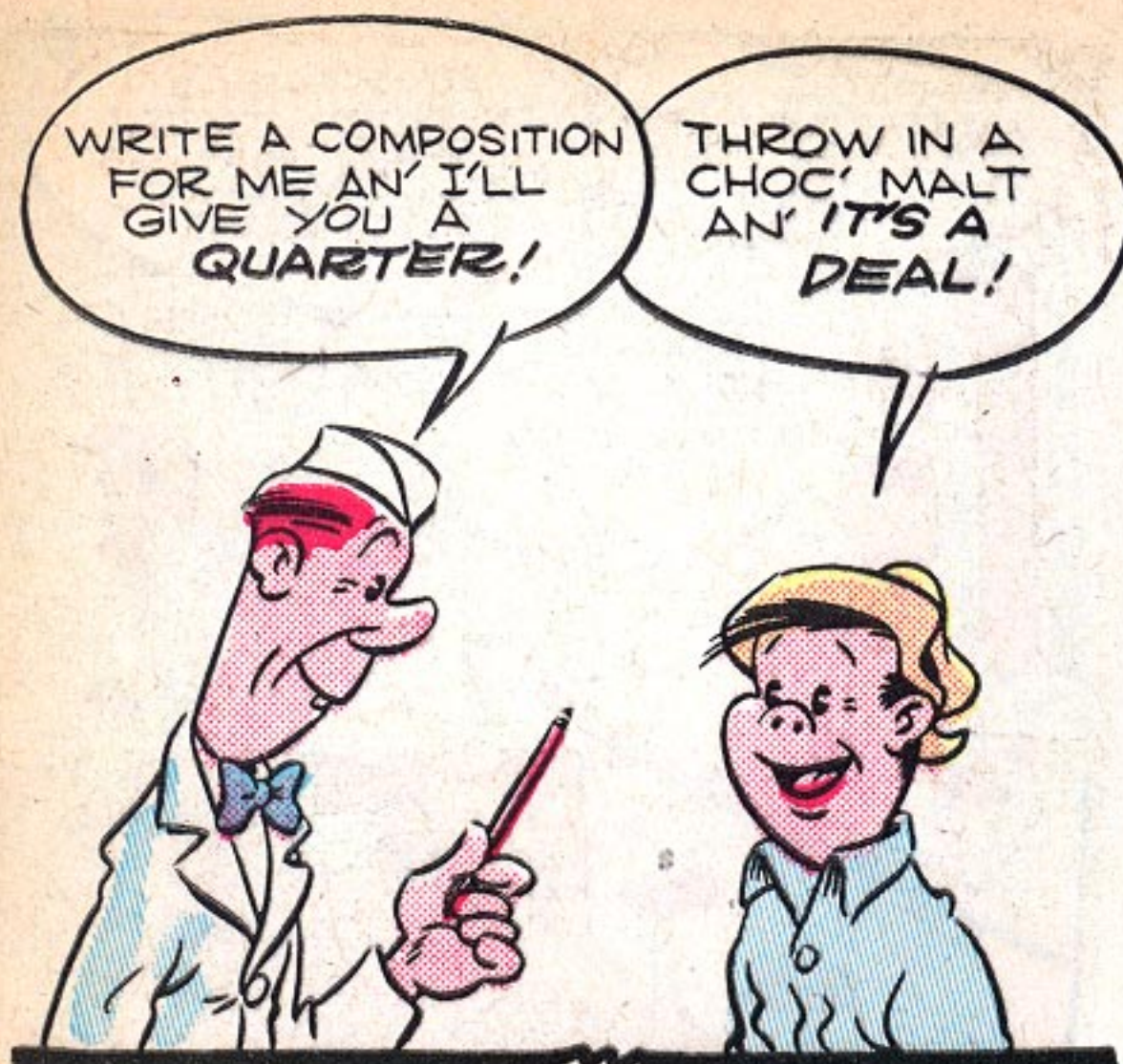


WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU TWO CATS?
WHY ARE YOU
DRAGGIN' IT?



HEY, SLIM! DID YOU
EVER WRITE A
COMPOSITION?

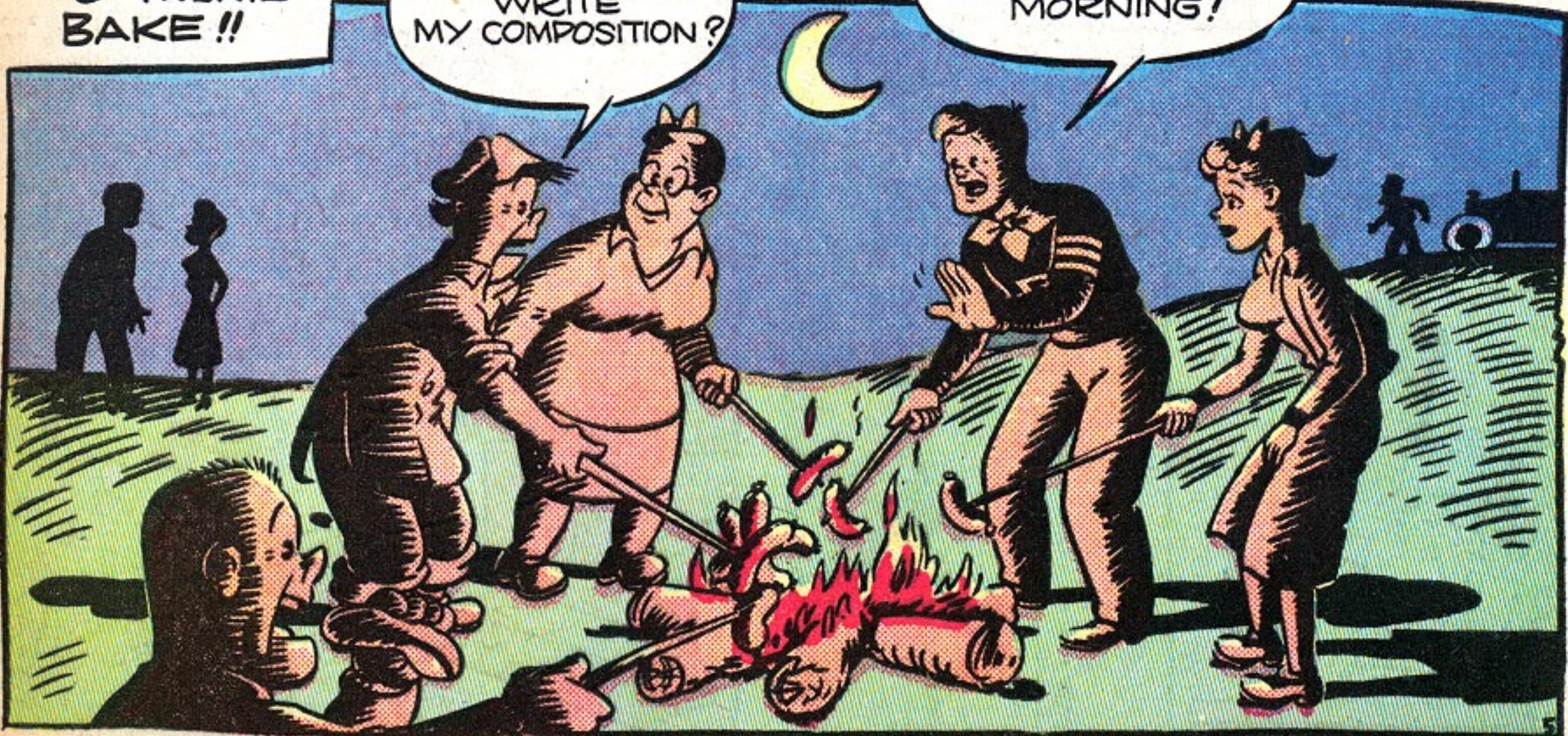




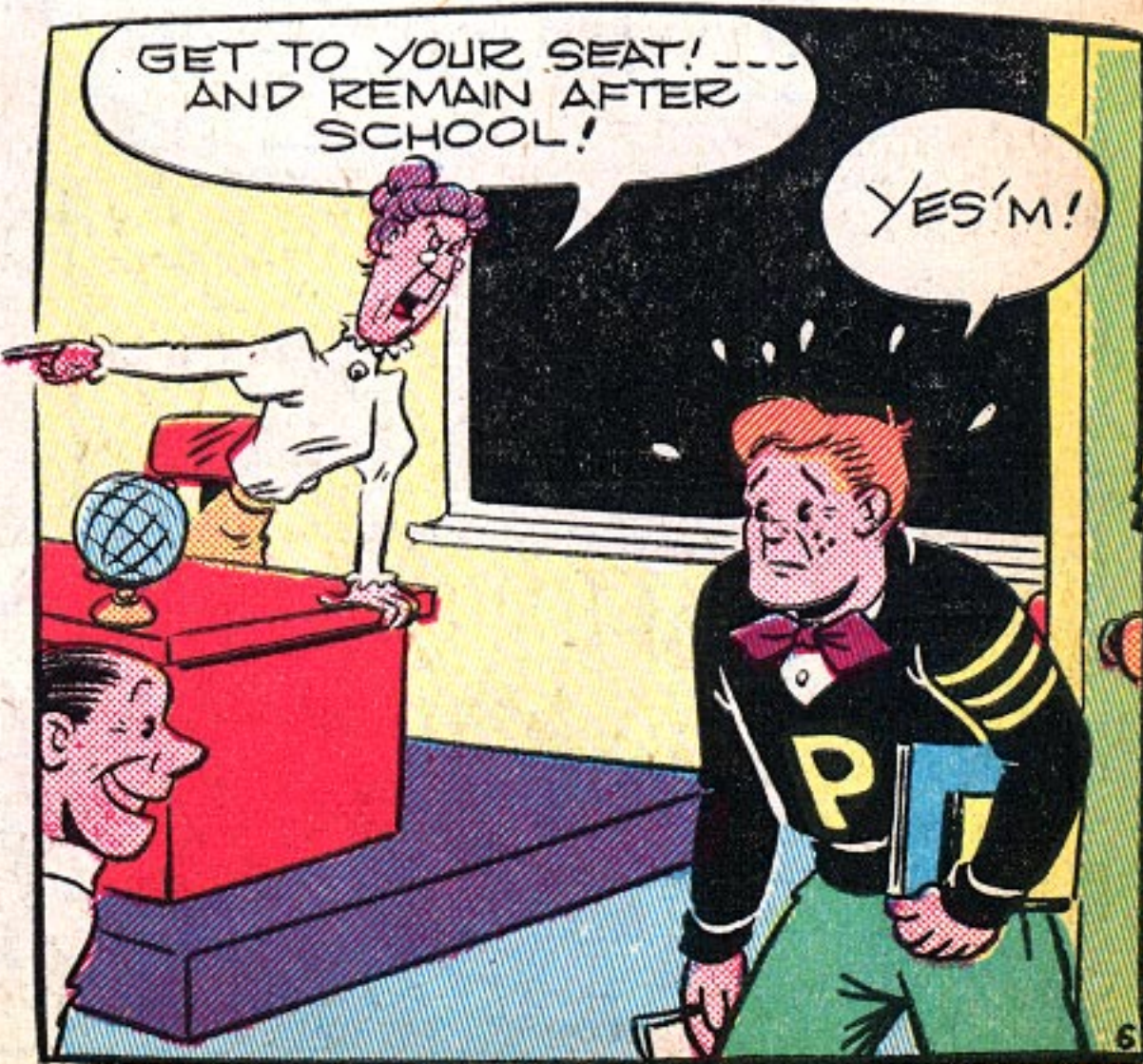
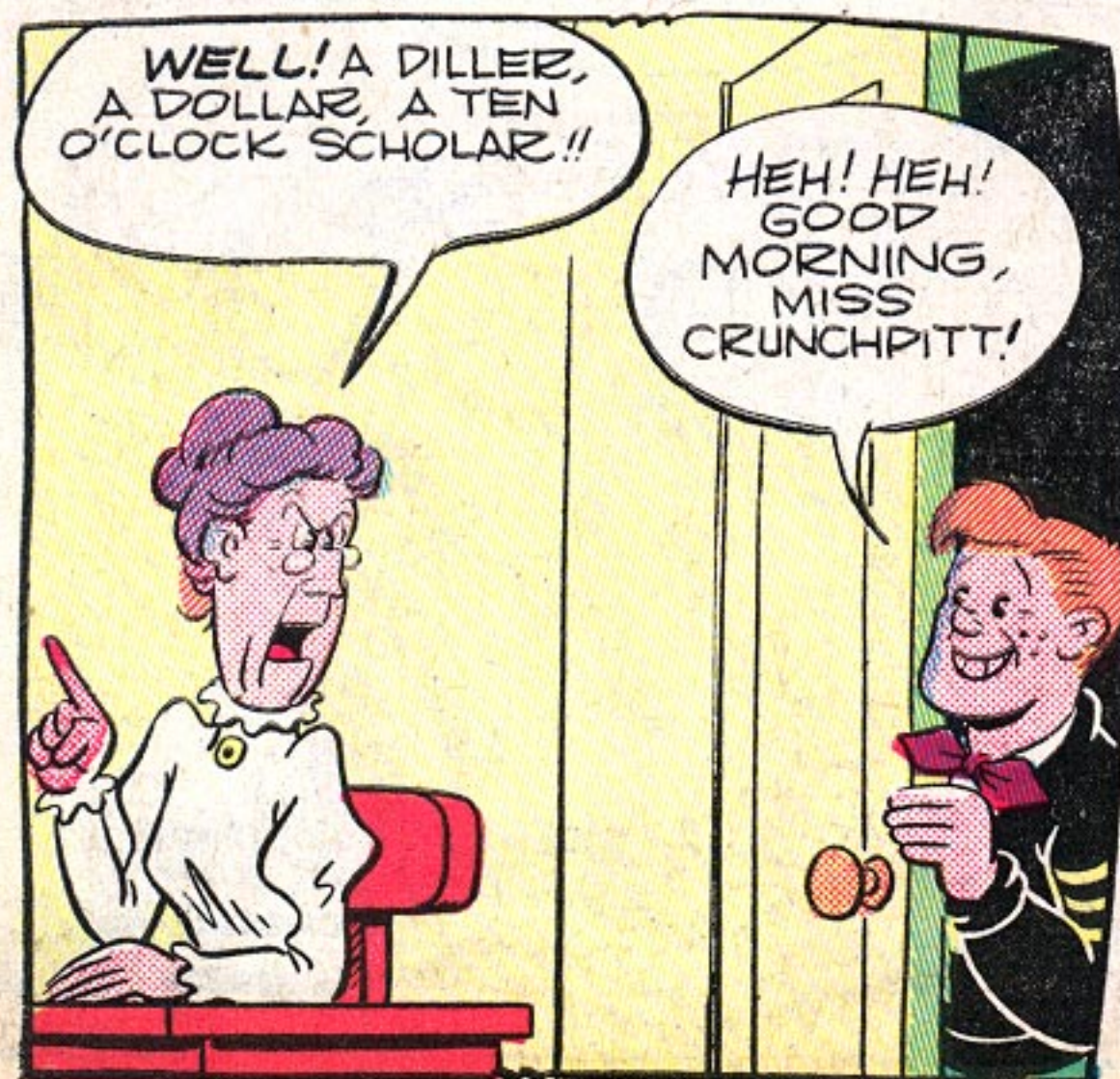
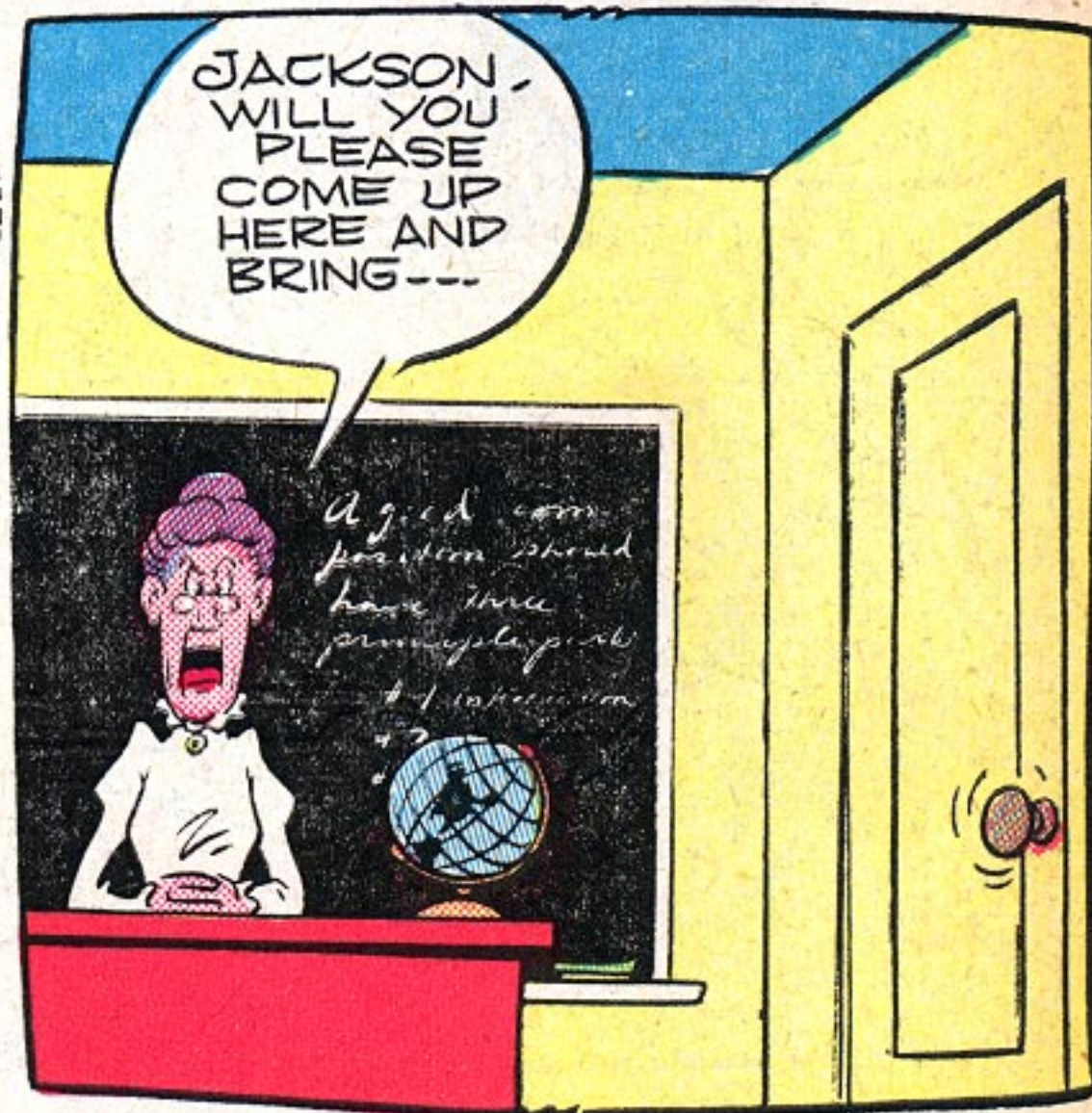
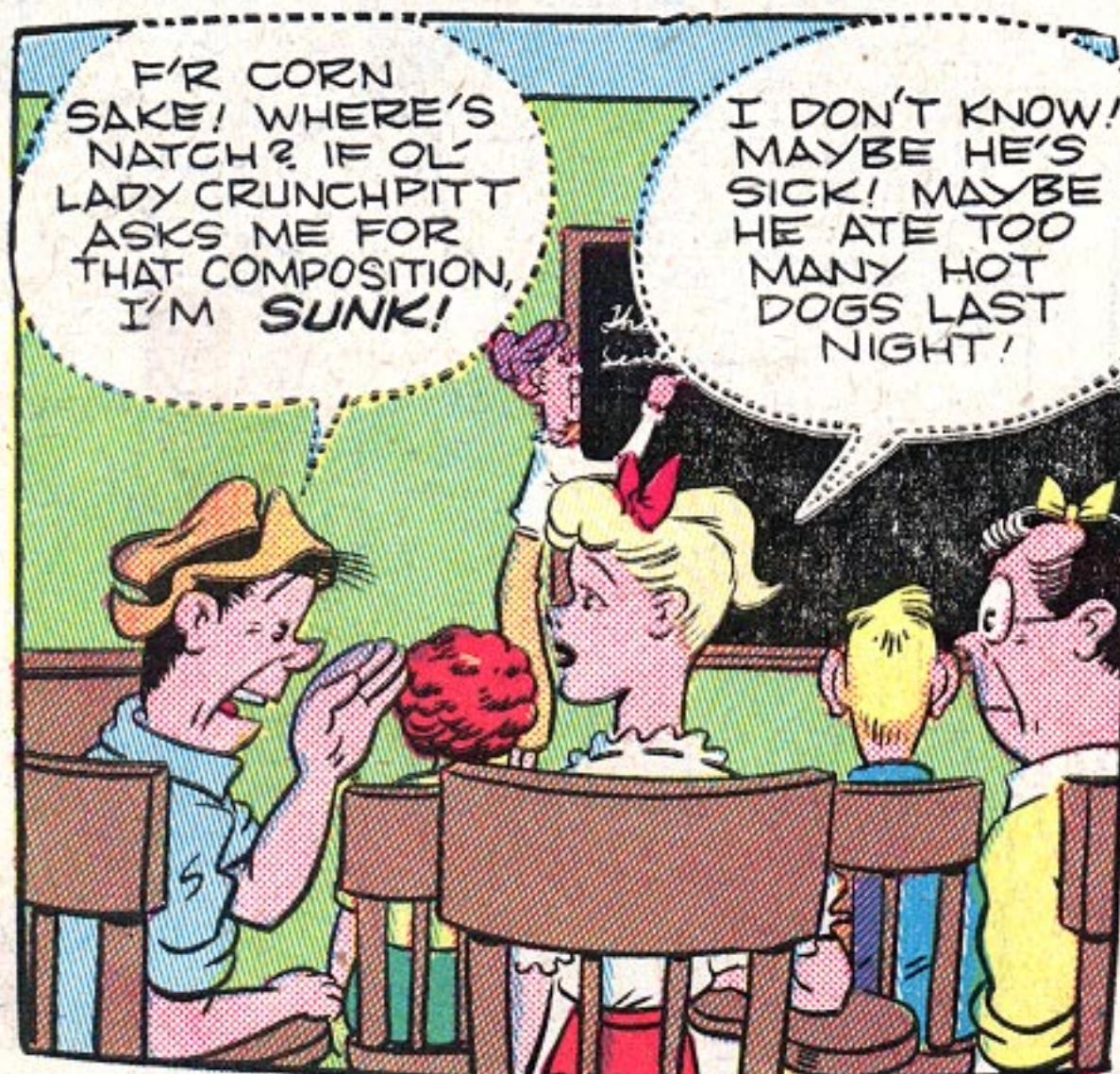
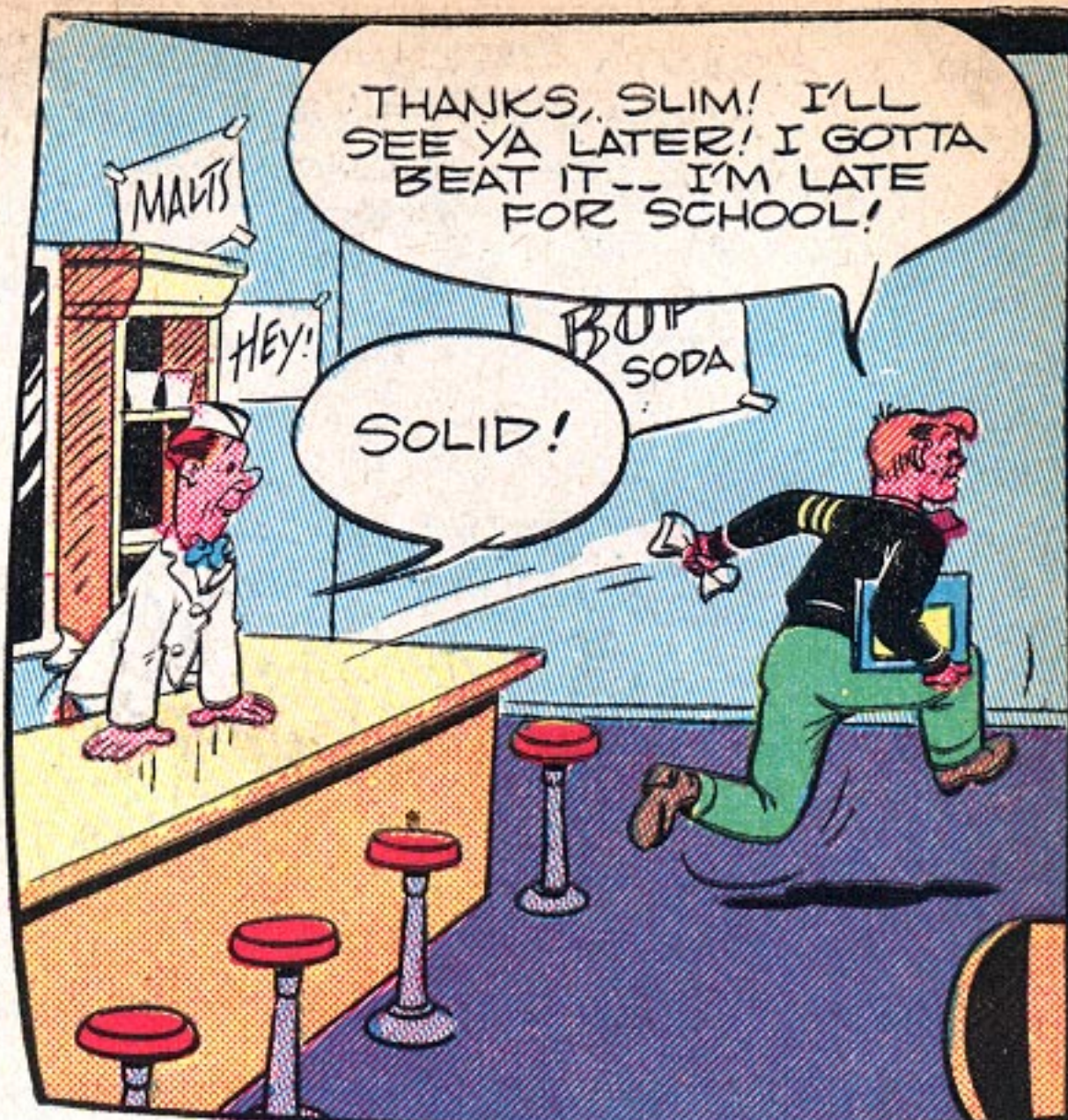
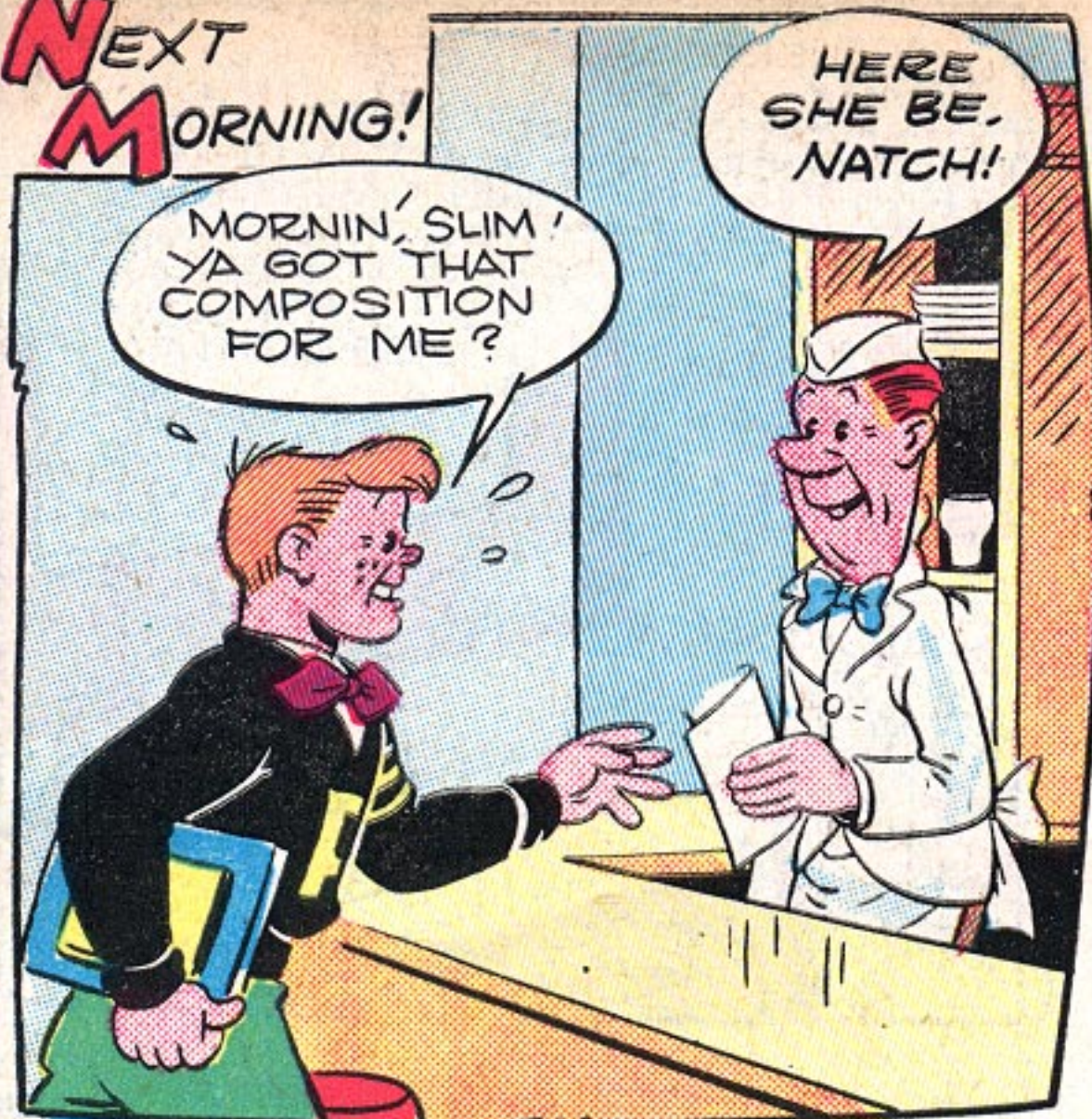
The WIENIE
BAKE !!

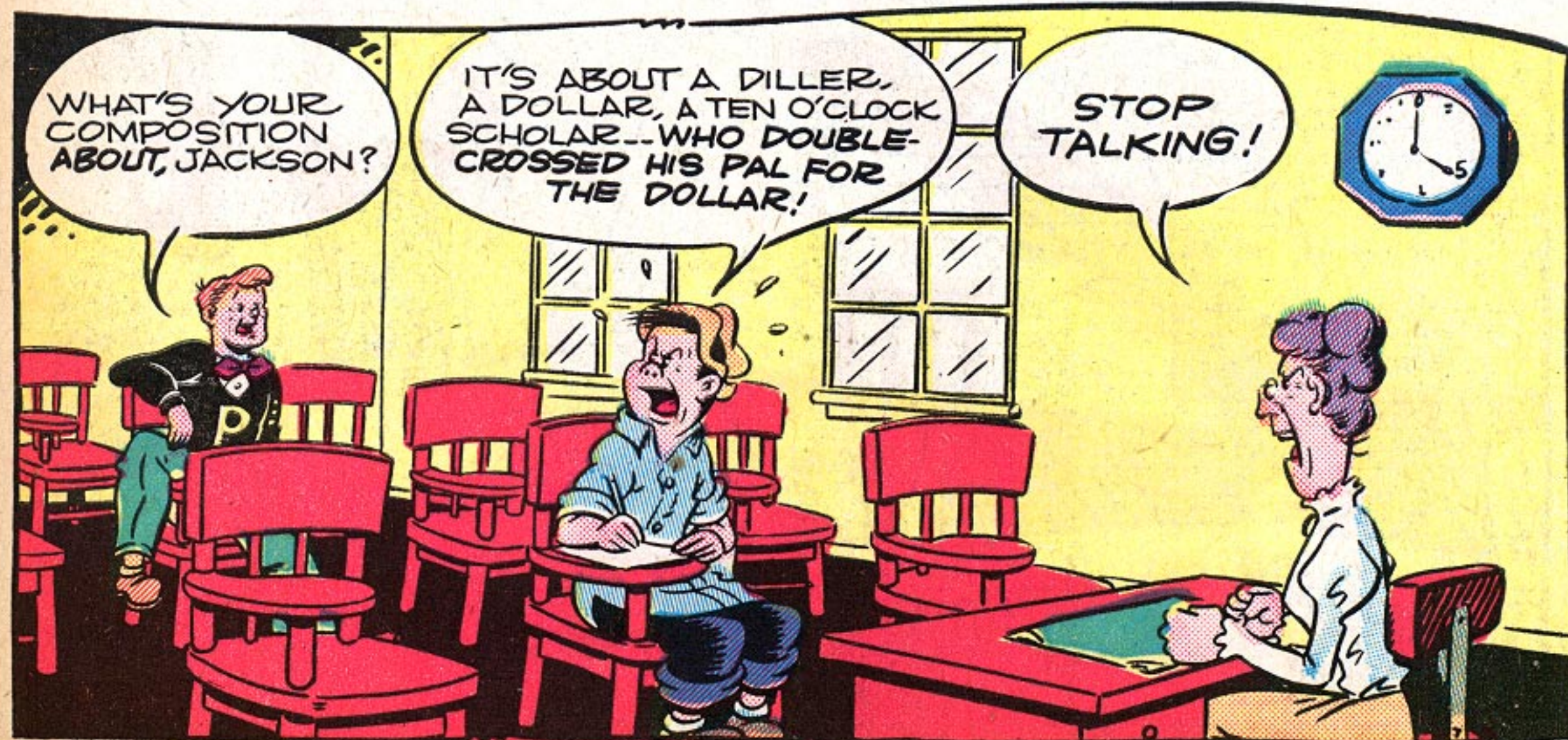
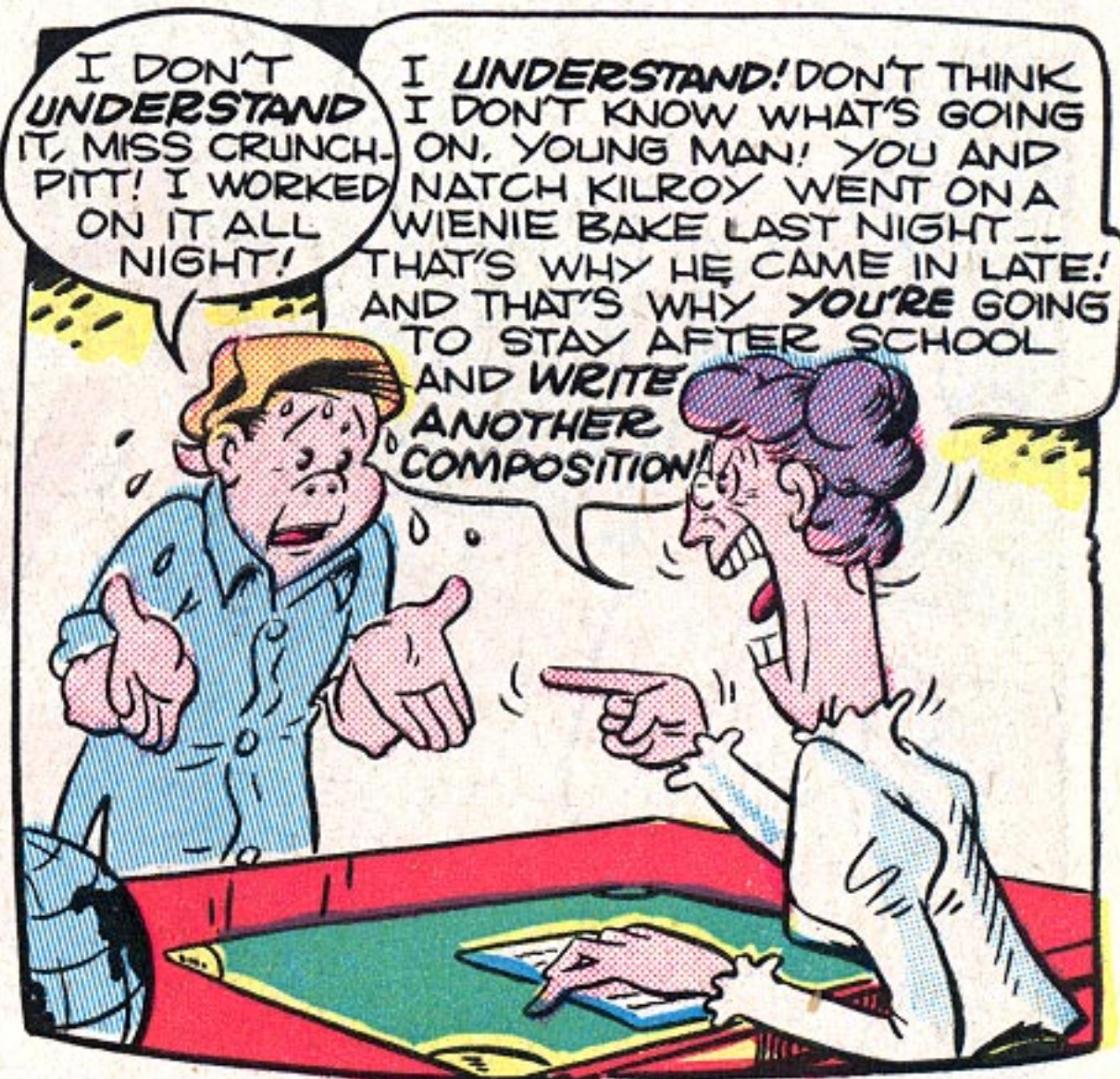
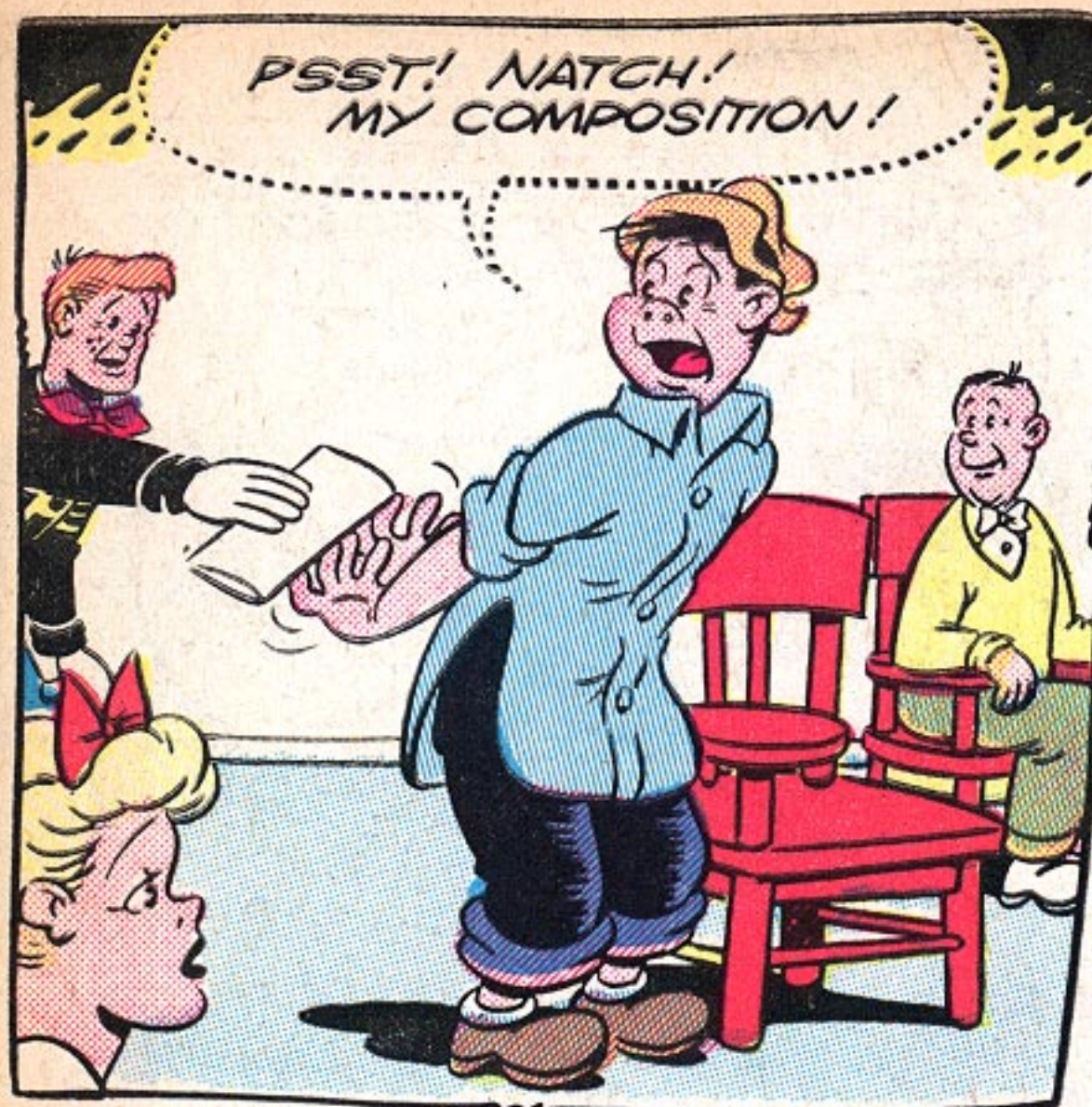
HEY! WHEN
ARE YA GONNA
WRITE
MY COMPOSITION?

DON'T WORRY!
I'LL HAVE IT
FOR YOU IN THE
MORNING!



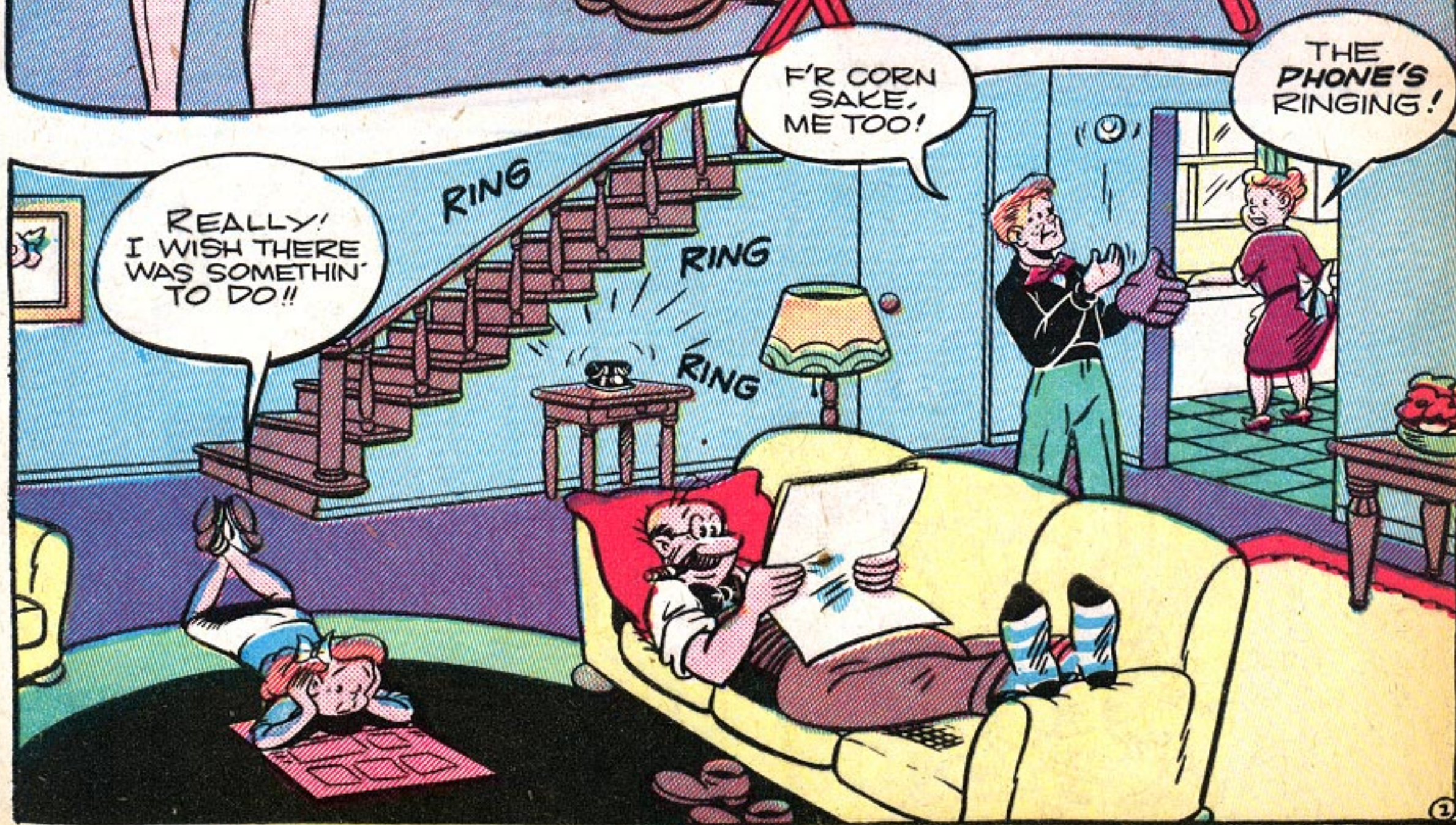
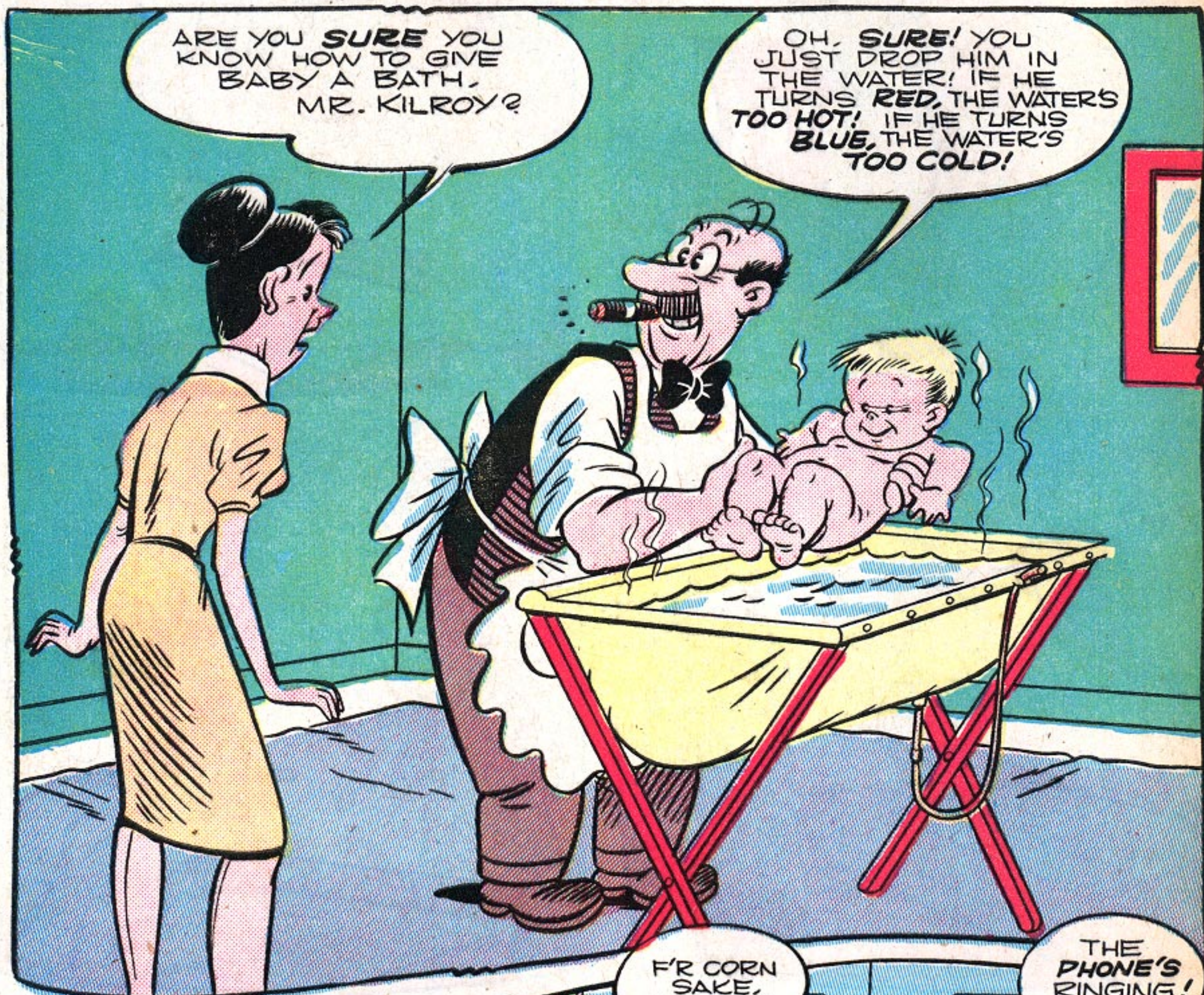
NEXT MORNING!





The KILROYS

in
"ROCK A BYE BABY"





DON'T ANYBODY ANSWER THE PHONE --- I'LL DO IT! I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING! I'M ONLY DOING THE DISHES!



ALL RIGHT, MRS. JONES, THAT WILL BE FINE --- I'LL SEND HER **RIGHT** OVER! YOU'RE WELCOME --- 'BYE!



KATIE, THAT WAS MRS. JONES! SHE WANTS YOU TO SIT WITH HER CHILDREN THIS EVENING!

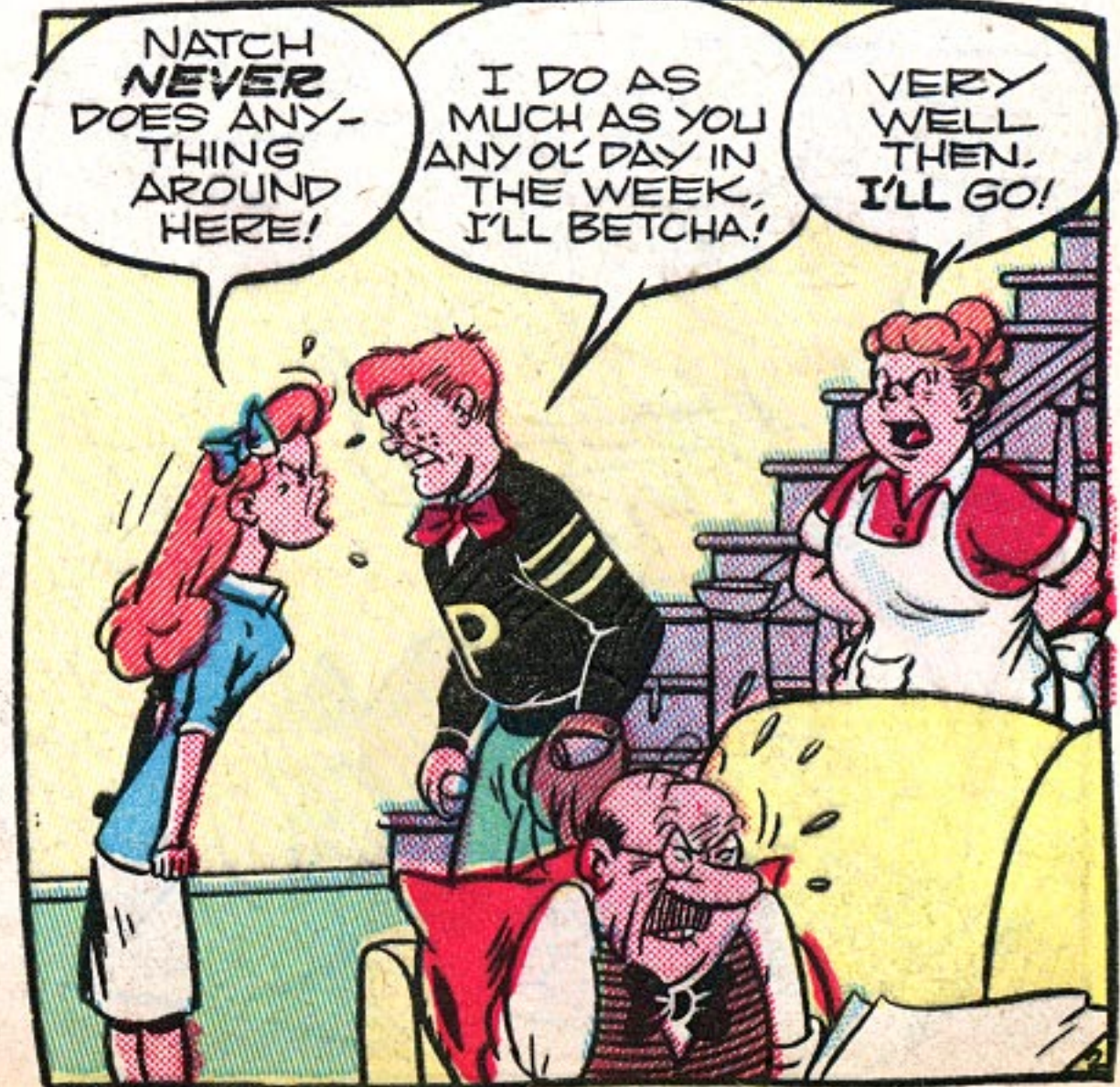


GEE WHIZ! I CAN'T SIT WITH HER DUMB KIDS! I PROMISED PORTIA I'D COME OVER TO HER HOUSE TONIGHT! GOLLY SAKES! WHY DOESN'T **NATCH** EVER DO SOME BABY SITTIN'? HOLY COW!



YOU KEEP ME **OUTA** THIS! BABY SITTIN' IS FOR **GIRLS**! ANYWAY, I GOTTA SEE JACKSON ABOUT SOMETHIN' ---

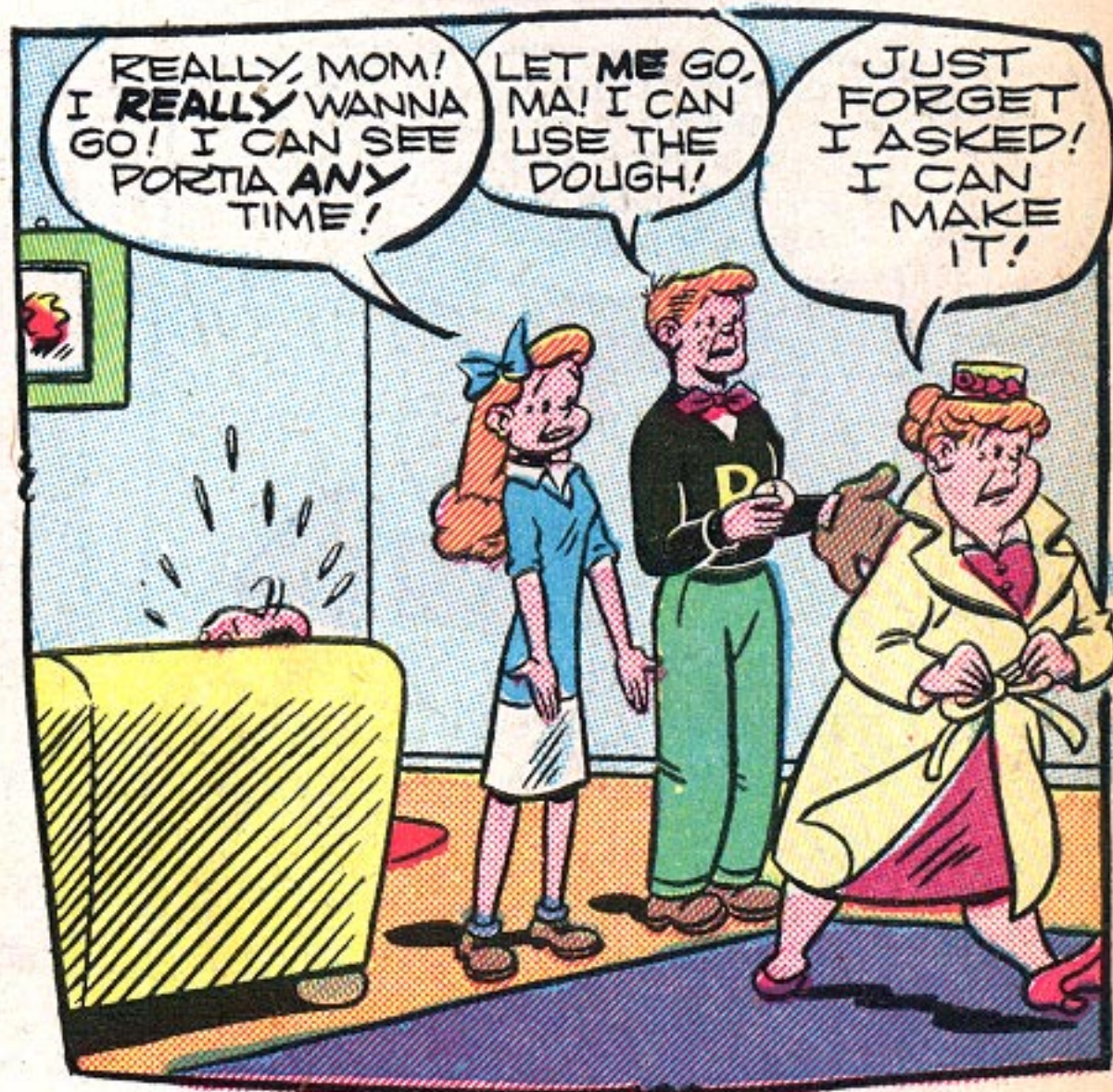
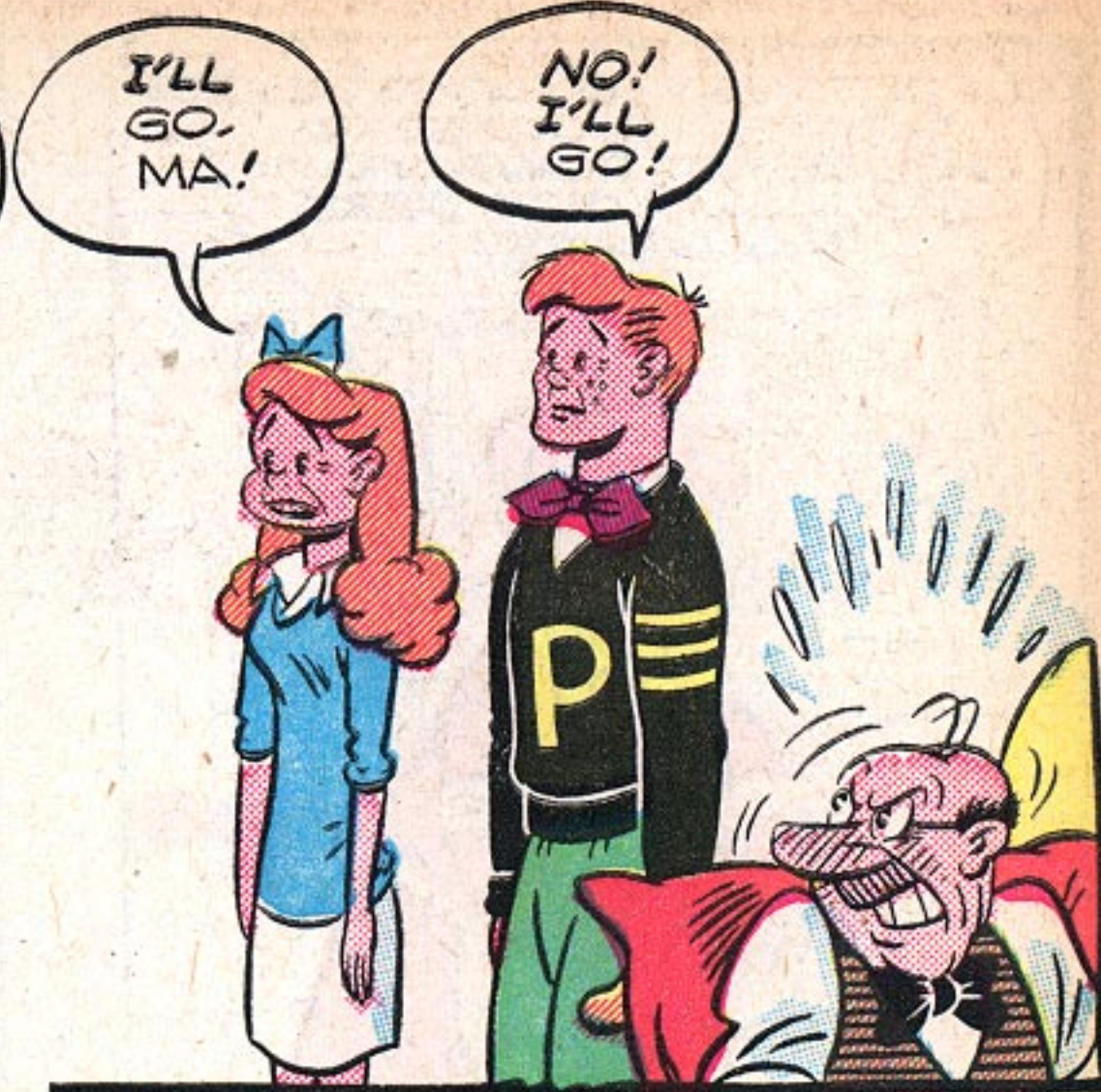
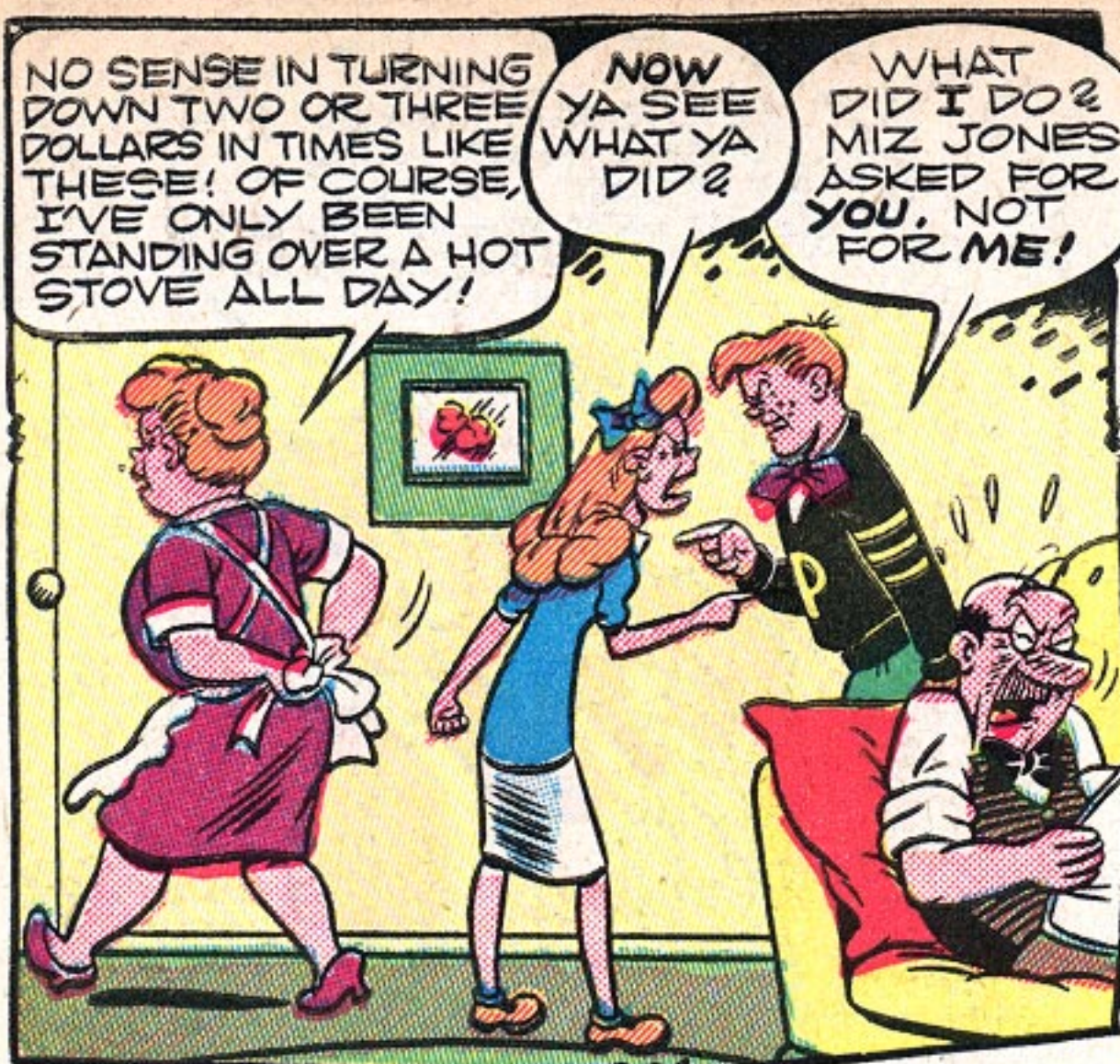
OH, YEAH? YOU **ALWAYS** HAVE SOME KIND OF **BROKEN-DOWN** EXCUSE!

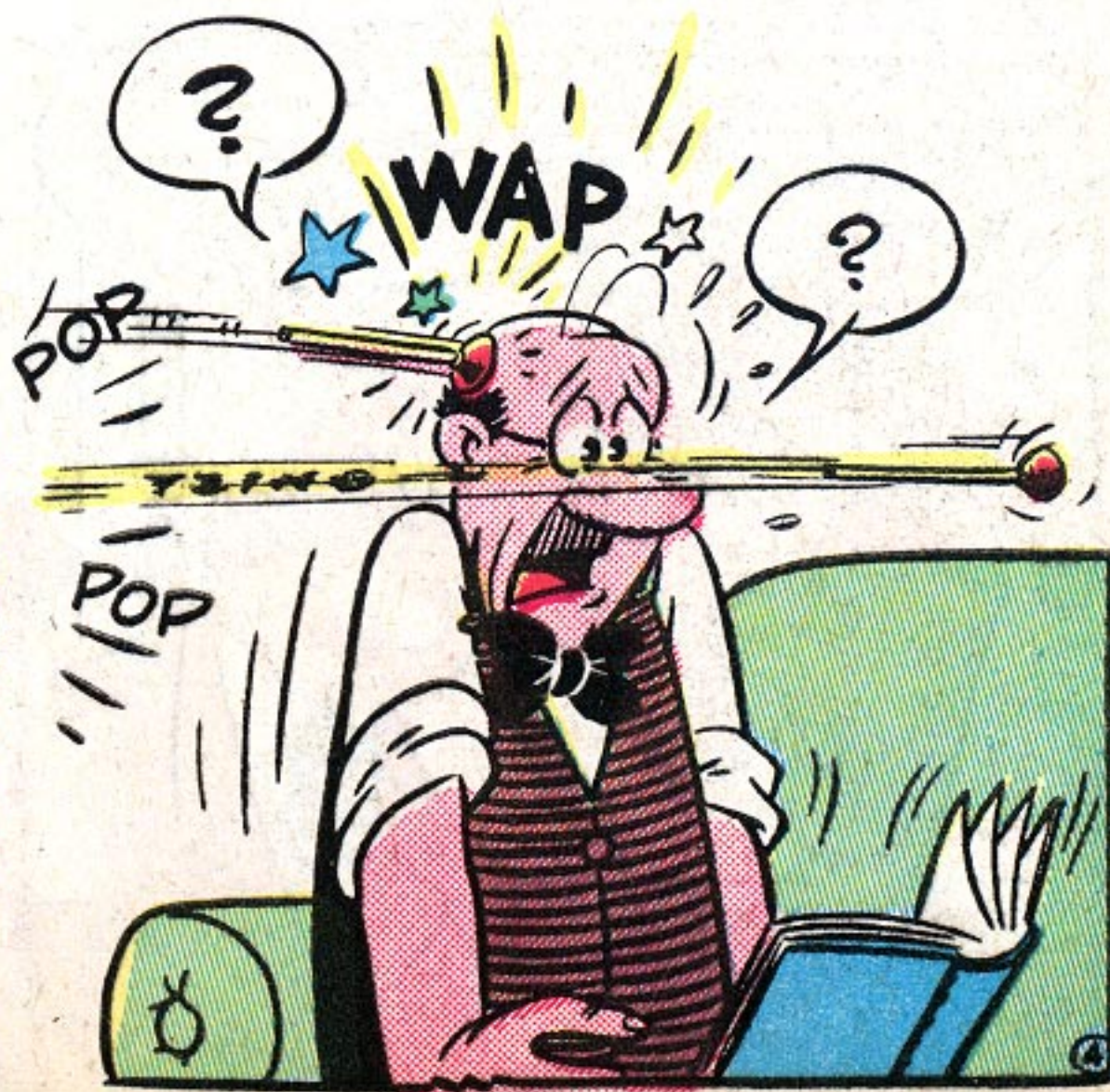
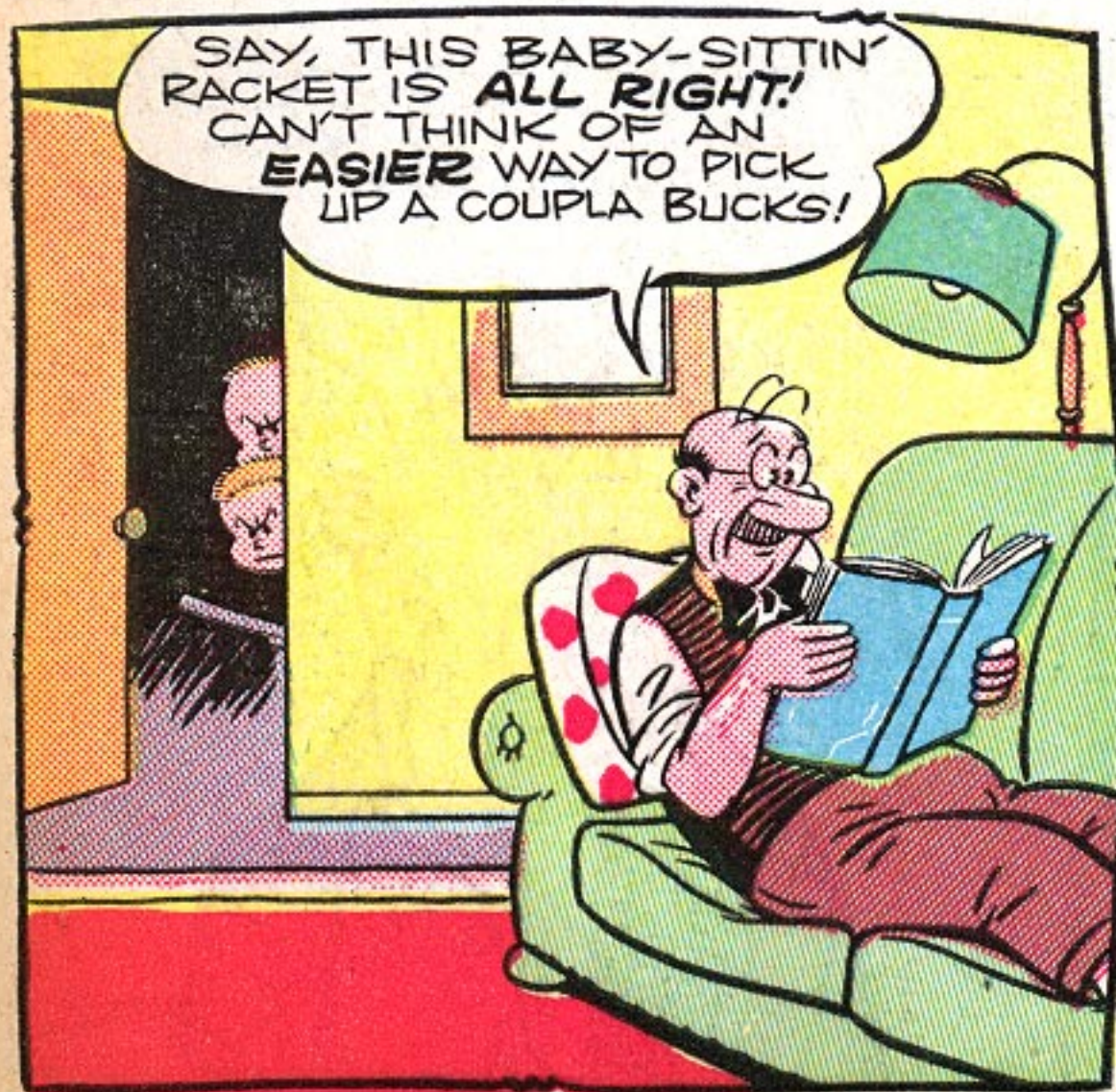
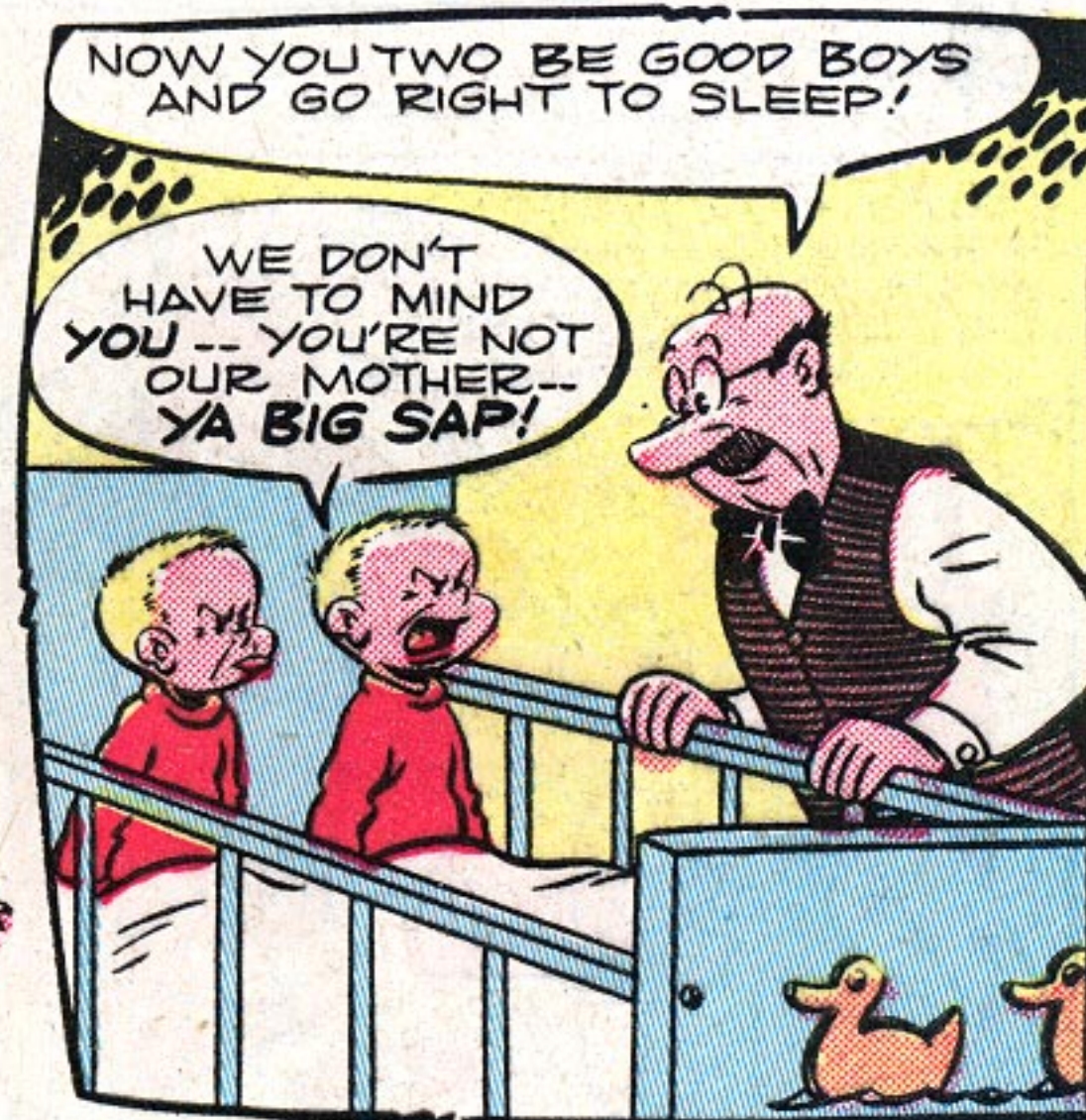
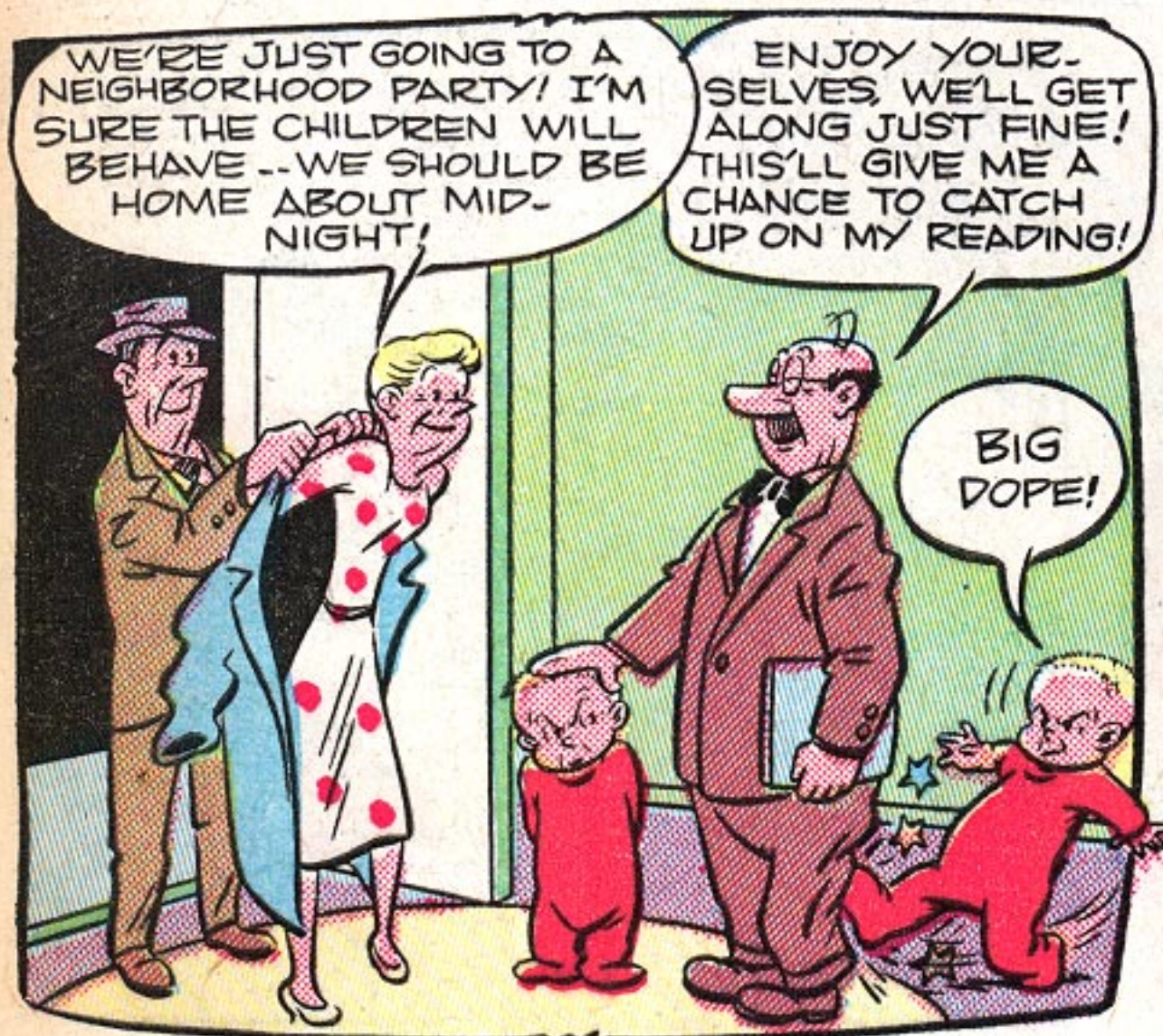
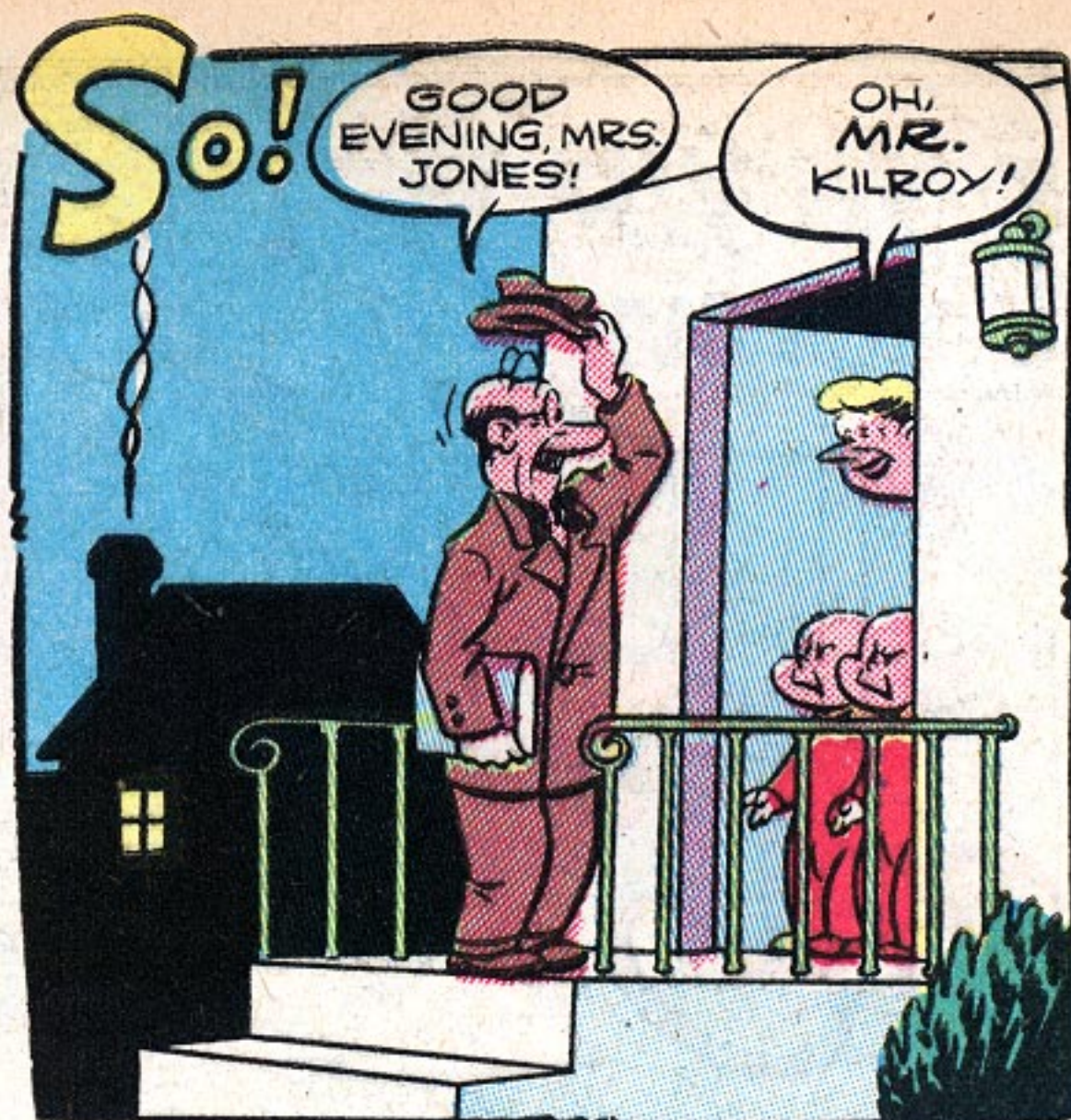


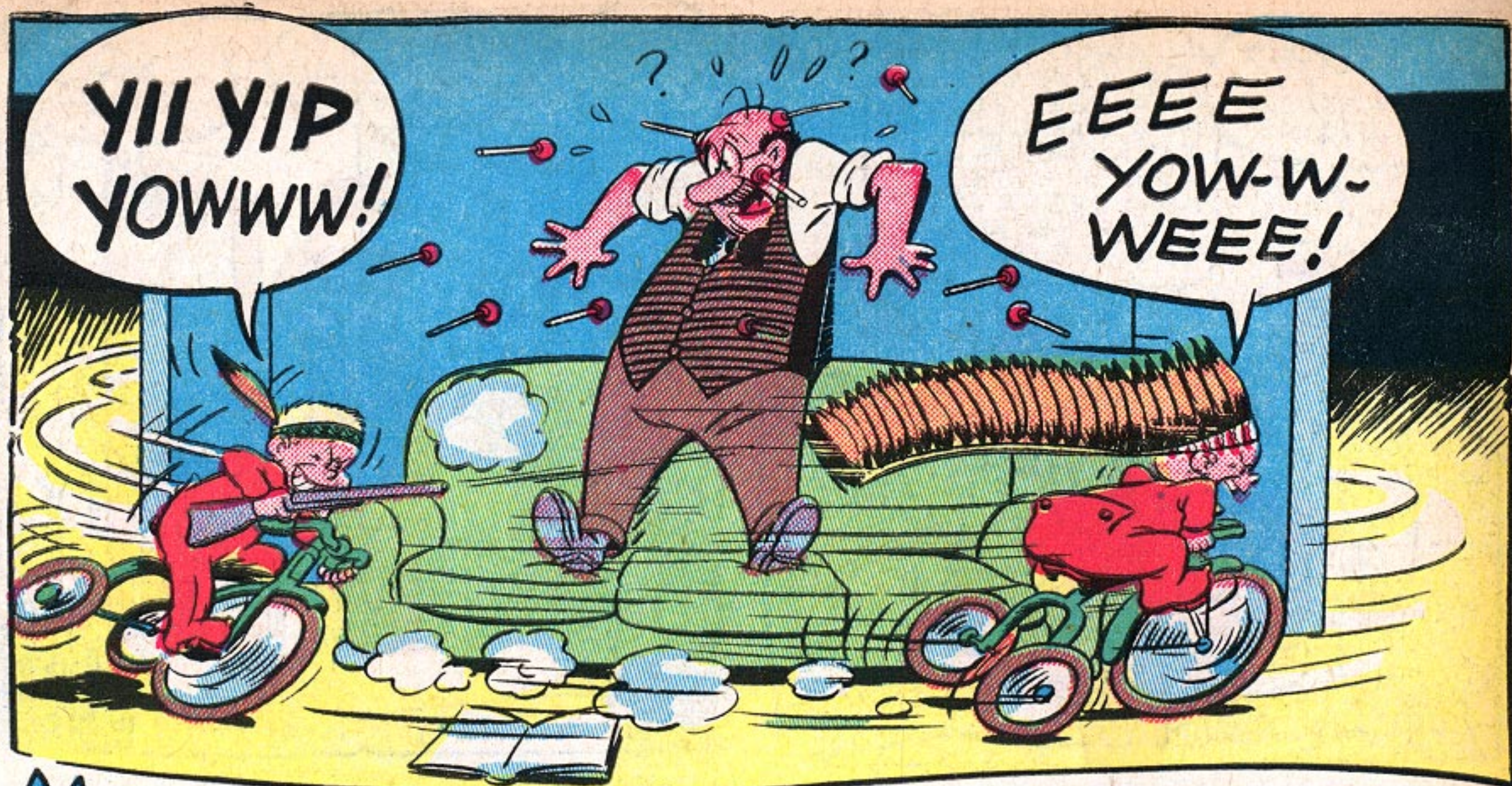
NATCH **NEVER** DOES ANYTHING AROUND HERE!

I DO AS MUCH AS YOU ANY OL' DAY IN THE WEEK, I'LL BETCHA!

VERY WELL THEN, I'LL GO!



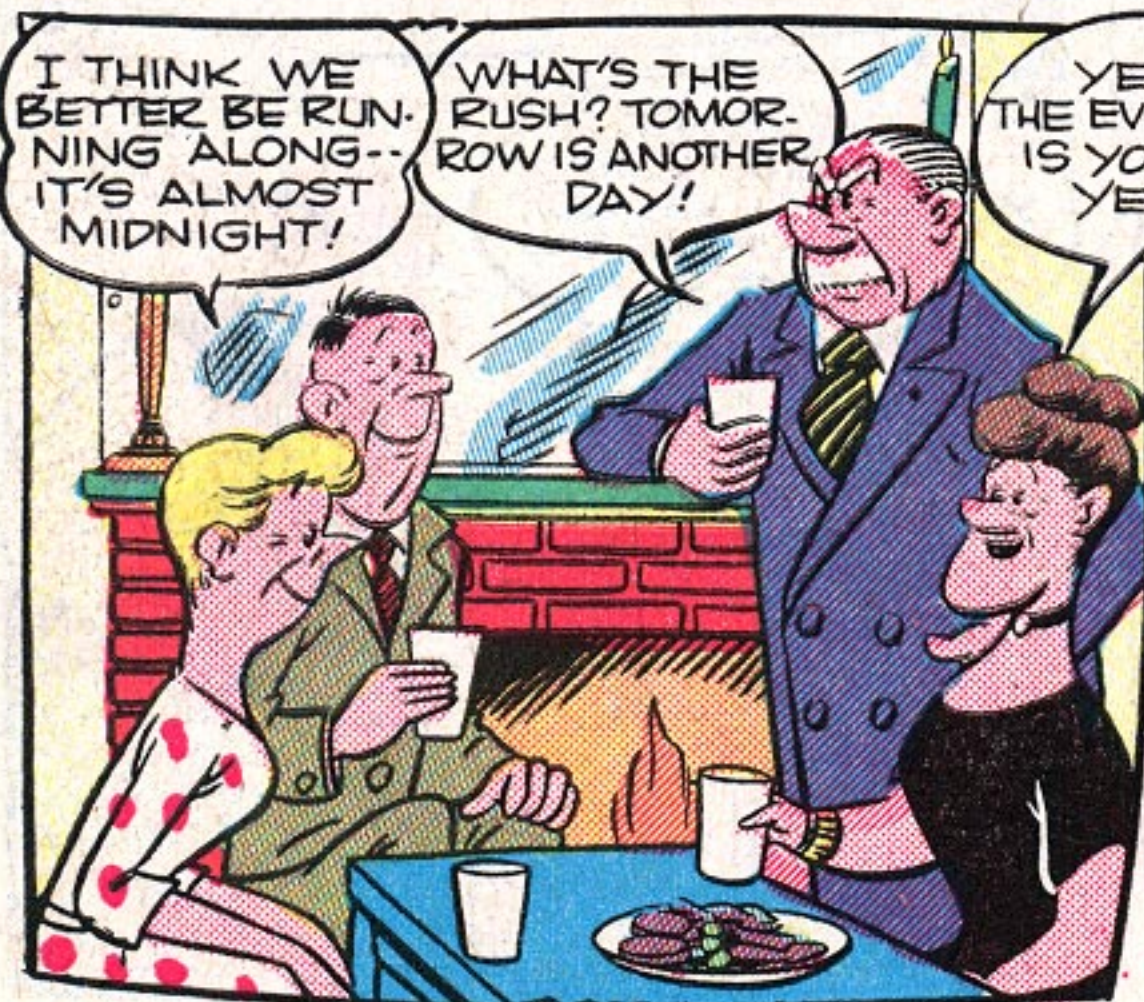




YII YIP
YOWWW!

EEEE
YOW-W-
WEEE!

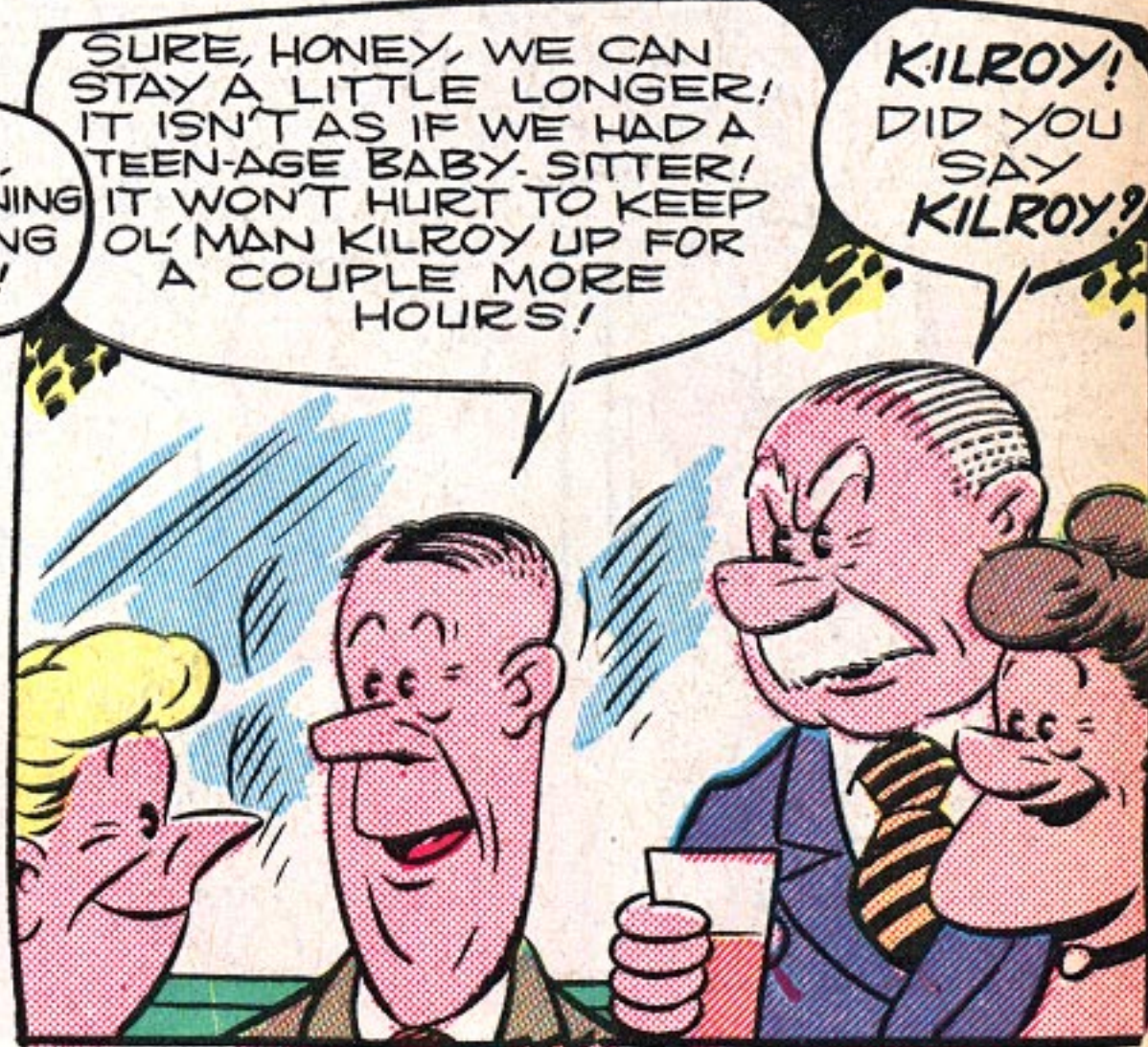
MEANWHILE, LET'S VISIT WITH
THE JONESES!



I THINK WE
BETTER BE RUN-
NING ALONG--
IT'S ALMOST
MIDNIGHT!

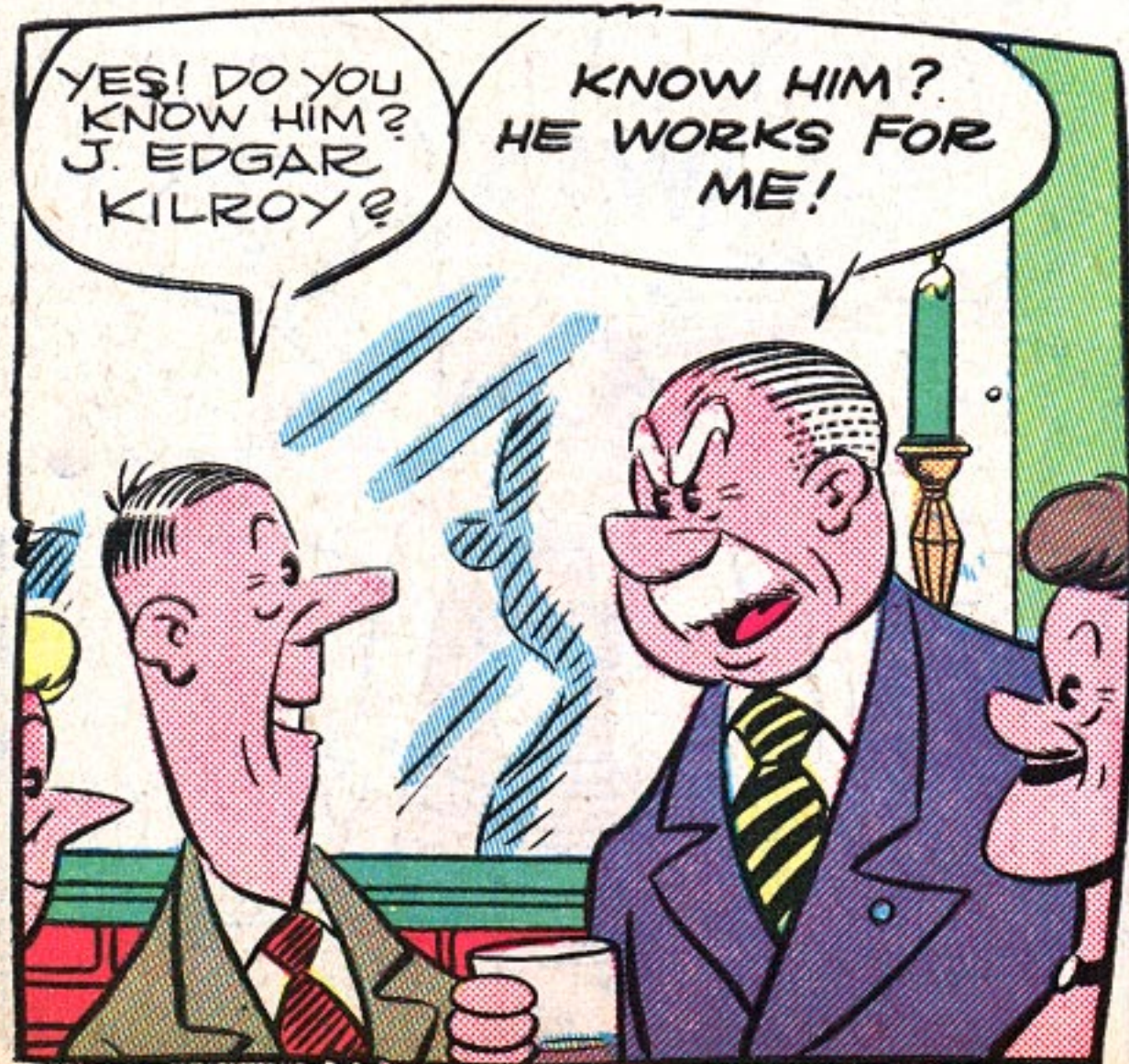
WHAT'S THE
RUSH? TOMOR-
ROW IS ANOTHER
DAY!

YES,
THE EVENING
IS YOUNG
YET!



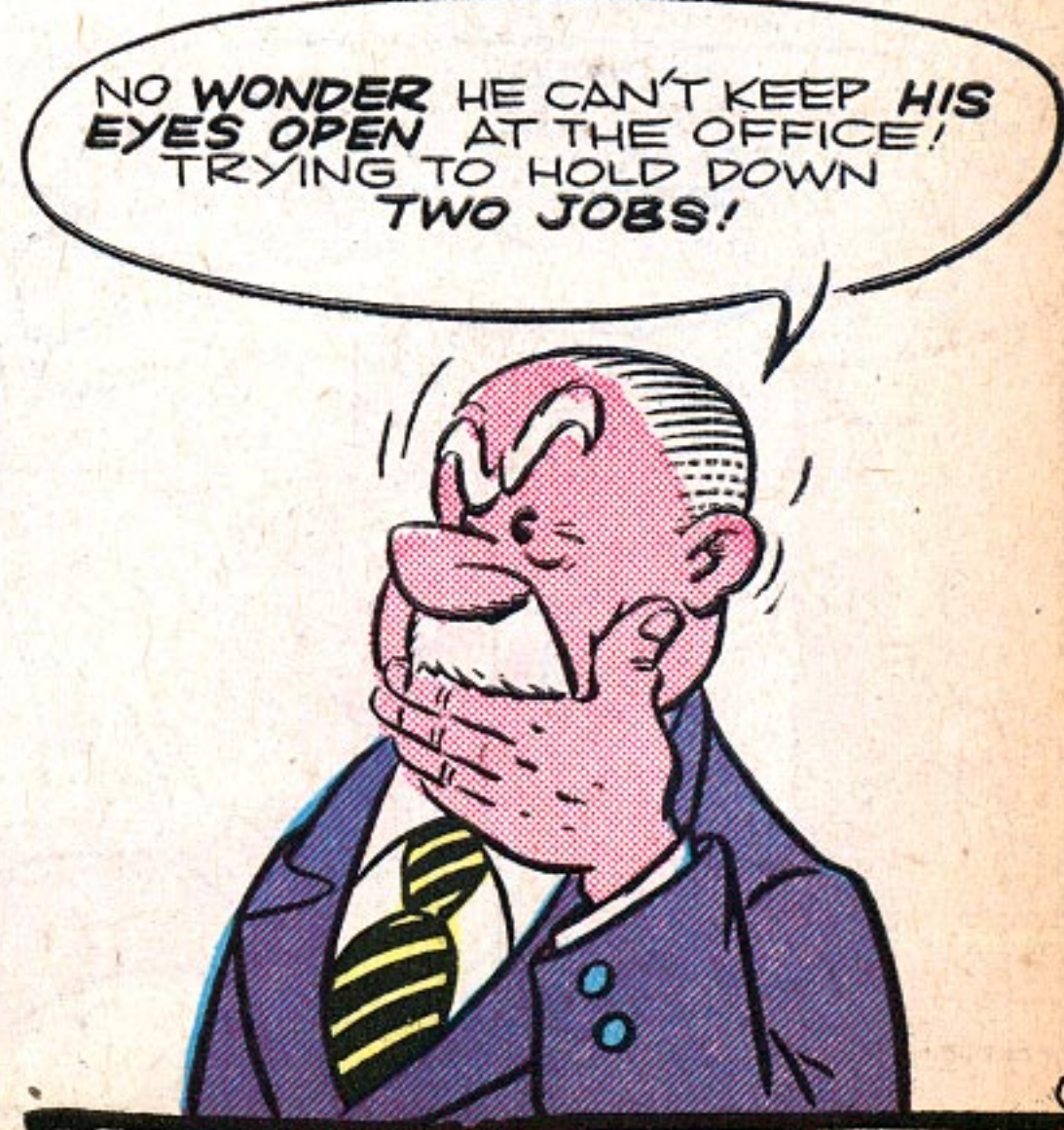
SURE, HONEY, WE CAN
STAY A LITTLE LONGER!
IT ISN'T AS IF WE HAD A
TEEN-AGE BABY-SITTER!
IT WON'T HURT TO KEEP
OL' MAN KILROY UP FOR
A COUPLE MORE
HOURS!

KILROY!
DID YOU
SAY
KILROY?

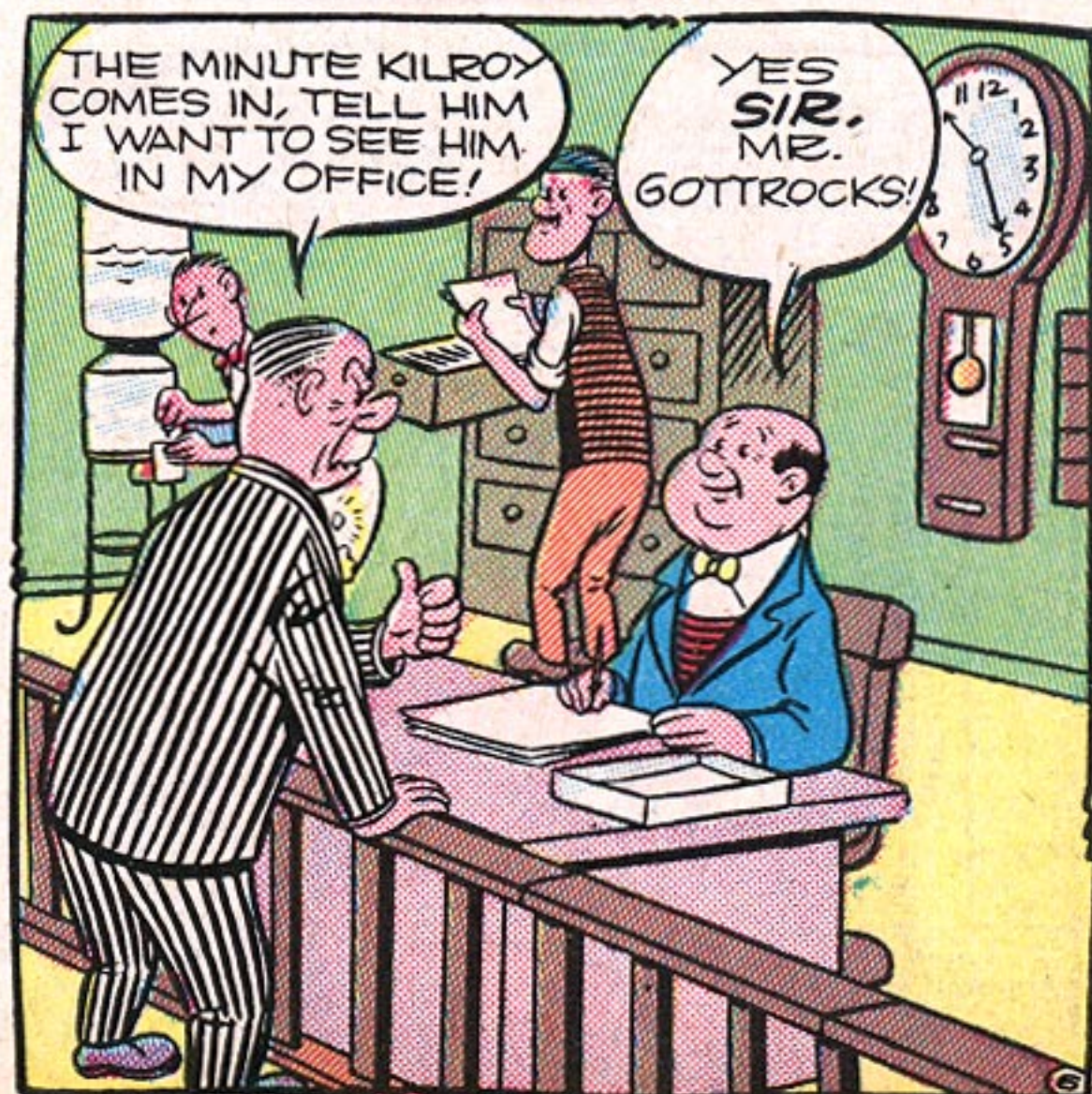
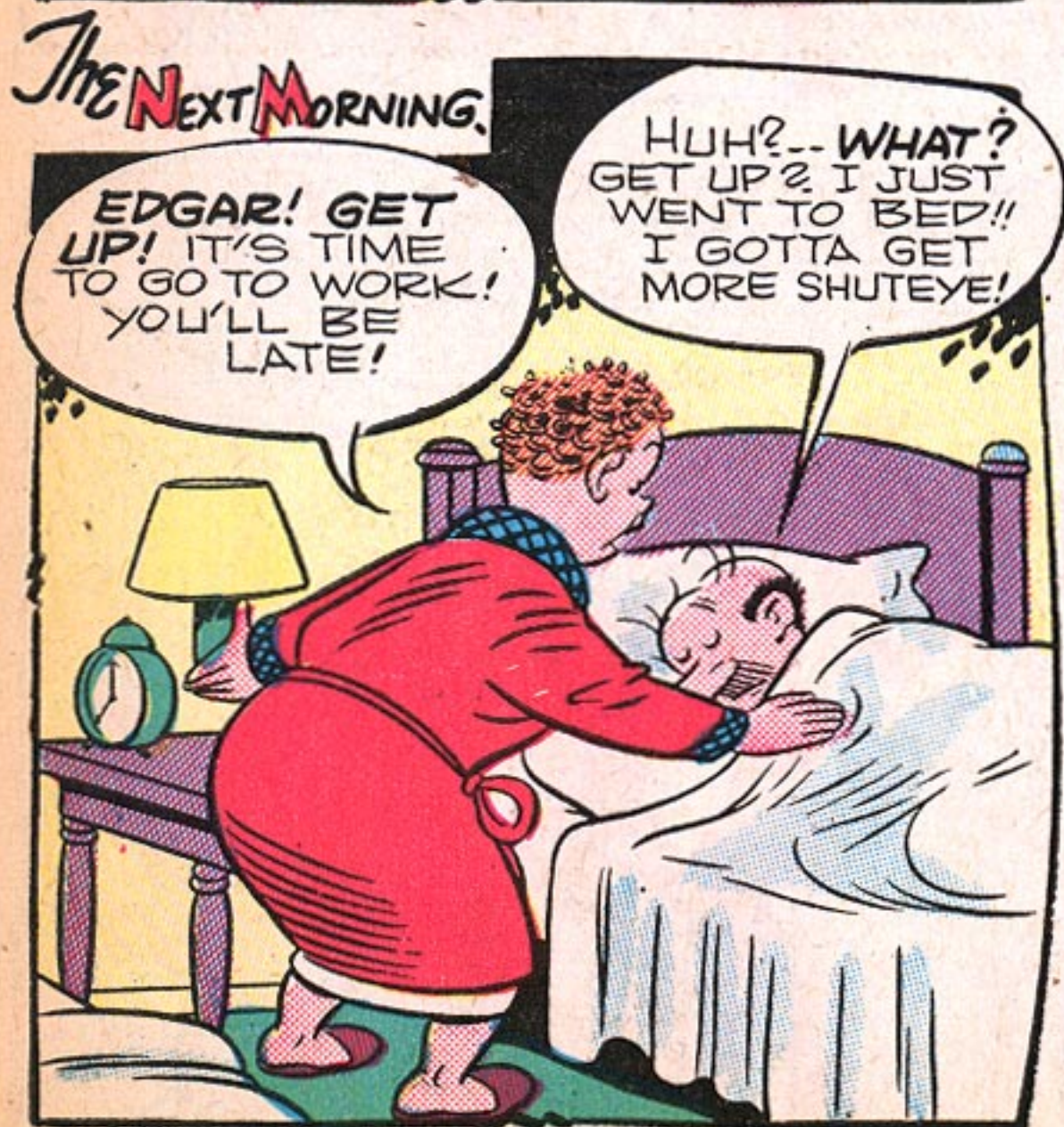
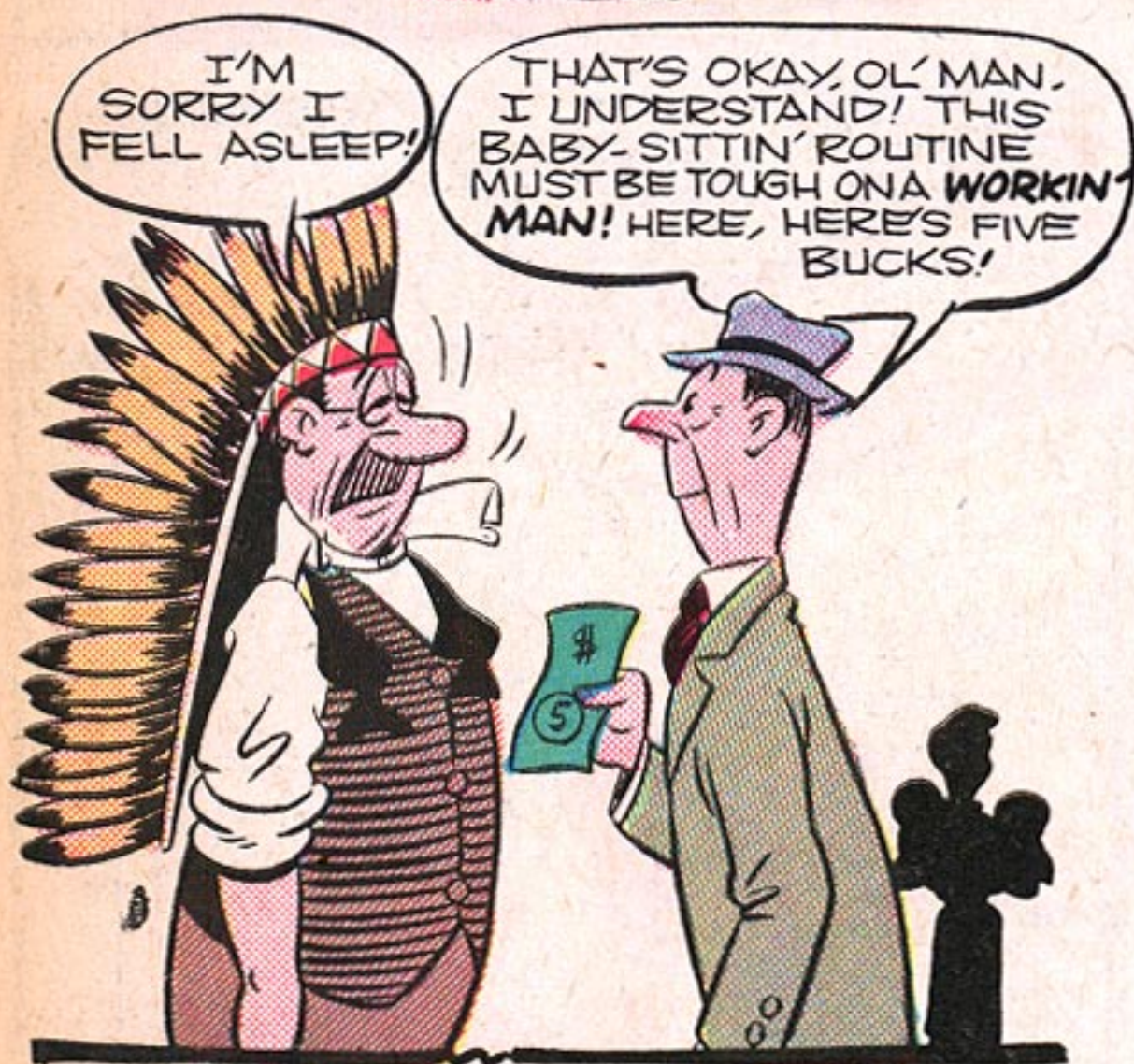
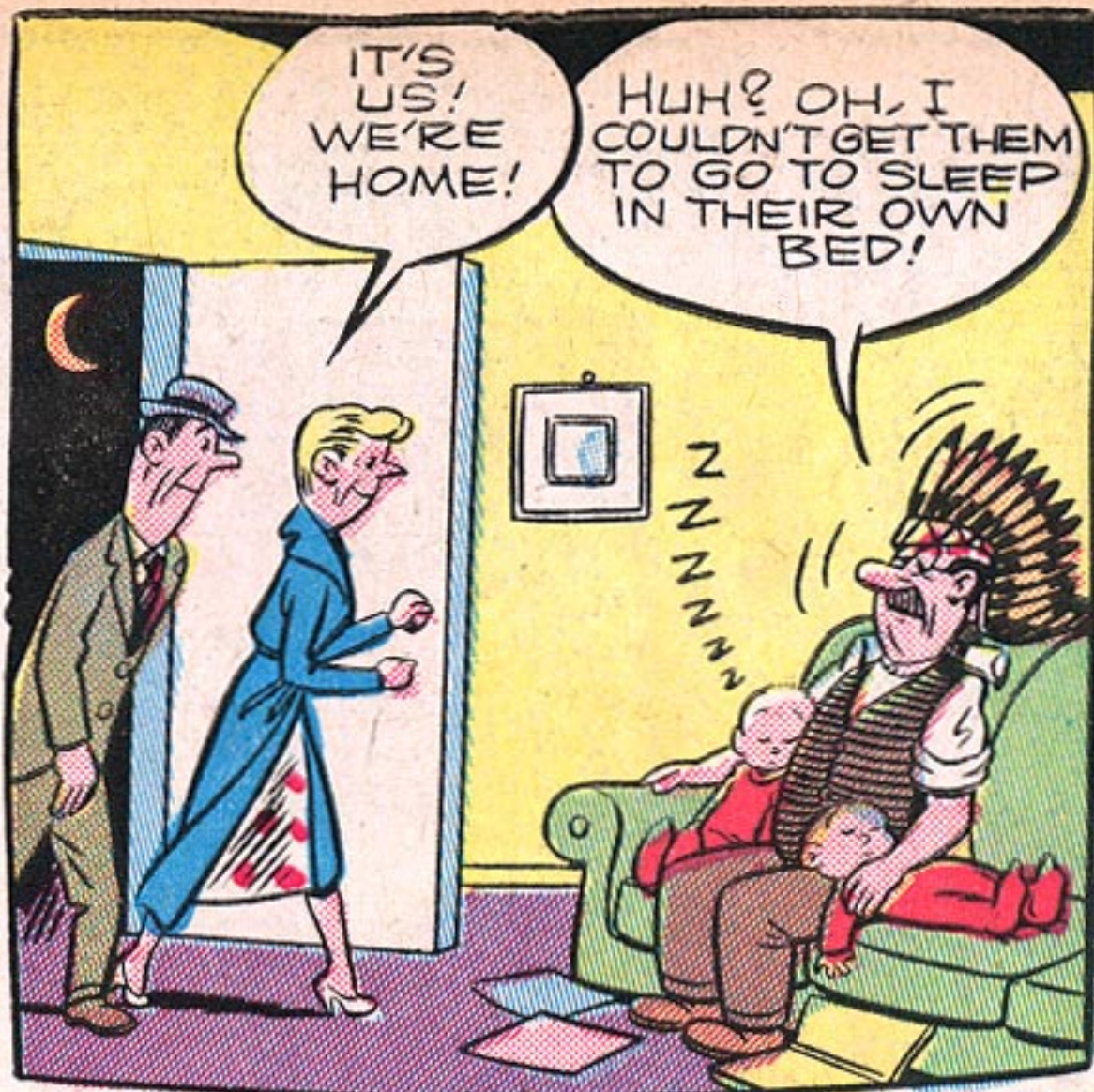
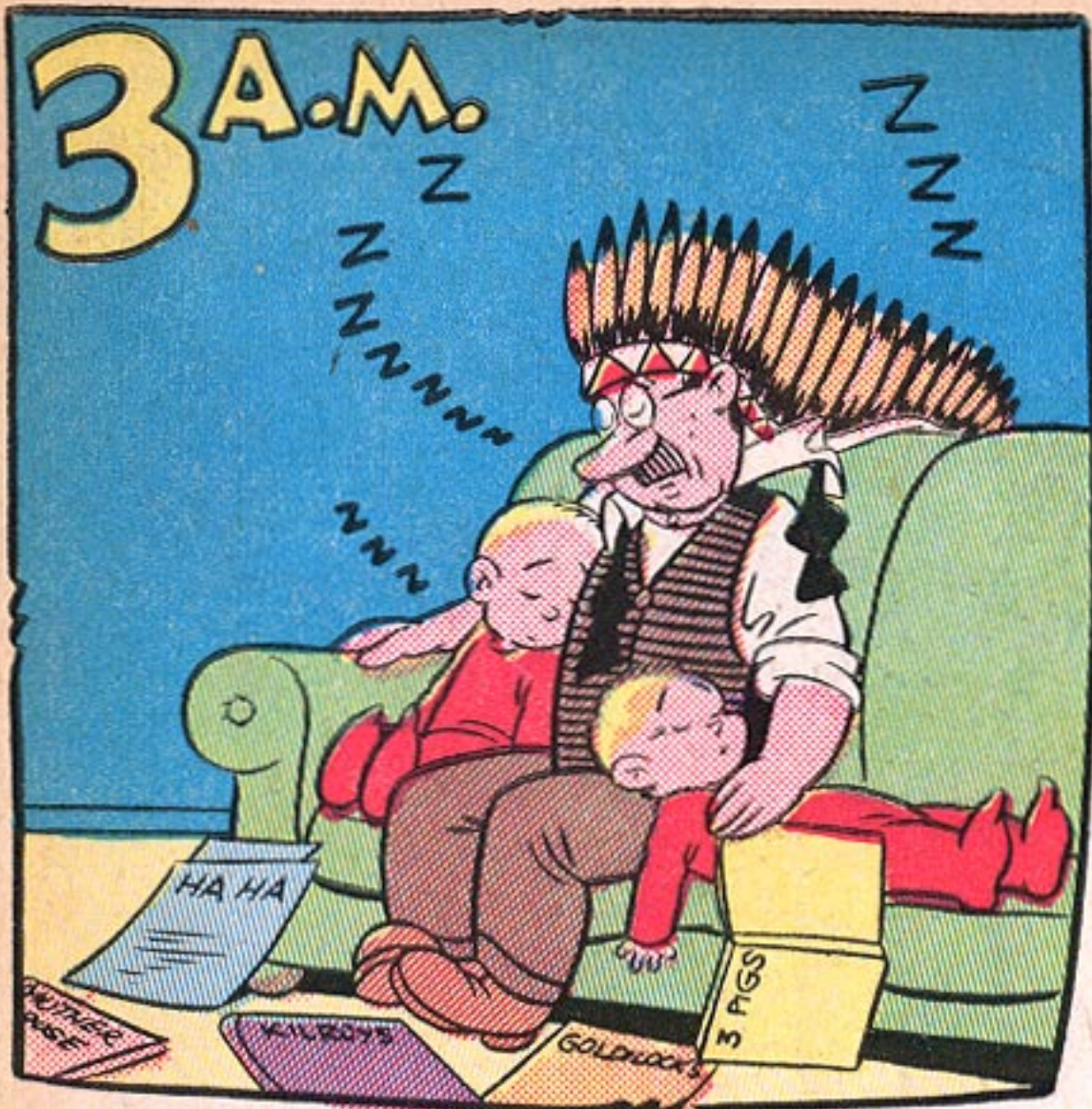


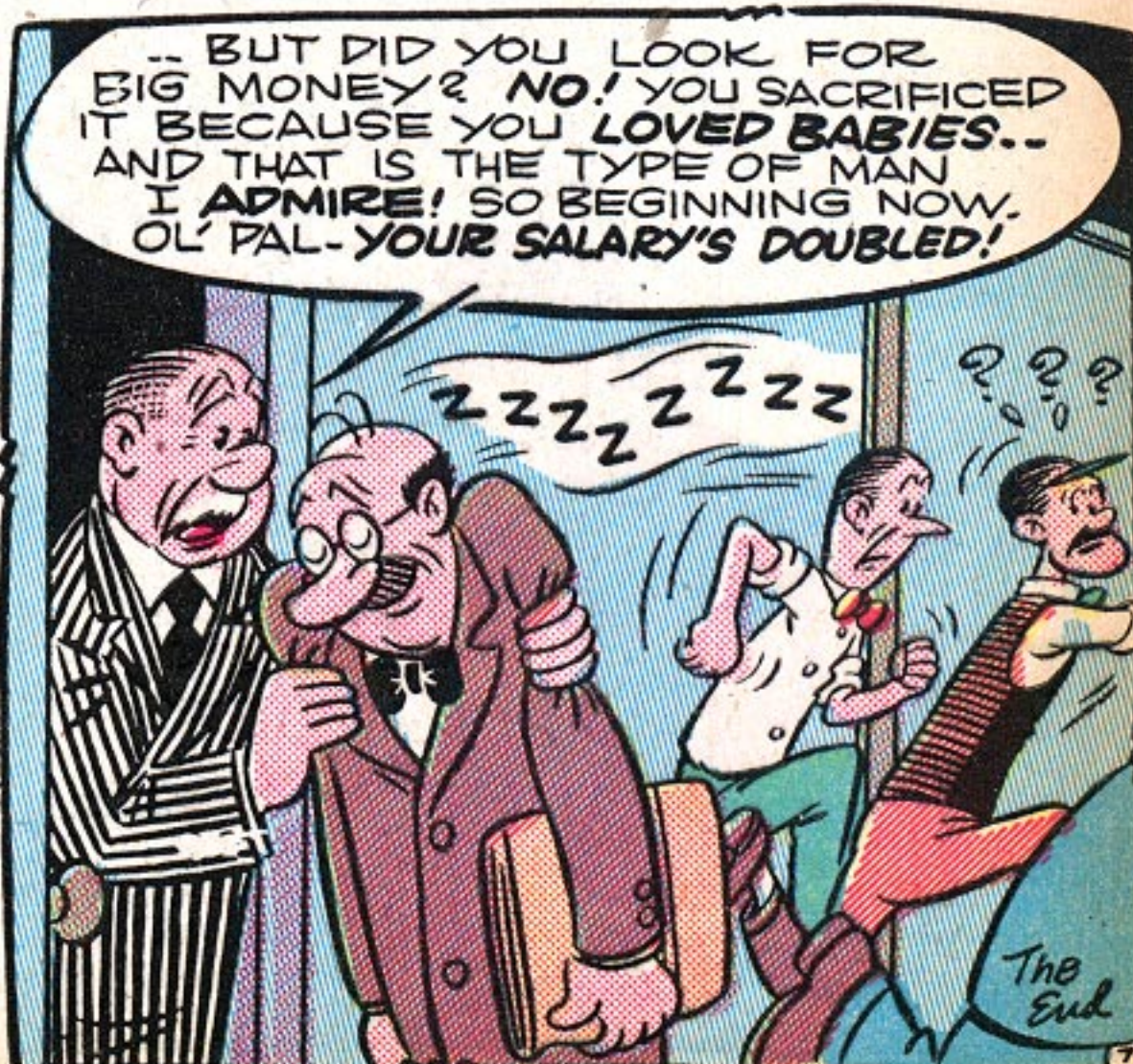
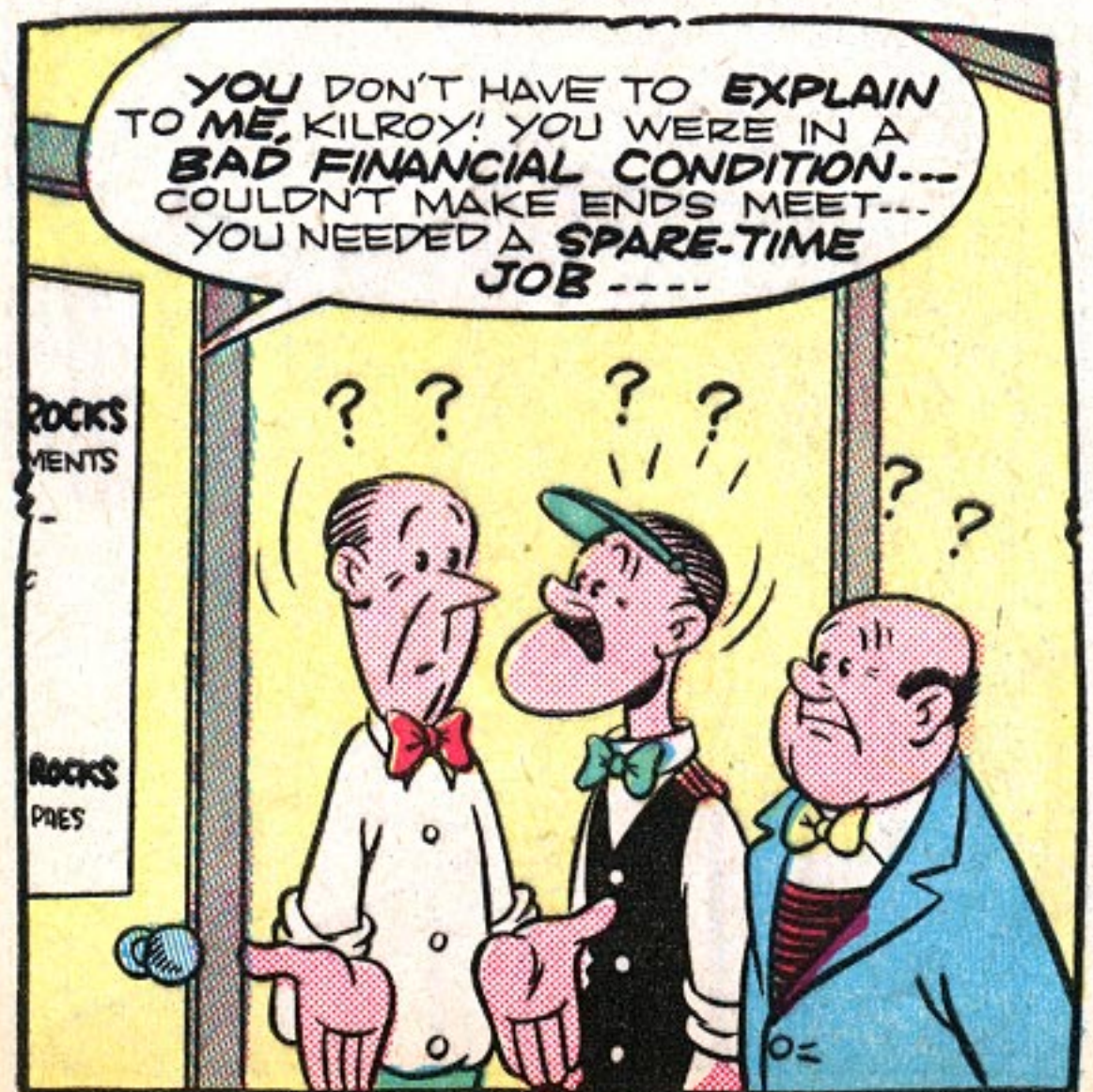
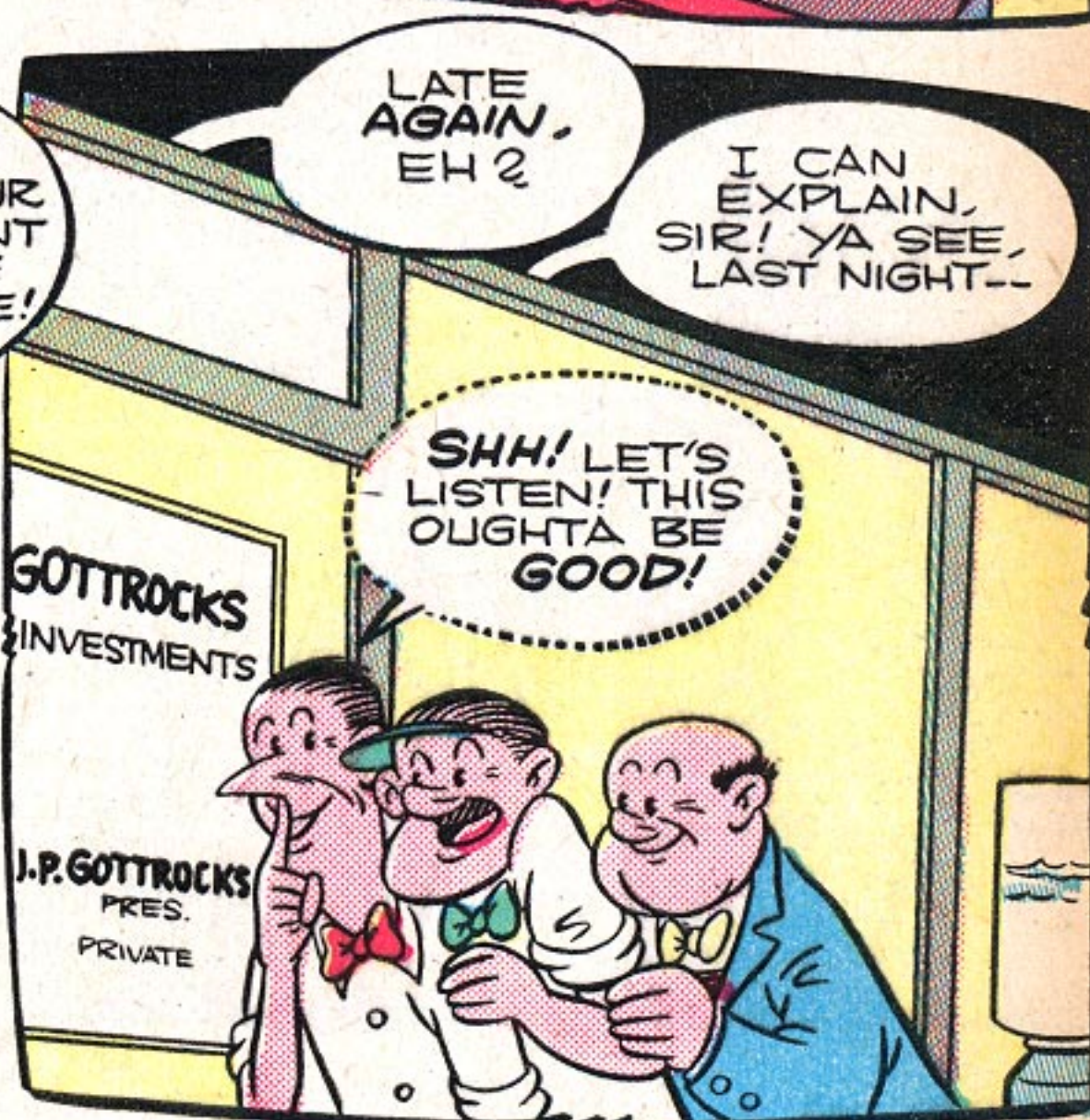
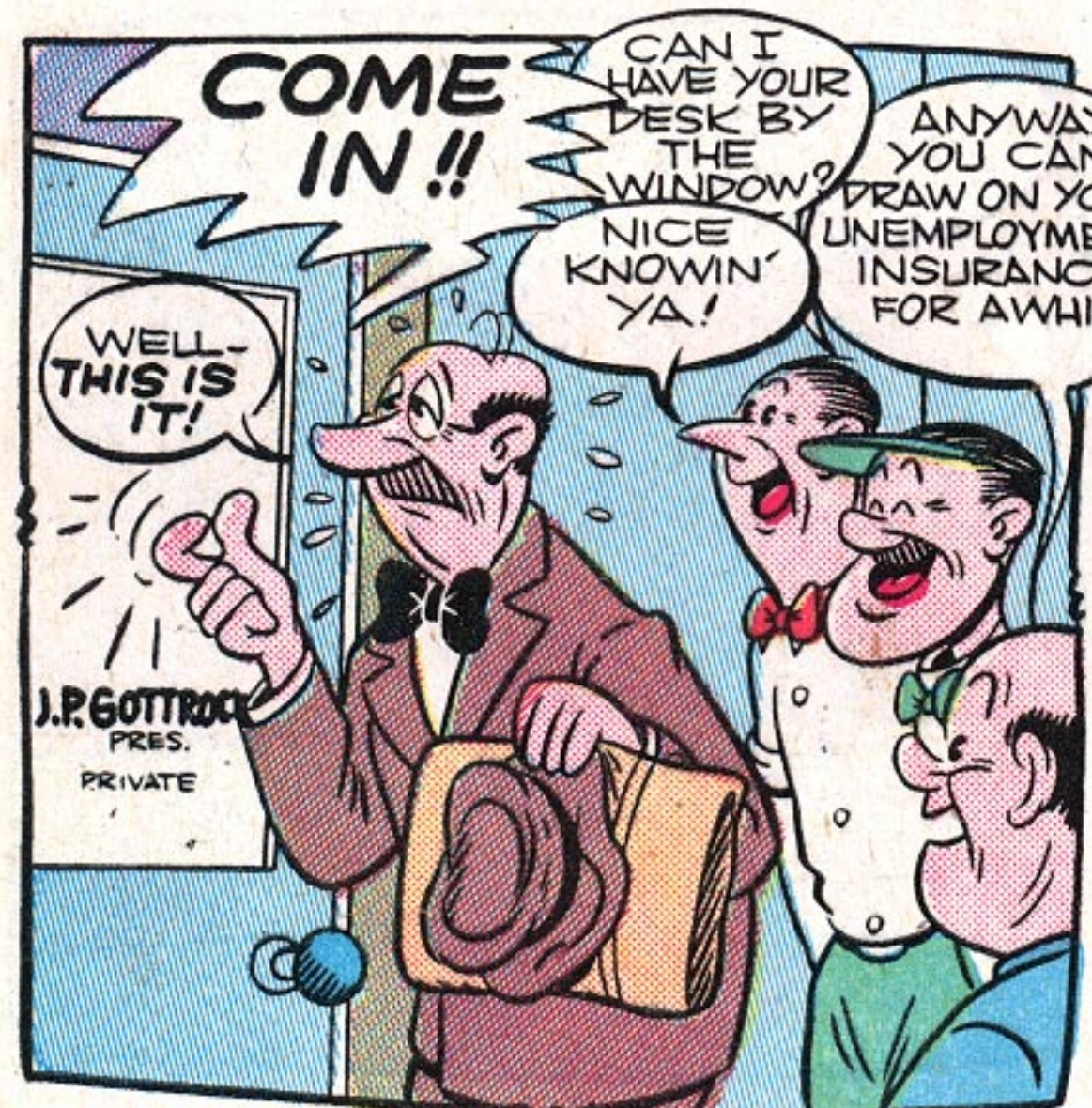
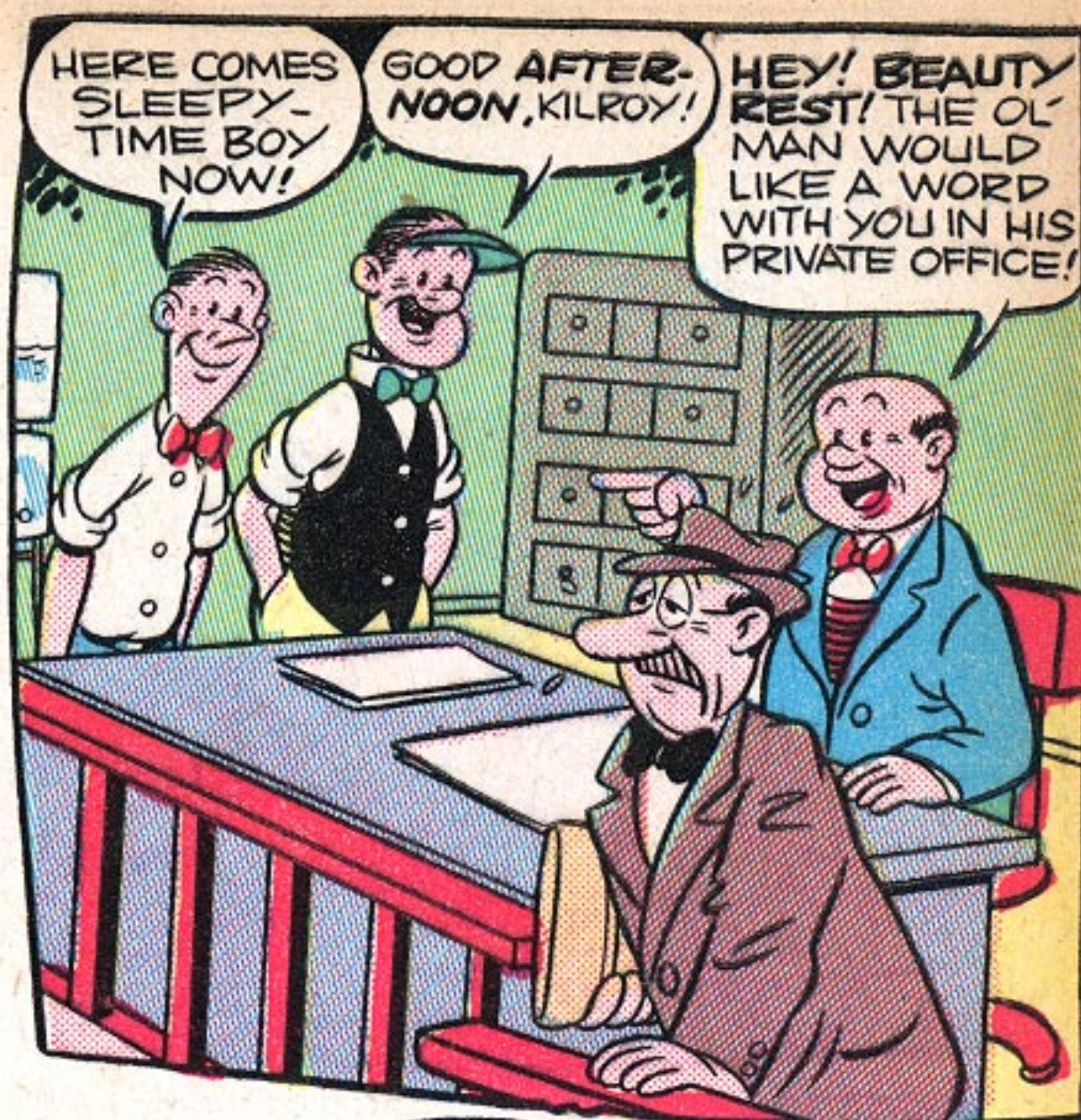
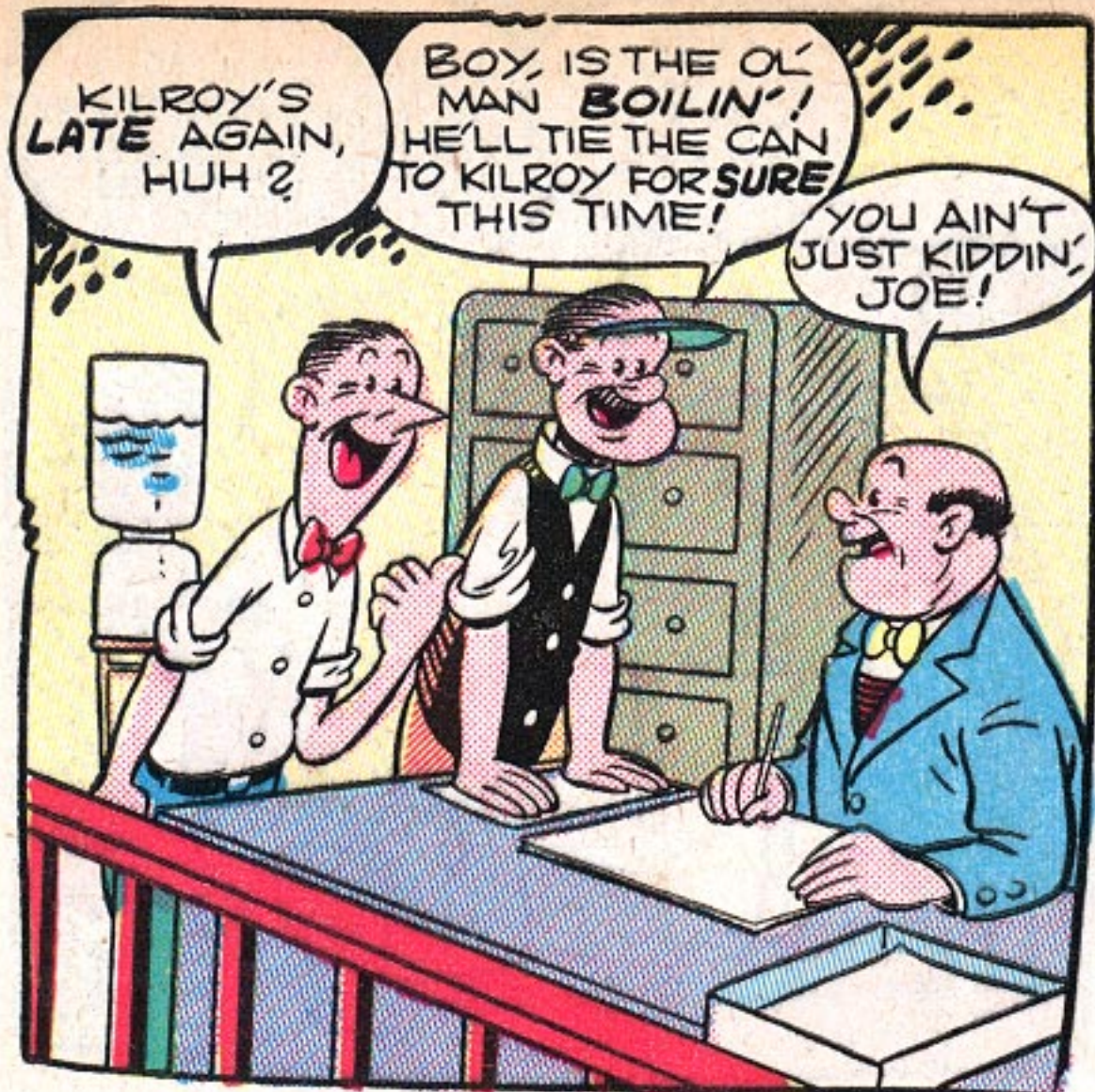
YES! DO YOU
KNOW HIM?
J. EDGAR
KILROY?

KNOW HIM?
HE WORKS FOR
ME!



NO WONDER HE CAN'T KEEP HIS
EYES OPEN AT THE OFFICE!
TRYING TO HOLD DOWN
TWO JOBS!





PAY LESS — GET THE BEST! SENSATIONAL SAVINGS! YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU CAN BUY THEM FOR LESS!

LATEST STYLE LUXURY
GENUINE FIBRE

SEAT COVERS

**LUXURY SEAT COVERS
SAVE YOU MONEY!**

*Same Superb Quality As Used
In The Most Expensive Seat Covers.*

Buy from Luxury and SAVE TREMENDOUSLY on smartest, new style, color glamorous seat covers! Lacquer-coated to repel water, LUXURY Genuine Fibre Seat Covers are double-stitched, trimmed with rich leatherette for extra long, luxury wear! Expertly tailored, RICHER, STRONGER, Revolutionary — New ELASTICIZED SLIP-OVER SIDES assure FAULTLESS FIT . . . NO INSTALLATION COST! All in stunning Scotch Plaids of soft, harmonious multi-color weaves! Make old cars look like new . . . new cars even more elegant!

SMARTEST SCOTCH PLAIDS

**YOUR CHOICE OF 23
SPARKLING COLORS!**

**WHATEVER YOUR CAR
HERE ARE YOUR COVERS!**

Guaranteed perfect fit for every popular make and model, old or new, including—

BUICK	LaSALLE
CADILLAC	LINCOLN
CHEVROLET	MERCURY
CHRYSLER	NASH
DeSOTO	OLDSMOBILE
DODGE	PACKARD
FORD	PLYMOUTH
FRAZER	PONTIAC
HUDSON	STUDEBAKER
KAISER	TERRAPLANE
LAFAYETTE	WILLYS

And Many Others

SENT ON APPROVAL

Only \$4.98
For Coupe or Front Seat!

Only \$8.95
Complete Set of Covers for Sedan or Coupe!



BUY FROM LUXURY AND SAVE! ACT NOW Satisfaction Guaranteed or 5-Day Money-Back TEST AT OUR RISK.

2. Full Back and Front Seat Protection!

4. Adds Instant Class to Your Car!

1. Smooth Glove-Like Fit!

3. Richly Grained Leatherette Trim!

The Exact Same Material Used in the Most Expensive Seat Covers!

5. MONEY SAVING! STURDY!

**EASILY INSTALLED —
TAKES A FEW MINUTES!**
(on all make cars)

Specify style for YOUR car.

TYPE A — Solid back for 4-door sedan...front or rear. Rear for coach or coupe.

TYPE B — Divided back, solid seat for front coupe or coach.

TYPE C — Individual seats or bucket type for divided back and seat.



SENT ON APPROVAL! SEND NO MONEY!

**LUXURY SEAT COVER CO., Dept. 20
1025 Broad St., Newark 2, N. J.**

Gentlemen: Kindly rush LUXURY Seat Covers on special 5-day Money-Back Inspection Offer.

Color 2nd Color

☐ Full set front & back covers \$8.95. My car is a 19..... Make.....

☐ Front seat cover only, \$4.98. ☐ 2-door ☐ 4-door

☐ Back seat cover only, \$4.98.

☐ Type A ☐ Type B ☐ Type C

☐ On delivery I'll pay postman purchase price plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges.

Name

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

(PLEASE PRINT)

☐ \$.....purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
with 5-Day FREE Trial**

Make Your Own Records

SING! TALK! ACT! PLAY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT!

ENJOY MAKING RECORDS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME

Now you can make records of your singing, talking, reciting, or instrument playing right in your own home! No longer need the high price of recording machines or studio facilities prevent you or your family from hearing their own voice or playing. *No Experience Necessary.* Set up the **NEW HOME RECORD MAKER**, play, talk, or sing, and immediately you have a record which you and your friends can enjoy.



MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS at HOME

IT'S AMAZINGLY SIMPLE!

Make records right in your own home by just singing, talking, acting, or playing a musical instrument into your own record player using a **NEW HOME RECORD MAKING UNIT**. This wonderful little unit records on the blank records furnished with your recording kit. No processing of the record required . . . just make your recording and it is immediately ready for playback. **USE THE NEW HOME RECORD MAKER** with most any standard record player—hand winding, portable, radio-phonograph combination or electrical phonographs operating on either AC or DC.



SING



PLAY



GREETINGS



RADIO PROGRAMS



BABY'S VOICE

PLAYS BACK AT ONCE

Record jokes, imitations, voices and instruments — and play for happy, happy memories. You can play new record at once! Give yourself, your family and friends a thrill! Records can be played back on **ANY** phonograph.

SING - PLAY - TALK

Have lots of fun! Record voices of seldom-seen but well-loved friends and dear ones. Make greeting records — Birthday, Anniversary Greetings for your loved ones.

EASY AS SPEAKING INTO A PHONE

Use your **NEW HOME RECORD MAKER** any-time and perform as comfortably as you'd talk on the telephone — needs no special "recording technique." *No experience necessary.*

What is the Recordograph?

The recordograph is an accoustical device for making home recordings to be used with a record player or turn-table.

WHAT DO I GET?

You get the complete unit needed to make recordings at home. Accoustic recording head, special recording needle, playback needles, 2 two-sided records (enough for 4 recordings), spiral feeding attachment and complete easy to follow directions.



Records for 4 Recordings Included

SCOPE SALES CORP., Dept. 46-D

1 Orchard Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Send entire **RECORD MAKING OUTFIT**, including 2 blank two-sided records.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$4.98 plus postage.
- ☐ Send additional blank records at \$2 per dozen.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

- ☐ I enclose \$4.98, send complete outfit postpaid.

SEND NO MONEY!

You don't have to send a cent. Just fill in coupon and mail today to get your complete **NEW HOME RECORD MAKER**. Sent C.O.D. for only \$4.98 plus postage and C.O.D. . . . or send check or money order for \$4.98 and we pay postage.

Additional blank records \$2.00 per dozen (24 sides)